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SIR JAMES CAMPBELL.

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR JAMES CAMPBELL,

OF ARDKINGLAS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR JAMES CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

Autobiography.—Its Objects and Attractions.—Family connexions—Estates.—Profession of a Man of Rank.—Anecdote of a Treasurer in the reign of James I.—Baronial seat of Ardkinglas.—Refuge of Prince Charles Edward, in 1746.—Anecdote.—Benefits of Scottish Mortgage.—Law of Property, &c.—Small Pensions; unfavourable to personal exertions, or the prosecution of large claims.—Conversation with Mr. Pitt.—Anecdote of him as a Financier.—Boyish days.

I HAVE somewhere heard it observed, that it is in every man's power, whatever be his talents and qualifications, or his station in society, to

produce a work of general interest and usefulness, by the mere exhibition of a faithful and unvarnished narrative of his doings and sufferings, his motives, sentiments, and feelings. It is not impossible that some unseen bias, or some lurking prejudice, may have induced me to adopt this flattering idea without sufficient examination. But there is a certain sympathy which pervades the great family of mankind, from which the simplest account of individual history and personal adventure appears to derive its greatest charm. I confess that I have not an equal degree of confidence in the usefulness of this species of writing, although it may perhaps be conceded that didactic precepts are not always attended with the same practical or immediate influence as the deductions which insensibly arise from the details of fact and experience.

I am persuaded, however, that none of the ordinary motives for engaging in a work of this kind;—neither general views of expediency, nor the importunity of friends; and, perhaps, not even the hope of affording amusement to

others, or of agreeably occupying my own moments of leisure, could have enabled me to overcome the natural repugnance which most men feel to speak much of themselves, had I not been made painfully aware that several occurrences of my life have been exposed to grievous misconstruction. The details on which it may be necessary to enter for the purpose of disabusing the public mind, regarding some of the events of my life, will, probably, occupy a very small proportion of the following pages. But I think it right, in the outset, once for all, to bespeak the reader's indulgence, if I shall on any occasion exceed the limits of his patience on a subject which I fear may have occupied too large a portion of my own thoughts. The cup which I offer to my friends, and to the world, will not, I trust, be altogether unpalatable because of a single bitter ingredient. Such as it is, I mix it without fear, favour, or partiality; and if the composition, when completed, shall unhappily prove deficient, either in agreeable or useful qualities, I shall, at least, take care that it shall not be owing

to any want of care or fidelity in its preparation.

My father, the late John Callander, of Craigforth, was a man of considerable literary attainments, and devoted a great part of his time to the study and enjoyment of the fine arts. In sculpture and painting he was an eminent connoisseur; and in music he took so much delight, and was at the same time so distinguished as a performer, that he was accustomed to lead the amateur concerts in Edinburgh, so well known in their day by the name of St. Cecilia, the patroness of the art. His name is better known in the literary world by the dissertations which he published on the Paradise Lost; and on some of the works of James the Fifth; particularly the Gaberlunzie Man, and Christ's Kirk on the Green. The essay on Milton in particular, is, I believe, acknowledged to be as remarkable for critical acumen and refined taste, as for learning and research.

I shall have occasion in the course of my narrative to say something of the family estate of Craigforth, which is situated in the neigh-

bourhood of Stirling, and is distinguished by a remarkable rock on the banks of the Forth, very similar to that on which the Castle of Stirling is placed. In my father's time the rental of the property produced no more than seven or eight hundred a year, although the present returns are considerably greater. In those days, I believe, it was less common than now for gentlemen in my father's station in society to apply themselves to the study of the learned professions. The bar, however, has always in some degree been an exception to the ordinary practice, from the advantage which the study of the law was supposed to afford in the acquisition of a knowledge of general business, and in fitting a country gentleman for the duties of the magistracy. It seems to have been with views like these that my father was called to the Scottish bar at an early period of life, since, with the exception of one or two remarkable instances, he never engaged professionally in legal practice.

My mother's name was Mary Livingstone, she was the eldest daughter of Sir James Li-

vingstone, baronet, whose father was the Earl of Callander, and whose mother was the eldest daughter of Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglas. My great grandfather, Sir James Campbell, entailed the estate of Ardkinglas, on Sir James and Lady Livingstone and their descendants, on condition of their assuming the name and arms of Campbell of Ardkinglas. The title and estates accordingly descended first to my uncle, James Livingstone, afterwards Sir James Campbell; on his death he was succeeded by his son, the late Sir Alexander Campbell, my cousin german, and on Sir Alexander's death, in the year 1810, the succession to the estate and honours of Ardkinglas, opened to me as the next heir of entail. My father was born in 1722, and my mother in 1720, so that she was two years older than him. They had been very intimately acquainted from their childhood, and in infancy had slept together in the same crib. My maternal grandfather was the lineal descendant of the celebrated Regent Livingstone.

A story is told of one of my paternal ances-

tors in the reign of James the Sixth, which, as it is a tradition in the family, I may as well set down. He had served with distinction in the continental wars of the period; and his father having been the Royal armour-bearer, a considerable sum was due to the family, for that or some other reason, on the accession of James the Sixth to the crown of England. It is said that my worthy ancestor had made a journey to London for the purpose of receiving his money, and having taken a friend with him from the City to wait on the officer of the household entrusted with the payment of the Scottish creditors, a sum was told over to them just twelve times greater than what was due. An observation was made by the honest Scot, importing in general terms that the treasurer must have committed some mistake, but the friend who was with him insisting that all was right, the money was taken and the debt discharged. If the story be true, the mistake must have originated in the difference which still exists between the Scotch and the English currency, a pound Scots being just equal to

one shilling and eight-pence sterling. It will not, I hope, be expected that I am to enter on a defence of the propriety of my worthy ancestor's acceptance of the money; I am content to give the story as it is told, with the addition that the sum was so considerable as to enable the son of the armour-bearer to purchase an addition of some extent to the family property of Craigforth.

At the time of my birth, my father and mother were on a visit to my great grandfather, Sir James Campbell, at his baronial seat of Ardkinglas on the banks of Loch Fine. It was a fine old mansion, built in the form of a quadrangle, with a considerable court-yard in the centre. At each corner was a tower of sufficient dimensions to make it the residence of some cadet of the family. I have often regretted that the late Sir Alexander Campbell should have thought of demolishing this noble pile, for the purpose of raising in its stead a great square mass of masonry, which has nothing to recommend it but its conformity to

the more modern ideas of domestic comfort and accommodation.

I happened to be the eldest of a family of seventeen children, of whom three only now survive; my sister Marianne, Mrs. St. George; my brother Campbell, a Lieutenant-General in the service; and myself. Another sister, Catherine, was twice married, first to Mr. Dutens the brother of my second wife, and after his death to Mr. Compton. My third sister, Margaret, became the wife of Mr. Murray, of Polmaize; and Helen, my fourth sister, was married to Mr. John Campbell, writer to the signet. One of my brothers, Kenneth, was a physician; and another, Livingstone, went to America, and died there in early life.

My mother's family were in general decided partisans of the family of Stuart, while my father was equally firm in his support of the Hanoverian succession. It is said that Prince Charles Edward was for some time in the house of Ardkinglas in the year 1746; and a

bonnet is still preserved in the family, in the belief that it had been placed on my infant head by the hands of that unfortunate aspirant to the crown of Great Britain.

My great uncle, the Earl of Cromarty, had engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, so that his title was attainted and his estates were forfeited to the crown. Like many of the other noble families of Scotland, the house of Cromarty was divided in its allegiance, and Sir Kenneth Mc Kenzie, a younger brother of the Earl, had long served the House of Hanover at the head of the Cameronian Highlanders. The father of these two brothers, a former Earl of Cromarty, had by means of a wadset, as it was called, (equivalent, I believe, to the English term mortgage,) created a burthen of £30,000 upon his estate of Cromarty, in favour of his younger son Kenneth, my great uncle, who bequeathed his whole property to my father, his nephew. Besides the wadset, there was a sum of £8000 due to Sir Kenneth by the Government for his military services, which was paid to my father, in terms of his testimentary dis-

position; but the £30,000 remained and still remains unpaid.

Long after the forfeiture of the estate of Cromarty, the interest of the debt was regularly paid by the Parliamentary trustees, and as the loyalty of Sir Kenneth Mc Kenzie, the original creditor, was not to be questioned, it was never supposed that the political offences of the proprietor of the estate, over which the mortgage extended, could by any fiction of law be made to apply to the right of Sir Kenneth, or of my father as his heir and legatee. At length, when the demands of a large and increasing family came to press on my father's resources, he made an application to the Barons of the Exchequer in Scotland for the payment of the debt, when by some ingenious nicety in Scottish law, the nature of which I am not jurist enough to describe, it was held that the debt itself was escheat to the crown. It was said that the Barons did not wish to take it from us, and several of them being personal friends of my father, they recommended it to him to state the case to the Attorney General of Eng-

land, and to lay his opinion, if favourable, before the Privy Council, as the ultimate judges in the cause.

While these proceedings were in progress, a paltry pension of some two or three hundred a year was given to my father, and, I am sorry to say, accepted by him, a circumstance which may have either slackened his efforts in the prosecution of his right, or may probably have weighed with the successive ministers, who were applied to on the subject, in delaying the settlement of his claim. My father had a sort of constitutional dislike to personal exertion, a feature of his character which has certainly been no part of my inheritance; and the pension, which, with the rental of Craigforth, enabled him to go on, was admirably suited, with his habits of inactivity, to postpone, and ultimately, I fear, to defeat a claim, the justice of which has never been disputed. The Attorney-General's opinion was favourable and conclusive, but it was not obtained until after many years' delay. By that time I had been abroad in the world, and my father was very willing to devolve on

me the whole charge of the business. When occasionally at home during the interval of foreign service, I made it my business to importune the Minister of the day, and I hold it to have been one of the greatest misfortunes of my life, that an absolute negative was not put on my demand from the outset. Such, however, was far from being the case. The hope of a speedy settlement was constantly held out to me, and I need not suggest the numerous evils which such an expectation could not fail to inflict on a person like myself, of a warm, and perhaps, too sanguine, disposition. Thus the matter was allowed to rest, with some occasional applications on my part, until after my father's death.

At that time the late Mr. Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I resolved to ask an audience for the purpose of laying before that great financier the documents, including the Attorney-General's opinion, by which my claim was established. Mr. Pitt indulged me with a long conversation, in the course of which he discovered a perfect knowledge of the matter

at issue, and suggested a variety of objections which in turn he abandoned. At length he observed that he would take the matter into his serious consideration; but, although I urged that the law-officers of the crown had maturely considered it already, I could not get from him any positive promise that the claim would be admitted; nor could I resist a smile of scepticism at his sincerity when Mr. Pitt assured me that the country could not afford to pay its debts, and that, at that moment, there was not 50*l.* in the Treasury. I saw that it was in vain to press the matter farther, and therefore made my bow with an expression of my hope that another time I might be more fortunate; adding, with reference to the objections he had raised and relinquished, that I saw with what ease he could "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." At this he laughed with great apparent good-humour, but availed himself of the opportunity to bow me out of the room.

It was afterwards announced to me, indeed, that by an application in the proper quarter, my

father's pension might be transferred to me, but I never adopted the suggestion, from the idea that my father had injured his right by allowing himself to become a pensioner of the Government; and, as will be seen in the sequel, I have never since enjoyed the necessary leisure or opportunity for re-urging my claim.

CHAPTER II.

Anecdote of Lord Keith and the Author.—Early Life and Education of the Author.—Enters the Army.—Sets out for the Continent with the late Lord Dundas, Colonel Masterton, and Matthew Henderson.—Is present at the Battle of Minden.—Character of Ferdinand of Brunswick, Commander of the Allies.—Anecdotes of the Seven Years' War.—Conduct of Lord George Sackville.—Witty Interrogatory of a young Soldier.—Anecdotes of the Author; Major Oakes and his Sons; and of Lord Kerr.—Instance of Gallant Courtesy between the English and French at the Battle of Fontenoy.—National Complexions.—Burial of the Dead.—Custom of the French.—Anecdotes of Captain Baillie.—Connoisseurship.—Works of Rembrandt.—Plans of the Battle of Minden.—Charge of the British Battalions.—Death of Prince Xavier of Saxony.—Military Anecdotes of that Prince.

I WAS born, as I have said, at Ardkinglas. The date was the 21st of October (old style), in the year 1745. In my eighth year I was sent

to the High School of Edinburgh, and remained there for four years. During that period, I lived with my grandfather, Sir James Livingstone, whose town residence was in the Canongate, a few doors below the church, on the same side. I do not remember any incident of my boyish days worth relating, except a pitched battle which I had with my relation and school-fellow Lord Keith, which was followed in after-life by constant habits of intimacy and friendship.

On my return from the High School, I remained for a year at Craigforth, under the charge of a private tutor; and early in the year 1759 I was appointed to an ensigncy in the 51st regiment of foot, commanded by Colonel Brudenel. Soon afterwards I left Scotland, in company with the late Lord Dundas, then about eighteen years of age, on his way to Geneva, to complete his education. In our travelling-party there were also Colonel Masterton, afterwards Member of Parliament for Clackmannanshire, and Muster-master-General for Scotland; and Matthew Henderson,

then, and afterwards, well known and much esteemed in the town of Edinburgh. At that time an officer in the 25th regiment of foot, he was like myself on his way to join the army, and I may say with truth, that in the course of a long life I have never known a more estimable character than Matthew Henderson.

Although I had the honour of assisting at a very early age in many of the memorable events which signalized the Seven Years' War, it is no part of my intention to enter upon a general history of public affairs. As I write from recollection, I shall be excused for mere errors of chronology, and, as my memory is tolerably tenacious, I set down the facts of this early period with considerable confidence.

Soon after my arrival in Germany I was present at the trifling affair at Zoëst, but I could not say that I had seriously seen fire until the 1st of August, on the memorable field of Minden;—a battle so well known to all the world, that it would be a waste of time to describe it in detail. Wolfe had not yet immortalized his name on the heights of Abraham,

and the battle of Minden was therefore the first great victory which the British of that age had achieved on land: it was remarkable also for the change which it effected in the general course of the war. Up to that period, the Allied armies had sustained a constant series of disasters and defeats; but after the tide had turned at Minden, it carried in its reflux the French out of Hanover, and covered all the states of Prussia on that side of Germany.

The Allied army was commanded by Ferdinand of Brunswick, one of the most celebrated generals of the age; and opposed to him were two of the Marechals of France,—the Duc de Broglie, and M. de Contades, both men of distinguished abilities. The best authorities give the numbers of the French at 60,000 men, and those of the Allies at 34,000. In consequence of his previous reverses, it had by this time become necessary for Prince Ferdinand to obtain some signal advantage, if he desired to prevent the French from taking up their winter quarters in the Hanoverian territory. Previous to the battle, the town of Min-

den was in possession of the enemy, who had entrenched themselves in a very strong position, between a long and impassable morass, and the Weser. Availing himself of the advantages which this position afforded, Prince Ferdinand took up his ground in such a manner as enabled him at once to choose his field of battle, to present a front to the enemy as large as could be brought forward to oppose him; and at the same time to prevent the French from extending themselves over the plains of that part of Westphalia, except by passing over the ground which was occupied by the Allied army.

The Duke was chiefly remarkable for the secrecy, certainty, and earliness with which he obtained intelligence of the proceedings of the enemy; and on this occasion the success of a very bold and decisive measure was almost entirely dependent on these advantages. Having ascertained that his position was to be attacked on the following day, he detached 10,000 men, under his nephew, who was at that time known in the army as the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, and who, by

making a considerable detour across some mountains, was able to attack the French in flank, and thus almost insured the victory. A measure so hazardous, considering the great disparity between the force of the two armies, was considered by military men as an instance of extreme rashness and imprudence on the part of his Serene Highness. But, if the propriety of any proceeding can in any case be justified by the event, the complete success which attended this bold manœuvre, and the happy results which it produced, may entitle Prince Ferdinand to a more favourable judgment than that which Napoleon is said to have pronounced on the battle of Waterloo;—that it was gained in defiance of all the rules of the art of war.

The Allied army, which had thus been reduced, on the morning of the 1st of August, to 24,000 men, had taken up its position between the morass and the river, about an hour before the French had entirely deployed into line The English of the Allied army consisted only of six battalions. They occupied the right, and were flanked by a strong brigade of British

artillery. On the extreme right was posted the cavalry, under the command of Lord George Sackville.

The chief aim of the enemy seemed to be to make an impression on one or other of the flanks of the Allied army; and, in consequence, the brunt of the battle fell for a long time on the six British regiments. As they were repeatedly attacked by fresh troops, supported by a numerous and well-served artillery, their loss was most considerable. They had besides to sustain a charge of cavalry, composed of the household troops of France, led on by Prince Xavier of Saxony, brother to the French Queen. This charge was made with infinite gallantry, but, notwithstanding the thinness of the British ranks from the great losses we had already suffered, we were still so well formed as to be able at last to repulse them. Thus few, comparatively, of the British fell by the sabre; but the enemy had to lament the loss of their gallant leader Prince Xavier, who was killed close to the British ranks, as well as of a great number of gentlemen of

superior rank, who served in these regiments, from their being attached to the person of the King of France, and who, from the colours of their uniforms, were known as *Les Mousquetaires gris et rouges.*

We had scarcely completed our files after the charge of cavalry, when we were again attacked by a body of Swiss: their valour and discipline are known to the whole world. After exchanging several volleys, some of them, I may say with truth, at a distance of not more than twenty yards, we formed our ranks so thin, that we were obliged to fall back to complete them. The Duke himself, observing how severely we had suffered, with his usual coolness and self-possession, brought up two battalions of Hessians upon our right. Thus the progress of the Swiss was checked for the moment, and time was afforded us again to complete our files, so as to present a connected front to the enemy. In our turn we became the assailants, and at length succeeded in driving back the troops opposed to us. It was at this moment that Lord George Sackville should

have come up with the cavalry to have contributed, as his Serene Highness expressed himself in general orders, to make the decision of that day "more complete and more brilliant."

It is said that first impressions are the last to wear out; and the truth of the observation is strongly confirmed by the vividness of the colours with which I still picture to myself some of those miserable objects which fell under my notice after the firing had ceased on this field of blood. Major Pringle, an old schoolfellow of mine, and son to Lord Edgefield, one of the Judges of the Supreme Courts in Scotland, agreed to ride out with me immediately after the action. On one part of the field we saw a French officer, who had been wounded in the knee, sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a dead horse. We accosted him and offered any assistance in our power. He proved to be the commanding officer of *Les Mousquetaires gris*, and was distinguished by several orders, which, with a handsome snuff-box, had probably excited the cupidity of some

of the wretches who are never found wanting in the train of an army. We left him in high spirits, having undertaken to go and bring a cart or tumbrel to carry him from the field; but, with the hasty imprudence of young officers, we rode off together on this duty, instead of one of us remaining with the wounded officer. It could not be more than ten or twelve minutes when we returned with the cart, and found, to our unspeakable concern, the murdered body of the poor French Colonel lying naked on the ground.

Riding soon afterwards along the front of the line, we met with some general-officers, foreigners as well as English, and amongst the number, Lord George Sackville. As I had been recommended to him personally by my near relation Lord Rossmore, I went up to pay my respects, and to congratulate him on the issue of the day. He had previously shown me many marks of attention, which had probably encouraged me to speak with more freedom than otherwise I should have done. In the buoyancy of youthful spirits, and without

a moment's reflection—it will be remembered that I was not then quite fourteen years of age —I rather indiscreetly asked his Lordship what had become of the cavalry? This *encartade* was much spoken of in the army, and the merit was ascribed to me of having said a good thing, although most certainly I was as innocent of the wit, as of the presumption, which the compliment included. In justice, as well as gratitude to Lord George Sackville, I am bound to say, that the malignant interpretation of the crowd was entirely lost upon him, for, before the year was out, he gave me a cornetcy in the 2d Dragoon Guards, which was then better known as Lord Waldegrave's regiment.

At that period, a long pike or lance, called a spontoon, was carried by officers in the army. In the course of the action I found this instrument so burdensome that I could not continue to carry it; but having been taught the correct idea that a soldier should never, of his own motive, part with his arms, I asked leave of one of our field-officers, Major Oakes, to fling it away, which, seeing me a good deal ex-

hausted, he readily authorized me to do. This Major Oakes was the father of the two gallant generals of that name who distinguished themselves so greatly in the wars produced by the French Revolution.

Here, perhaps, I may be allowed to mention, as illustrating the feelings of a very young soldier, that at the first volley I instinctively stooped on seeing the line of the enemy level their pieces. This reminds me of what was told of Lord Mark Kerr, at the battle of Fontenoy. When his regiment advanced to the enemy in line, he called out to them, "*Tirez, Messieurs,*" to which they replied, with equal gallantry, "*Non c'est à vous.*" But although Lord Mark succeeded in giving the first shot to the French, it is said that he gained some advantage by previously instructing his men to stoop on seeing the enemy level their pieces, and receiving the fire in that position, to rush forward and deliver their own with more execution and effect at a shorter distance. This gallant officer of the old school was afterwards killed at Culloden. He had run a High-

lander through the body with his spontoon, but he, in the act of falling, had time and strength to cut down Lord Mark with his broadsword, and both were killed on the spot. I had both these anecdotes regarding Lord Mark Kerr from my uncle, Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglas, who had long served in the same regiment with his Lordship.

Two circumstances occurred in this my first engagement, which shocked me beyond expression; and even now, at the distance of seventy years, I feel as if I saw before me the individual to whom they relate: I can recall their very features, and even the passing expression on their countenances. The one was my servant; his name was Simpson: he was standing close by me, when he was dreadfully mangled by a cannon-shot across the body. The other was a young officer of my acquaintance, who stood immediately in my view, when the greater part of his face was cut off by the stroke of a sabre.

A serjeant of the 51st, who had served in the wars in Flanders, made me observe on the

day after the battle, when all the dead bodies were stripped by the ruthless followers of the army, that the places might be distinguished where the troops of different nations had fought, by the colours and complexions of the naked dead; the French, in general, being brown, the English and Germans fairer, but of different hues or shades of colour. This old serjeant, at the same time, pointed out to me several heaps of corn, which had been pulled for the purpose of covering some object underneath. He told me it was a practice with the French soldiers, that when one of their comrades fell from a severe wound in a field of grain, they immediately pulled and covered him over with part of it; and to convince me of the truth of what he said, he took up a man's arm, which was lying near to one of these heaps, and observed that it probably belonged to the person underneath. His conjecture proved to be correct, for, on uncovering the heap, we found a miserable object in the agonies of death, and beyond the reach of any human assistance.

Among the officers of the 51st whose acquaintance I made in this first campaign, was Captain Baillie, of the grenadier company. He devoted a great deal of his leisure time to the art of engraving, and was the first to etch the works of Rembrandt with success. The year after Minden, I saw the proof of this at Amsterdam, where he produced the print called "the hundred guilder print," the subject of which is the Apostle Paul preaching before Felix, in which, as is well known, a great deal of what most people would consider ludicrous is mingled with that solemnity which the subject appears to demand. At first it was produced as an original, and under that impression it was received and admired by the connoisseurs of Amsterdam, until he himself acknowledged it to be a copy. From such beginnings, Captain Baillie afterwards became one of the most celebrated engravers of his day. He was, besides, a very excellent officer, and to him I was indebted for the acquisition of a great deal of useful knowledge, as well as for many practical lessons in the arts of drawing

and engraving, both of which I pursued with equal pleasure and advantage for several years; and after he had become the treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, he encouraged me in the prosecution of the arts, in which he himself continued to delight, by examining and criticising my juvenile performances.

Mr. Bisset, of the 51st, was another of the officers of this regiment who made his way in life by his own unassisted talents. When I joined the army he was a subaltern; but having been accidentally employed about headquarters, his merits became known to Lord George Sackville, who attached him to his own staff, and soon afterwards gave him a company. It was, however, in the Commissariat department, with which he ultimately connected himself, that his talents and his honesty were duly appreciated, and these are qualities which have not, I fear, been always universal in this important branch of the public service. At length he rose to the lucrative and important station of Commissary-General to the British army, and succeeded in amassing a considerable

fortune, without the impeachment of a single peculation.

While I was yet at my father's house at Craigforth, a year or two before my departure for Germany, I met there with Mr. Roy, a respectable land-surveyor, who had been professionally employed by my father in taking a plan of one or two of his fields in the neighbourhood of Stirling. He had afterwards adopted the military profession, but it so chanced that I never heard of him until we met and recognized each other at the battle of Minden. He afterwards procured a subaltern's commission in the 51st, and from this period we continued to live together on a very friendly footing.

As this was the first great battle in the gaining of which the English had participated, his Serene Highness the Commander-in-chief, was pleased to require that plans of it should be presented to him by the various engineers in the army, in addition to those which were furnished by the gentlemen whose province it was to prepare such returns in their official

capacity. Mr. Roy was one of those who volunteered his services on this occasion, and, from his previous habits, combined with superior ability, he succeeded in exhibiting the operations of the day in a much more intelligible and satisfactory form, than had hitherto been attempted by military engineers. The plans received from others were prepared in the only mode which was known at the time, showing upon one paper the first formation of the armies in the order of battle, and in another their formation when the enemy gave way. Mr. Roy's design was totally different. As the basis of his plan, he had first a general representation of the field of battle; and as during the day there were three distinct dispositions of the adverse armies, he had formed three separate papers, which were so adjusted as to coincide in all the fixed positions, such as roads or rivulets, with the general plan which formed the basis of the work; and were so adapted and attached to it, as to convey a much clearer conception of the relative positions of the troops, at the three most critical and important pe-

riods, than could be afforded by the ordinary methods. The idea, in short, was entirely new; and the Duke was so much pleased with the work, that Mr. Roy was soon afterwards attached to his Serene Highness's personal staff. During the time that he remained in the 51st, he was so good as to teach me the first principles of military drawing, and with his assistance I was enabled to make a plan of this great battle, which I sent home, as I remember, to the great delight of my father. It was not, however, as a mere engineer or a soldier that Mr. Roy was chiefly distinguished; he applied himself with ardour to the pursuits of general science, and had a decided genius for chemistry and astronomy, as may be seen in the Transactions of the Royal Society, of which he was a distinguished ornament. In private life he was universally esteemed, and he died a general officer.

In noticing the charge which the British battalions sustained from the household troops of France, I should have mentioned that their commander, Prince Xavier of Saxony, was

killed immediately in front of the 51st regiment, and within a very few yards of the British line. He fell quite dead from his horse, and, as he rode a piebald charger, and was distinguished by many splendid decorations, he readily caught the eye of the soldiers nearest to him, who were not slow in possessing themselves of the booty. One man got his star, which was a diamond; another his purse, well-stored with double Louis-d'ors; and a third his watch, adorned with brilliants. The other valuables about his person became the spoil of other soldiers of the regiment. Among the attendants of a victorious army, are always to be found a number of Jews, who are ready to purchase whatever comes in their way. To one of these the star of Prince Xavier was sold at the price of twelve hundred pounds; a sum, it was said, not equal to half its value. The fate of the private who possessed it is strikingly characteristic of the volatility and want of thought of the common soldier. He immediately purchased his discharge, and set up a suttling-shop with the money; but in

consequence of hard drinking, and bad management, the whole of the twelve hundred pounds disappeared in the course of six months, when he once more enlisted in the same regiment, saying that his good fortune appeared to him like a dream.

It is generally known that the melancholy duty of interring the dead after a great battle, like that of Minden, is always performed by the peasants of the neighbourhood, who are pressed into the service by the victorious party, and compelled to discharge it at the point of the bayonet. On the present occasion, this appalling task commenced on the evening of the 1st of August. Large holes are dug in the ground, into which are thrown bodies of men and horses in promiscuous heaps. Such was the fate of Prince Xavier of Saxony, whose body had been stripped like those of others, and who had only excited an unenviable precedence in this respect from the superior value of his equipments. On the morning after the battle, a letter arrived from the Mareschal in command of the French army, addressed to Prince Ferdi-

nand, to inquire into the fate of Prince Xavier; if wounded, to offer an equivalent in exchange for him; and if killed, to solicit the restoration of his remains. The letter was brought by an officer of rank, attended by four trumpeters, and by the gentlemen who had formerly been in the suite of the deceased Prince. A coach and six was also in attendance, together with a squadron of horse, to serve as a guard of honour. The news of the Prince's death appeared to me to be received with unfeigned sorrow by his attendants; and orders were immediately given by his Serene Highness the Commander-in-chief, to use all diligence in the recovery of the body. Before this was accomplished, it became necessary to open perhaps an hundred of the holes I have mentioned. In one of them was found his horse, and from thence it was conjectured that he himself had fallen not far from the spot where the piebald was found. The conjecture proved to be correct, and I happened to be by when the Prince's body was discovered. He had received a shot in his head, which appeared to

have been the mortal wound, and one of his arms was broken. He had evidently been a man of small stature; and I remember, that I inferred, from the appearance of precision in the dressing of his hair, and from the black pins which remained in the curls after the body was dug up, that he had been neat and even particular in his dress. The remains were wrapt up in a velvet cloak, bearing the Prince's star, and after being put into the coach which had been brought for that purpose, two of the principal officers placed themselves by the body, and immediately drove off, escorted by the cavalcade which had been sent from the French army.

CHAPTER III.

Entertainment given by a young Subaltern.—Odd military Congè. — Gallantry of the Hereditary Prince.—Victory chiefly owing to the British.—Complimented by Prince Ferdinand.—Masterly conduct of the Prince.—Gallant exploit of Captain Fox.—Progress of the war.—Singular fact regarding bombs.—Lord George Sackville's trial.—Rupture between the French commanders.—Campaign of 1760.—Success of the French.—Gallant conduct of an English regiment.—Remarkable instance of presentiment of death.—Anecdotes of Sir William Erskine.—Affair of Emsdorff.

Soon after the battle of Minden, an entertainment was given to most of the British officers by Mr. Blair, a young subaltern of the 12th regiment, afterwards married to Lady Mary Fane, a sister of the Earl of Westmoreland, at which I had the pleasure of assisting. At the conclusion of the repast, Mr. Blair addressed the assembled company, and said that he had

brought them together for the purpose of proposing a question to them. "Pray, gentlemen," he said, "do you think that I conducted myself, on the glorious 1st of August, as became an officer and a gentleman?" The answer was one of acclamation, accompanied by a cordial acknowledgment that no one had ever seen a braver fellow. "Well, then," he replied, "since you are all satisfied with my short career of soldiership, so am I; and I have now only to ask your commands for England, as I mean to depart the day after to-morrow." This incident is only mentioned as an illustration of a peculiar character. He had probably adopted the profession of a soldier without much reflection; and finding, on a short trial, that it was not suited to his disposition, he was anxious to seize the earliest opportunity of retiring with a good grace, and finally followed the method which I have just set down.

I cannot dismiss the subject of the victory of Minden without some mention of the distinguished gallantry of the Hereditary Prince, to

whom his Serene Highness the Commander-in-chief had entrusted the 10,000 men, who had been dispatched, as already noticed, to attack the enemy in flank. This simultaneous attack was commenced at five o'clock in the morning; and the French, under the Duc de Brisac, though very advantageously posted, were compelled to make a speedy retreat, and to take refuge in the town of Minden. The fate of the day was no doubt decided by the success of this daring expedient. It gave possession to the Allies of the enemy's lines of communication, and thus cut them off from their supplies. Relinquishing the strong position they had formerly occupied between the morass and the Weser, they fled through the town of Minden, and retreated hastily to the eastward. They were thus deprived of the great advantages they had obtained in the early part of the campaign, and compelled to march through a country in which they had taken no measures to procure subsistence. Even after the deduction which must be made for the mistake of Lord George Sackville, it is

universally admitted that the Allies were chiefly indebted for this victory to the British battalions; who, while they gained the greatest glory, were also the greatest sufferers on the occasion. The total loss of the allies was 2,000 men, while the share which fell to the British was no less than 1,200. The Prince was not unmindful of the merits of the British officers, distinguishing many of them by name in the orders which he issued on the following day, and paying this compliment to some even of the rank of captain.

No one knew better than Prince Ferdinand the means best suited to encourage both officers and privates in the performance of their several duties with spirit and cheerfulness. The higher officers were presented with honorary marks of his regard; but to those in inferior stations, and even to some with the rank of field-officer, he sent considerable presents in money,—a mode of encouragement which probably would not be spurned at by officers of the present day, at the end of a severe campaign.

In the course of the enemy's retreat, they made an attempt to resume their lines of communication, with a view to fall back on their supplies, but their purpose was defeated by a masterly movement of Prince Ferdinand. At the period in question, the enemy were posted with their right to Unna, and their left to the town of Wetter, by which they covered all the country on the Rhine which they had gained in the early part of the campaign. During the day his Serene Highness made a feint to turn the right flank of the enemy, but as soon as night had fallen, he made a half conversion to the left with his whole army, and not only gained the flank but absolutely posted himself in the rear of the enemy, who were thus effectually cut off from their lines of communication. This brilliant manœuvre, which had, perhaps, in its effects as great an influence on the general course of the war as the victory of Minden itself, was recalled to my attention by a circumstance of inferior importance, but perhaps quite as well calculated to impress itself on

the mind of a soldier in his first campaign. In the hurry of the movement directed by the Duke, several of the outposts were forgotten, and amongst others, Captain Fox, of the Welsh Fusileers, who was, as I remember, a tall, thin, hard-favoured man, and was reckoned in the army a very stern soldier. The morning after this change of position had been effected by the Prince, the suite of the Marechal de Broglie had entered the town of Wetter, which was now the nearest to their head-quarters, although the day before it had been in possession of the Allies; but to the utter astonishment of the gentlemen of the Marechal's suite, they were unceremoniously driven out by Captain Fox and his party, who had been posted over-night in a strong castle or fortified house connected with the town.

In the morning, we were surprised to hear the report of a heavy fire of artillery in the rear of the enemy, which was afterwards ascertained to be an attack on the strong hold in which Captain Fox had entrenched himself. The walls of the building were strong enough to

offer a considerable resistance to the guns which were brought against it; and after the firing had continued for several hours without a breach being effected, a message was sent to Captain Fox, requiring him to surrender at discretion. His answer was, that he would defend the post to the last extremity. On this the cannonade was recommenced; but, as every hour which he remained in possession was no doubt felt as a reproach by the enemy, a second message was sent to him, announcing that he should be allowed to capitulate, and to march out and rejoin the Allied army with all the honours of war. Captain Fox was highly complimented by the Duc de Broglie on the gallantry of his defence, which was long a topic of interest and admiration throughout the Allied army.

When the French, in the course of their retreat, had almost evacuated the territory of Hesse, they attempted to put some stop to the victorious career of the Allies, by throwing a garrison into the town of Marburg. But the obstacle thus presented was of very short endurance. I can only say, in general, that having

laid siege to the town, our bombardment was so exceedingly hot, that some of our troops who had entered it were driven out by our own shells, and that the Hanoverian General who led the attack, having been killed in the *melée*, his body was so dreadfully mangled by the horses, carriages, and artillery passing over the dead in the narrow streets of the town, that it could not, after a careful search, be recognized or recovered. The castle of Marburg is so situated as to touch the town, being placed on the eminence of a steep, sharp hill, but the town itself extends across the adjoining bottom or valley. Before a lodgment was effected on the side of the town, we were several times driven out of it by the guns of the castle; but having erected batteries on some adjoining hills, which considerably annoyed the castle, without absolutely commanding it, we at length made good our lodgment; and the effect of both attacks produced a surrender in the course of a few days, so that the garrison, consisting of some eight or nine hundred men, became prisoners of war.

It appears to me that circumstances, which, if now occurring, I should regard as unworthy of observation or remark, but which, at the moment when they did occur, took such a hold of my imagination as to imprint themselves on my memory, and leave there a distinct impression at the distance of many years, have some claim to be recorded from that very circumstance, without any reference to their intrinsic merits. Of this nature is the fact I am about to set down. It is known that a shell, on being projected from a bomb, describes a parabolic curve, and that when it reaches its greatest elevation its descent is almost vertical. At the siege of Marburg, I observed a shell in its descent pass through the dead body of a man lying by me on the ground, and immediately afterwards explode. When the explosion had taken place, I naturally looked all round me in expectation of seeing some of the mangled remains of the poor soldier, but strange to say, not a vestige of them was to be discovered in any direction. Here I may take the opportunity of noticing a common practice among

the cautious and experienced on the falling of a shell. Unless the ground be very hard indeed, the shell must necessarily bury itself some considerable depth in the earth, and the soldiers, more, perhaps, from the observation of facts, than from the deductions of theory, are taught that it is safest to throw themselves flat on the ground, close by the buried shell, the fragments of which pass over those who have thus esconced themselves, without any farther injury than to cover them with the scattered mould.

The French were pursued for upwards of two hundred miles; and at the end of the campaign, after their numerous successes in the early part of the summer, they found themselves in a situation at least not more favourable than at its commencement. Still, however, the important town of Munster remained in possession of the enemy, and in the rear of the Allies. At this siege I had also the honour of assisting, although the English troops opposed to it were comparatively few. Offensive measures on the part of the French army were

now understood to be terminated for the present campaign; but they still exceeded the Allies very considerably in point of number. M. de Contades, however, made an attempt to prevent the town of Munster from falling into our hands, and sent a strong force, under M. d'Armentieres, reinforced by troops from the Lower Rhine to 15,000 men, for the protection of the place. The besieging army was commanded by General Count Imhoff, who, on the approach of D'Armentieres, gave orders that the guns should be drawn from the batteries, and that we should retreat to a stronger position, at a moderate distance from the place. In this position we were attacked by the enemy without sustaining any material injury; and D'Armentieres, having thrown some supplies into the town, and afforded it a temporary relief, soon afterwards withdrew, and rejoined the main body of the French army. General Imhoff receiving reinforcements, immediately resumed the siege, and carried the place.

The public appeals which were made by Lord George Sackville, in consequence of his

Serene Highness's animadversions on his Lordship's conduct; his resignation of his command, and his subsequent trial, were counterbalanced, on the other side, by the bitterest recriminations between the two French Marechals, the Duc de Broglie and M. de Contades. Popular opinion took the side of the French Duke, who retained his employment, and a considerable proportion of his influence at Court. But the veteran Marechal D'Etrees was invested with authority, which, it was said, he accepted unwillingly, to supersede both commanders, if he could not compose the differences between them.

The enemy having been driven back as far as Frankfort, hostilities were understood to be terminated for the season, and both armies went into winter quarters My father having solicited his friend Sir Adolphus Oughton, at that time Lieutenant-colonel of the 37th regiment, to give me a seat in his carriage as far as Utrecht, on his return to England, I availed myself of the opportunity to resume my studies during the winter months at that University.

I may fairly admit, that at this period of my life my education was very imperfect; and that at Utrecht I began for the first time to be persuaded of the disadvantages under which I should labour for life, if I did not apply myself with determined assiduity to the prosecution of my studies. Passionately attached as I have always been to the profession I had chosen, and particularly to those departments of it which required a knowledge of the mathematics and of their practical application to military affairs, for which I had been inspired with a more decided taste by my kind friends Mr. Roy and Captain Baillie, I was not long in acquiring a considerable proficiency in the arts of riding, fencing, and drawing, but especially in a knowledge of fortification, and of the general business of a military engineer.

On the opening of the campaign of 1760, I returned to the army, in company with several officers of my acquaintance, who were passing by the route of Utrecht.

Having joined my new regiment, the 2d Dragoon Guards, in which I had obtained a

cornetcy by the favour of Lord George Sackville, an incident soon afterwards occurred to me at the slight affair of Aybach, which some would ascribe to chance, and others, who think better, to the superintending care of the Supreme Being; but which, certainly, had an important influence on my progress in life. Returning from a skirmish in the neighbourhood of Aybach, I passed through the village of that name, in which there happened at the time to be a body of cavalry, commanded by a general officer, who was engaged in reconnoitering the ground in the vicinity, and asking questions for this purpose of some of the inhabitants respecting the localities of the adjacent villages. The officer was an Englishman, and having nobody by him who spoke German, he was exposed to some difficulty in making his communications with the peasants. A gentleman with whom I was very slightly acquainted, at that time the Adjutant of the 11th Dragoons, and afterwards Colonel Lyon, was with the General at the moment, and said to him as I passed with my detachment, that

here was an officer who spoke German. Mr. Lyon was in some degree correct in communicating this information, for I have always had a natural aptitude in the acquisition of languages; and as this instrument of knowledge—for language should rather be considered as an engine or medium for acquiring information than as knowledge itself—is said to be more accessible to the youthful student, than to those more advanced in years, it is probable that I enjoyed facilities in this respect superior to those of my seniors, who had greatly the advantage of me in general information and experience.

Mixing a good deal during service among the peasantry of the districts in which I happened to be quartered, I had learned enough of the *patois* of the country to be able on this occasion to serve as an interpreter to the General. He asked me my name; and, bidding me good-day, we parted as we had met, and I thought no more of the matter. The officer in question was General Mostyn, one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to King George

the Second, and at this time Commander-in-chief of the cavalry of the Allied army.

At the commencement of the campaign of 1760, the French and the Allied armies had each received very powerful reinforcements. On the side of Great Britain, the preparations for the renewal of hostilities were scarcely to be equalled in the previous history of the country. It is certain at least, that so great a number of British troops, serving in one army, had not been seen on the continent of Europe for two centuries before. The first detachment consisted of six regiments of foot, and these were soon followed by Elliot's regiment of light horse; so that, at the opening of this campaign, the British force in Germany consisted of twelve regiments of heavy dragoons, and one of light horse, with twelve regiments of foot, besides two Highland battalions. The whole armament amounted to 22,000 men at the commencement of the campaign, and it was reinforced in the course of the summer to nearly 25,000. In point of number, indeed, the Allied army fell con-

siderably short of the French; but their inferiority in this respect was fully counterbalanced by the better quality of the troops, by their superior discipline, by the brilliant talents of Prince Ferdinand, and, perhaps, above all, by the unbounded confidence reposed in him by every individual under his command.

The campaign commenced with some considerable successes on the part of the French. The Castles of Marburg and Dillingbourg fell into their hands; and before the middle of summer, they had again overrun the greater part of the Landgraviate of Hesse, out of which they had been driven after the victory of Minden.

The forces of the French consisted of two separate armaments, the one under the Comte de St. Germain, the other under the Duc de Broglie; but each in his command was independent of the other. As the French advanced, the Allied army fell back towards the river Dymel; and, while affairs were in this posture, and the two French armies were about to effect a junction in the neighbourhood of

the town of Corbach, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick was detached with a large body of troops, some miles in front of the army, with the view of attacking the corps of St. Germain before its junction with that of De Broglie. Contrary, however, to the expectations of the Hereditary Prince, he found, when it was too late to recede, that the junction had already been effected, and although attacked with great gallantry, the French stood their ground with firmness; and, with the fresh supplies which were constantly brought up from the corps of the Duc de Broglie, they were enabled to repel the repeated assault of the Allies, led on by the Hereditary Prince in person. Although the main body of the Allied army was within a few miles of the scene of this engagement, yet, from the ground which it occupied, his Serene Highness the Commander-in-chief found it impossible to assist his gallant nephew in his retreat; which was, notwithstanding, effected in tolerable order, considering that it took place in the middle of the day, and in the face

of an enemy who were constantly bringing up reinforcements of fresh troops. I was deeply impressed on this occasion with the steadiness and discipline of my old regiment, the 51st, in which I had served at Minden. In the course of the retreat, this regiment occupied a rising ground, which, from the enclosed state of the country, drew upon them almost the whole of the enemy's cannonade; while the distance was so great that they could not return a single musket-shot with effect. The heaviness and severity of the fire will be appreciated by military men, when I mention, that the 51st on this occasion lost, by round shot alone, upwards of sixty men, besides four or five officers. The temper and firmness with which they received this destructive visitation, while it evinces the highest principles of courage and discipline, appears to me to have been beyond all praise.

My old lieutenant-colonel, Noel Fury, was one of the slain. It is said by some that individuals may be visited with an undefined presentiment or mental warning of their approach-

ing fate, while such ideas are treated by others as visionary and impossible. I shall not attempt to enter upon the merits of a discussion which might lead me into the mazes of metaphysical inquiry, but shall content myself with a simple narrative of what I witnessed on the morning of this engagement. Colonel Fury was remarkable for the liveliness and gaiety of his disposition; and his spirits, on an occasion like the present, when about to enter into action, were uniformly observed to be unusually elevated. His habitual sprightliness and good-humour made him a general favourite in the regiment; and he was besides a man of distinguished gallantry, and an excellent officer. Among other good qualities, he paid especial attention to the filling of his canteens; and on the morning in question he sat down under a tree, and asked his brother officers to breakfast. For the first time in his life, on the eve of an engagement, he seemed extremely pensive and dull; and on being rallied on the subject by some of the gentlemen present, he answered, "I don't know how it is, but

I think I shall be killed to-day." The cannonade having just begun, he mounted his horse and rode up to the front of the regiment, where he had been but a very short time when his head was carried off by a round shot.

In this retreat from before Corbach, the British horse did good service. Several bodies of German troops, both horse and foot, having fallen into great confusion, the enemy pressed forward to take advantage of it; but the Hereditary Prince, having placed himself at the head of a squadron composed of Bland's and Howard's regiments of dragoons, he charged the enemy with the utmost fury, put a stop to the career of their victorious horse, and enabled the Allied battalions to make an undisturbed retreat. He thus succeeded in effecting a re-junction with the main body of the Allied army, which was posted at Saxenhausen, while the French continued to observe them from the strong post of Corbach.

In this action the Hereditary Prince was wounded; but forgetful of his pain and weakness, he burned with impatience to revenge his

defeat, and it was not long before an opportunity presented itself. The Allies, in their retreat, had garrisoned a number of fortresses; and among others that of Ziegenhagen, a place of some importance in the Landgraviate of Hesse. Intelligence having been received that the French had sent a detachment to reduce this fortress, the Hereditary Prince undertook to relieve it; and for that purpose selected several German battalions, at the head of which, with the addition of Elliot's light horse, he proceeded to attack the detachment under the command of General Glaubitz. The regiment known by the name of Elliot's light horse, was the first of that description of force brought forward by the British. It had been disciplined by the late Sir William Erskine, whom I had always been accustomed to consider as the best officer in the British army. He had served with distinction in previous wars, and had observed the advantages possessed by the light troops of other nations. The Hereditary Prince came up with the detachment of General Glaubitz at Emsdorff. On the enemy's right a

brigade was posted, consisting of six battalions, which Sir William Erskine was directed to charge with his single regiment of light horse, consisting, however, of about 1,200 men. Until this occasion the regiment had never seen fire, but they had probably been selected from their soldier-like appearance, and from the well-known character of Sir William Erskine, of whom, as a man, an officer, and a gentleman, it would be superfluous to add a word of praise.

Having made his dispositions for the attack, he proceeded to charge the six battalions of the enemy with great fury, and those who were opposed to him having been driven back upon the others, he charged them again before they had time to recover from their confusion, and totally routed the whole of the enemy's brigade, making prisoners of all that survived. The affair of Emsdorff was not in itself of a very important nature, but was afterwards much spoken of in the army, from the extraordinary result produced by a single regiment of light horse; in which it was shown how

much may be done with a small force by such an officer as Sir William Erskine. Although not personally engaged in this affair, I had the good fortune to witness the brilliant result. The whole of the survivors of the six battalions of the enemy were made prisoners, and, amongst others, Glaubitz himself, together with the Prince of Anhalt; so that this may be said to have been by far the most brilliant action in the *petit guerre* of which this campaign consisted.

CHAPTER IV.

Progress of the Campaign.—Battle of Warbourg.—Narrow Escape of the Author.—Brilliant Conduct of the English Cavalry.— Anecdotes of Colonel Preston.— Battle of Zerenberg.—Curious Anecdote.—Close of the Campaign. Position of the Armies.—Renewal of hostilities.—Affair at Fellinghausen.—Surprise of the Allies.—Anecdotes and Adventures of the Author.—Able and prompt movements of Prince Ferdinand.—Victory of the Allies.

Of the battle of Warbourg, which took place soon after the affair of Emsdorff, I cannot say much from my own personal observation; as, in the first charge of cavalry, which was made at five o'clock in the morning, I had my horse killed under me, and was wounded in five different places—two of them gun-shot wounds, one from a bayonet, and two slight cuts. The place where I had fallen was on a

ploughed field, and I lay there without assistance till six o'clock in the evening, that is, for thirteen hours. It may appear extraordinary to those who have not suffered severely, that, notwithstanding the pain of my wounds, I was not prevented from sleeping soundly. Indeed I was only awoke, some time after mid-day—it was towards the end of July—by the rays of the sun beating intensely on my uncovered head, my steel skull-cap having fallen off. When I came to understand the nature of my situation, I found a French officer sitting by me, who seemed, from his orders, to be a man of rank. He said that he would give the world for a glass of water, and I replied that my thirst also was unspeakable, which indeed it was; but whether it arose from my anxiety before the action, or from causes merely physical, I do not profess to be able to decide. While speaking to the French officer, I observed my sword lying at a little distance, and as it had been a favourite, I endeavoured to crawl towards it to secure it, but after repeated efforts I found myself unequal to the task. At

this moment I saw the French gentleman fall back and expire. Of the various orders which he carried I took one, the Cross of St. Louis, and afterwards gave it to my mother, who wore it during her life-time, as a trinket, at her watch-chain.

The next object which attracted my attention was a young man whom I recognized as a dragoon of my own regiment. His wound had produced mental imbecility, which was strikingly depicted on his countenance, and was, besides, perceptible by his manner of playing with a clod of the ploughed field. Soon afterwards he also expired.

Having by this time come perfectly to myself, I perceived that we had gained the day, in consequence of observing that the firing had advanced a great way in front of the spot where I had fallen, although it was still heavy to the right of the line. I shall be pardoned for mentioning, that in the midst of this scene of death I felt no more alarm than I do at this moment. I confess, indeed, that my satisfaction at the success of the Allied arms was not

unmingled with some selfish considerations; for I inferred that I should be more speedily attended to than if we had lost the day; and to have remained all night on the ploughed field, without assistance, might have been more than my strength could have sustained, after so much loss of blood. Although such were my feelings at the moment, I must not omit to mention, in justice to the French character, that they, as well as others, were accustomed, after a battle, to gather up the wounded of both sides indiscriminately.

Of course, I had become perfectly stiff from the blood having clotted about my wounds; and when I was taken up to be put into one of the carts, I felt such excruciating pain, that the soldiers carried me on a blanket to one of the nearest villages, which had been converted into temporary hospitals. The bayonet wound was much the longest of healing; and it was so situated, that the surgeon found it necessary to cut it open; but my constitution being naturally good, I was able to return to my duty before the end of the campaign.

As an illustration of the hair-breadth escapes which constantly occur on a field of battle, I may mention, that a few seconds before I received in my thigh the thrust which brought me to the ground, a man, straggling from the French line, came just under my sword, which I had raised for the purpose of cutting him down, when my arm was arrested by some one from behind calling out to me, I know not what; but probably, just because the exclamation was unintelligible, it saved the poor man's life; since, when one is galloping at a charge, he has not much time for reflection.

I cannot dismiss the battle of Warbourg, without some notice of the gallant bearing of two of the regiments of cavalry. Indeed, the whole of the cavalry, both English and Hanoverians, behaved remarkably well; but the Scots Greys, led on by the Marquis of Granby in person, made a charge prodigiously brilliant; and that of the 1st regiment of Dragoon Guards, under the command of Colonel Sloper, was scarcely less so. The name of this gentleman became afterwards conspicuous in the

army, from the gross abuse he received while under examination as a witness on the trial of Lord George Sackville. He was accused of entertaining sentiments of personal hostility to Lord George; but, according to my humble opinion, Colonel Sloper was ill-treated on the occasion, as I do not believe him to have been actuated by any such feelings.

The main body of the Allied army, on the morning of the day of battle at Warbourg, was formed on the heights of Corbach; the enemy being advantageously posted in the neighbourhood of the place, which gave its name to the day. While this operation was performing, the Hereditary Prince, with two columns, succeeded in wheeling round the enemy's left, and began a vigorous and simultaneous attack on their flank and rear. The French brought up reinforcements, and a hot engagement ensued in that quarter, which lasted for several hours. Prince Ferdinand, in the mean time, having charged the enemy in front, succeeded in driving them back, in consequence of the weakened state of their main body, from the reinforce-

ments they had detached to oppose the Hereditary Prince on their left. It was thus that I was left undisturbed where I fell, and thus also I was able afterwards to account for the heavy firing I had heard on the right of our line.

I have already mentioned that the English cavalry did wonders on this occasion. They thought themselves, perhaps, in some measure, defrauded of their share of the glory of Minden, and panted for an opportunity of signalizing themselves; nor did any thing arise to cool the ardour of the troops, in the bearing of their commanders, General Mostyn and the Marquis of Granby.

As soon as I was so far recovered as to be able to return to my duty, I was one morning agreeably surprised, while occupying my place in the line of the regiment, to be addressed by General Mostyn, the commander-in-chief of the cavalry of the Allied army. While riding along the line, he called me out from the ranks, and said that he intended to appoint me one of his aides-de-camps. This good fortune I ascribed at the time to the trifling service I had had an op-

portunity of rendering to the General, in acting for him as interpreter some time before at the little skirmish at Aybach. But, however that may be, it had, as will be seen in the sequel, an important influence on my course through life. Suffice it, in the mean time, to say, that I immediately joined General Mostyn's staff, in the capacity of his aid-de-camp, and that I attained this distinction in the fifteenth year of my age.

While I was yet in a state of convalescence, but able to mount my horse and attend to my ordinary duties, it was resolved to make an attack on the town of Zerenberg, at which a part of my regiment assisted. The place was not considered of any great strength, but it was surrounded by a dry ditch, and a wall in a state of decay. The attack was a business of surprise, and the place was carried in a very gallant style.

At the head of the attack was old Colonel Preston, of the Scots Greys, a gentleman at that time far advanced in years, who had been originally a drummer in the regiment of which

he had now the command. He was tall and handsome, and he had uniformly sustained the highest character, not only as a gallant soldier, but as an honest and respectable man. When he had risen by his merit to the rank of captain, he performed an achievement which was much spoken of in the army, and which I now relate, on the authority of my uncle, Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglas, at that time commanding the 25th regiment at the battle of Laffeld, under the Duke of Cumberland. Captain Preston, having pressed forward in the plain with some thirty men, was surrounded by the French cavalry. His conduct was seen by the whole line, which occupied higher ground, and overlooked the scene of the adventure. Having formed his thirty men in a close body, he charged with them through the surrounding squadrons, and joined the line in safety, without the loss of a single man. But the army were not so much surprised with the gallantry of this achievement, as with the extraordinary influence which it produced on the feelings of the worthy gentleman himself.

He was known to be singularly fond of his money; but he was so pleased with the behaviour of the soldiers who shared the danger and the glory of the adventure, that he pulled out his purse and gave them a ducat a piece. He had made such excellent use of his own sword in the *melée*, that his hand had swelled in the basket-hilt, so that it could not be extricated without forcing open the bars. Several years after the affair at Zerenberg, I had the honour of dining with the Scots Greys, at Northampton, when this gallant officer, then a General in the army, came down to take the command of the regiment, as colonel-in-chief.

Some idea may be formed of the state of confusion in which the entry was effected into the town of Zerenberg, when I mention, that Captain Cunningham, of the Greys, was almost killed by a blow he received from a French soldier with the hilt of his sabre. Our troops, after charging the French cavalry and driving them back, had attempted to force their way into the town along with them, and were so

intermingled with the enemy, and so much crowded together on the drawbridge, and in the narrow streets of the town, that neither party could make any use of the blades of their weapons. Captain Cunningham, in consequence of the blow he had received, fell back on his horse, but could not fall off, from the crowded state of the passage, and he was afterwards taken down, and attended to by some of his own men.

Colonel Preston himself rode a very spirited horse, which, on being pressed forward with too much eagerness, jumped over the bridge with his rider into the ditch. When the attack was over, the Colonel and his charger were relieved from their awkward situation, without either of them having sustained any material injury. Colonel Preston, I have said, was an old soldier: he had served with distinction in former wars; and, as a measure of precaution, he always charged in an excellent buff jerkin, which he wore under his coat; and, as far as I recollect, his coat had been cut through in this remarkable charge in at least a dozen

different places, but none of the cuts had penetrated through the jerkin.

My old friend Pringle, who rode over the field of Minden with me after the battle, a very gallant gentleman, was severely wounded at the battle of Zerenberg. He was one of the first who entered the town, sword in hand, and received his wound in the street leading from the gate.

The dispositions for the surprise of the place were very ably conducted. The French having thrown about 2,000 men into the place, a body of light troops was ordered to turn the town, and to take post between it and the camp of the enemy, in order to intercept such as might attempt to escape. When the attacking party had arrived within a mile or two of Zerenberg, they divided themselves into three bodies, which, arriving by three different routes, completely surrounded the place. The enemy had posted a strong body of dragoons outside the walls; but these having been driven in about two o'clock in the morning, in the manner already described, the fugi-

tives and their pursuers entered the town together, and the surprise was so complete, that the place was taken, and the garrison made prisoners, with very little loss on our part.

When General Mostyn announced to me that he had appointed me his aid-de-camp, it was, perhaps, the happiest moment of my life; and I was justified in regarding it as the most advantageous event which could have occurred to me. It will readily be understood by military men, that an officer doing duty with his regiment, can only see what passes in the narrow and circumscribed circle in which he moves; but, attached to a commander in the capacity of aid-de-camp, he has at least the opportunity, if he chooses to improve it, of seeing more in the great line, and acquiring a knowledge of the higher objects of his profession.

After the affair of Zerenberg, I was appointed adjutant to the 2d Dragoon Guards; and in the celebrated retreat of Wolfshagen, my place being on the left of the squadron, I had occasion to feel how soon a soldier becomes,

in spite of himself, and in defiance of the best established theories, a practical predestinarian. In this retreat, which is generally admitted to have been one of the most brilliant actions of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, our regiment was one of the last of the retiring columns. The enemy brought forward a number of guns, and the cannonade was rather severe. Of course, we halted often, with other regiments, to repel the enemy, who were pressing on our rear, and were thus much exposed to their fire. Colonel Mure Campbell, afterwards the Earl of Loudoun, and father to the Marchioness Dowager of Hastings, at that time commanded the 2d Dragoon Guards; and as my station on the left flank happened to be exactly in the range of the enemy's cannon, the Colonel observing it, and in consideration, probably, of my youthful appearance, was so good as to call out to me, " You had better incline a little to the right, so as to be more out of the range of these guns." With a feeling and, perhaps, an air of indifference, arising from a sort of intuitive

belief that my time was not yet come, or rather, I should say, that if it were, I could not help it, than from any wish to make an ostentatious display of my valour, I asked the Colonel if such were his orders; and he having answered in the negative, I then begged to be allowed to take my chance. This incident, however trivial in itself, I now give as a sort of counterpart to the feeling I experienced in stooping at the first volley at Minden; being persuaded, that there was no want in the one case of a proper degree of firmness, while in the other there was neither the reality nor the pretence of an excess of it.

As a farther illustration, and perhaps also, as a confirmation of the truth of that doctrine of which the founder of Moslemism has made such good use in the application of his religious creed to military tactics, I may here mention a circumstance which occurred in my time, and which became the subject of conversation and of ridicule in the army, and was generally treated as an instance of a man draw-

ing upon himself the misfortune which he meant to avoid. In a slight affair—so slight as to be without a name, where very few cannon shot were fired, the surgeon of a regiment, who shall also be nameless, observed that his place was in the rear, to take care of the wounded, which, indeed, it was; but being so much alarmed that he probably was not in the full possession of his faculties, he took hold of the arm of a drummer, and going to the rear, laid himself down in a ditch, where a recochet shot, which had passed the regiment without doing the slightest injury, in bounding along struck the poor man on the back, and killed him; whereas, it was inferred, that if he had remained in the line, that shot, at least, would not have harmed him.

At the conclusion of the campaign, the territory of Hesse, which had been so often overrun by both armies, was left in possession of the French, together with the whole country eastward of the Weser to the frontiers of the Electorate. The English troops were cantoned for the winter in the Bishopric of Paderborn,

where it was said that great hardships were felt by the troops from the scarcity of provisions. As to myself, personally, as I lived in family with General Mostyn, I had no complaint to make in this respect; but I believe that the British troops were much greater sufferers than the Germans. The observation, indeed, is probably as true at the present day as it was in the time of Tacitus; *Nam epulæ, et quamquam incompti, largi tamen apparatus pro stipendio cedunt. De Moribus Germanorum*, § 14.

Before the commencement of the campaign of 1761, a great many attempts were made to negotiate a peace among the different belligerents; but with so many interests to reconcile, and so many angry feelings to propitiate, the negotiation was at length abandoned, and preparations were made for the renewal of hostilities.

In consequence of the great hardships which the Allied army were suffering by the scarcity of provisions, as well as from the failure in the negotiations for a peace, Prince Ferdinand

resolved to make an inroad into the Hessian territory, and to attack some of those positions in which the enemy's magazines were accumulated, at a period of the season unusually early. The first affair of this kind at which I had the fortune to assist, was the attack on Fritzlar, a town of great note in the territory of Hesse, from the interminable lawsuits which are there conducted. It is not a place of any strength, and not otherwise fortified than by a simple wall. The attack was conducted by the Hereditary Prince, in command of the advanced guard of the army, with his usual gallantry. He pushed forward with a corps of cavalry in the midst of deep snow, and summoned the town to surrender, but the Count de Narbonne who commanded, perceiving that we were only cavalry, rejected the summons, and in the mean time, until the infantry and a few guns were brought up, our poor horses and ourselves were in a most miserable condition; exposed as we were at this inclement season of the year—it was early in February—to all the evils of hunger and cold, lying ourselves for many nights

on the snow, while our horses wanted fodder. After some show of resistance, the place was at length surrendered, when most of our wants were supplied from the extensive magazines it contained.

I have elsewhere observed, that a great battle like Blenheim or Waterloo, assumes a conspicuous station in history, not so much from the numbers engaged, or the returns of killed and wounded, as from the influence which may result from it on the political interests of the belligerents. This remark is peculiarly applicable to the battle of Fellinghausen, a name which scarcely survived the campaign in which it took place, while Minden and Quebec are enrolled in the annals of fame. What is still more surprising, and must even to military men appear extraordinary is, that an army of 100,000 men should be surprised at noon-day. The country in the neighbourhood of Fellinghausen, where the Allied army was encamped, though capable of being traversed by infantry, and not absolutely impervious even to cavalry, was extremely close and covered with thick wood.

About twelve o'clock in the day, aids-de-camps and orderly-serjeants arrived in rapid succession, to say that the enemy's light troops were skirmishing in front, and driving back our outposts. Attacks of this kind were of such frequent occurrence, that it did not for some time make any serious impression; for, as we did not hear any report of artillery, we could not suppose the attack to be serious. About an hour after mid-day, however, intelligence was brought to his Serene Highness by Count Redhaezl in person—the colonel of the black hussars, a fine young man of high rank, and not above twenty years of age, that the enemy were certainly moving forward in column. Orders were immediately issued for the line to turn out; but Lord Granby's corps, which was somewhat in advance, had scarcely seized their arms, when they found the French line close upon their front, and were actually obliged to form in the rear of their own encampment.

To me, in particular, this hasty summons was very embarrassing. It happened on that day to be my duty to be the aid-de-camp in wait-

ing on General Mostyn, who the night before had been overtaken by the return of a complaint to which he was periodically liable; and at the moment when the order from his Serene Highness arrived for the line to turn out, I found it impossible to disturb him. After consulting for a moment with Count Winzenrode, the aid-de-camp of the Duke who brought the order, I adopted the resolution of mounting one of the General's best horses, and galloping round to the stations of the different brigades of cavalry under the command of General Mostyn, where, in my official capacity, I communicated the order which had arrived from head-quarters, that the line should immediately turn out in front of the encampment. The extent of the duty I had thus undertaken, may in some degree be estimated, from the number of the squadrons under General Mostyn's command, which amounted to 110. Before my departure, I had left orders that he should not be disturbed; and on my return I found him still under the influence of the opiate which he had taken the night be-

fore. When he awoke, I communicated to him the order which had arrived from head-quarters; and, on his exclaiming at the lateness of the information, I begged his Excellency to be perfectly at ease, as the cavalry were all under arms; observing that, as he had not been well over-night, I had taken the liberty of ordering that he should not be disturbed. After the relief which was thus brought to the mind of General Mostyn, I was readily excused for having ridden one or two of his best horses almost to death; indeed, his Excellency was never unmindful of the service I had that morning been able to render him, and it was not long before he afforded me the most substantial proofs of the regard which he had conceived for me.

Our whole line was pressed at every point with equal impetuosity; and, from the extremely wooded state of the country, there was scarcely an opportunity of bringing great guns into action on either side. In no part of the field, indeed, was half a mile of open ground to be seen.

The Hereditary Prince, who commanded a considerable corps to the right of the main body, was immediately called in, and arrived at a very critical moment, in double-quick time; for the columns which pressed on the front of the right had already made a serious impression.

In this emergency, my excellent friend General Mostyn displayed his science and exercised his self-possession to good effect, by charging the enemy, with separate squadrons, through the intervals of the battalions of infantry; or, to speak more correctly, through those vacant spaces where the line was not completed.

The enemy were at length driven back at this part of the line, by a happy combination of the two species of force which were thus brought simultaneously to oppose them.

In the meantime a heavy fire of cannon as well as musketry was heard on our left, where the Marquis of Granby commanded; and as General Mostyn was closely and personally attached to Lord Granby, he directed me to go

to his Lordship, and bring him intelligence of the result. As I was mounted on an excellent Irish hunter, I was not long in joining the Marquis. I found his corps most hotly engaged, and himself, as was his custom, in the heat of the battle. After delivering my message from General Mostyn, his Lordship asked me what was doing on the right. While I was in the act of speaking to him, several of the officers under his command were forced back, and as I happened to be the first under his eye, "You will go," he said, "to the Duke, and report to him, that it is possible my position may not be tenable." I found his Serene Highness about the centre of the line, and having communicated Lord Granby's message, the Duke's answer was, "*Il maintiendra sa position coute qui coute.*" Clapping spurs to my horse, I found myself at Lord Granby's side as soon as it was possible, and reported to him the Duke's answer. His Lordship said, "It is well," and proceeded to give his orders to those around him.

From the closeness of the country in which

this battle was fought, the attacks were frequent and complicated. As the moment appeared to be critical, I remained a little while, from my anxiety to see the event, and communicate it to General Mostyn, whom I knew to be deeply interested in the report I might be able to bring to him. During the short time I stayed, I saw a prodigiously strong column of the enemy driven back by two regiments of Highlanders—Campbell's and Keith's—and a battalion of grenadiers, commanded by Colonel Maxwell, brother to a very worthy gentleman of that name, a wine-merchant at Leith; although the disparity between the two forces was so very great as to appear to me to be at least as ten to one in favour of the enemy.

When I arrived again upon the right, I found that General Mostyn had succeeded in effecting a junction with the Hereditary Prince, who by that time had come up with his corps, and that, by the General's able manœuvres, the battle had been nearly restored to its first position. The point where it seemed to be most hotly carried on was in some low ground, where

there was an old triangular fort, in the possession of the French; but, after another determined struggle, the enemy was at last driven out, although not without a heavy slaughter on both sides. By degrees our success became general, and by the time that it began to grow dark, each army found itself in the position which it had occupied in the morning, at the commencement of the attack. At this period it was not doubted that the battle would be renewed by the dawn of the following day; which accordingly it was, but on our side it was no longer a surprise. The Duke was said to be in bad humour, in consequence of an English General of rank, whom it is unnecessary to name, having moved his corps from the station which he occupied in the centre of the field, contrary to precise orders which had been given to him to remain where he was. The battle had commenced on the 15th of June, and by the able dispositions of his Serene Highness, in the course of the following night, the cannonade began on our side by the dawn of the morning of the 16th. The Duke's pro-

ceedings were taken with such promptitude, and his manœuvres were so ably conducted, that soon after mid-day the enemy were driven back to the position they had occupied before their original advance to the attack, and by this time it became evident that we had gained the battle.

It was admitted by many of the oldest officers in the army, that they had never before witnessed so heavy a slaughter. The loss of the Allies amounted very nearly to 20,000 men, while that of the enemy, if taken immediately after the battle, was understood to be somewhat greater. But it may be laid down as a rule of universal application, that a beaten army suffers more by desertion in the course of its retreat than by actual loss upon the field; and on this occasion "the total of the whole," on the part of the French, was never computed at less than 50,000 men. Yet after all, the battle of Fellinghausen, although thus keenly contested, and although it gave to us the possession of a considerable tract of country, which we were able to retain during the succeeding winter, was

never understood to have materially altered the relative situation of the belligerents, or to have made any difference on the general operations of the war.

Some years afterwards, I had a conversation with the celebrated Count Dohna, the Adjutant-general of the army, on the subject of this battle. He allowed that the position of the Allies was a very bad one at the beginning, their rear being parallel with the river Lippe, and total destruction being inevitable in the event of a failure. But the Count observed, that his Serene Highness was justified by previous events, and that it was a position of necessity.

When the enemy had finally begun to retire, it was observed, that one of their divisions, consisting of several thousand men, was so situated, in a bend of the river, as to be totally cut off from the retreating army by the advance of the corps of the Marquis of Granby. To spare unnecessary effusion of blood, his Lordship sent Sir William Erskine to represent to the Count de Bellesnuce, the Commander of the French

division, that escape was impossible, and opposition vain, and to require the division to lay down their arms. In a mission which required the union of courage, delicacy, and prudence, a fitter emissary could not have been selected than Sir William Erskine, whose conduct was never deficient in these inestimable qualities. The French General agreed to an unconditional surrender, and the entire division became prisoners of war.

In returning from my mission to the Marquis of Granby, I met a wounded serjeant, who appeared to me as if he were a person I had formerly known. On speaking to him, I found that he had been long a servant in my father's family, who had suddenly left the country in consequence of a sad accident which befel him while amusing himself with his gun, in the neighbourhood of my father's residence at Craigforth. Unhappily, among some hazel-bushes, a young creature, the son of one of my father's tenants, was gathering nuts, and mistaking the object for a hare, the lad, who was a keen sportsman, but not a cool one, fired at it,

and killed the child. He saw in a moment the misfortune which had happened to him, and taking the boy in his arms, he carried him to the house of Craigforth, and having laid him on the table in the servants' hall, immediately disappeared. From that time he had never been heard of until I met him, with a severe wound, returning from the field at the battle of Fellinghausen. He was a remarkably good young man, and afterwards raised himself by his merit to the rank of serjeant-major of Keith's Highlanders.

As the troops of both sides were mingled on the evening of the 15th, an officer of the same regiment, Keith's Highlanders, Captain Fotheringham, of Ponry, then a young man not above twenty years of age, made a gallant attack with two companies upon a French battery, drove the enemy from their guns, and kept the position. In the neighbourhood of the battery there was an old store-house, which he occupied during the night, and at the commencement of next morning's attack the enemy attempted to dispossess him, but

without effect. It was thought in his regiment, that Captain Fotheringham and his two companies had been taken prisoners; but soon after the firing began on the morning of the 16th, they were liberated with great honour by the advance of the Allied troops.

Immediately after this battle, I had an opportunity of witnessing an instance of coolness and address, in availing himself of the advantage arising from passing events, on the part of Captain Wedderburn, the brother of the lawyer of that name who afterwards occupied the woolsack. Captain Wedderburn was at that time a very young man, and just before the battle had received intelligence of his promotion to the majority of a regiment then stationed in England. He had thus no place in the army when the action was approaching, and this was announced to him by Colonel Keith, in presenting him with his commission. But with a proper degree of spirit, he said to Colonel Keith, in making his acknowledgments, that it was impossible for him to leave the field in the immediate prospect of a battle.

When the enemy were in full retreat, and as soon as it had been ascertained that our arms were victorious, a number of officers of the staff, and others who were known to the Duke, crowded round his person, to offer him their congratulations. Amongst others, Captain Wedderburn came up, and addressing his Serene Highness in the French language, which he spoke remarkably well, he said that he was just setting out for England, and asked if he could be honoured with any commands. The Duke said to him, "Tell the King, my cousin, of the glorious victory his troops have achieved." With characteristic readiness and self-possession young Wedderburn pulled out his pocket-book, and presenting it to the Duke, said, "Lest I should make some mistake, perhaps your Serene Highness would deign to write it down." In doing so, the Duke added, from the natural flow of his spirits on such an occasion, "And the bearer has added much to the honour of the day." It may be supposed that Mr. Wedderburn made good use of his time in travelling to

London, where he arrived as soon as the officer sent officially by the Duke; and it was probably as much to be ascribed to this happy piece of dexterity, as to the influence of his brother, the Lord Chancellor, that he came in a very few years to be Commander-in-chief in India, where he ended his career in a very unfortunate manner at the attack of Broach. He had been reconnoitering the enemy under the cover of a small mud hut, which, to enable him to use his glass, was perforated with loop-holes in several places. One of the enemy's sharp-shooters had probably seen him enter the hut, and had taken such good aim through one of these holes, that the ball taking effect, had entered his head and killed him on the spot.

Shortly after the battle of Fellinghausen, I happened to be present at a slight affair in the neighbourhood of the town of Wetter, where cavalry alone were engaged. I had the good fortune to be placed, on this occasion, quite close to General Harvie, afterwards Adjutant-general of the British army, who commanded.

In the charge which immediately followed, I had still, by accident, remained at his side. When the affair was over, he was pleased to compliment me on my behaviour; and thus an acquaintance commenced which enabled me, years afterwards, when I commanded the 67th regiment, and he was Adjutant-general, to accelerate the promotion of several worthy and gallant officers of the 67th, who had neither money nor protection: I may add, with truth, that General Harvie never refused me any thing I asked of him.

CHAPTER V.

Returns to England. — Court Presentations. — Anecdotes of Generals Scott, Mostyn, &c. — Curious Wager.— New arrangements to return to the Continent.—Embarks for active service. — Arduous and perilous duty. —Entrusted with a separate Detachment.—Prompt and judicious measures on the part of the Author.—Ruse de Guerre.—Ulterior march and success of his Project.— Reported good conduct.—Arrival at Head Quarters.— Military Emblems and Devices.—Anecdotes.—Re-appointed Aid-de-Camp to General Mostyn.—Position of the French Armies.—Extreme Jealousy between the Commanders.—Skilful Manœuvres of the Allied General. —Takes the French by surprise at Graebenstein.—Imminent risk.—Rout of the Enemy.—Field Sports, and other Amusements.—Singular Anecdote.—French and English Counts.

In consequence of the prospect of a peace, from the continued negotiations at London and Paris, I returned at the end of the campaign of 1761, in company with General

Mostyn, to England. Soon after our arrival in town, the presentations at Court and other matters of form being accomplished, the general said to me one day, "Now, my boy, it is time to think of you;" and very soon afterwards I found myself a captain in the 111th regiment of foot, better known by the name of its colonel, General Scott, the father-in-law of the late Mr. Canning.

In all my intercourse with General Scott, I found him uniformly good-natured and obliging. When I received my commission, the regiment was stationed at Coventry; and he was so good as to carry me with him when it became my duty to join. As an instance of his easy disposition, considering the style of play to which he is understood to have been accustomed, I may mention how much he seemed to enjoy himself with his officers at a rubber of sixpenny whist. He seemed on all occasions to be perfectly sensible of the evils of gaming; and, as far as his influence could be supposed to operate, he discouraged it in the regiment, earnestly and systematically.

On one occasion, I remember, when walking out with one or two of his junior officers, whom he believed to be addicted to play, the conversation chanced to turn on the odd appearance of a dog-kennel, and on the form and number of the tiles with which it was covered. It was proposed by some one as the subject of a bet, which, with some people in the world, is admitted at all times as a succedaneum or a stimulant to conversation, that the general would not name a number so near to the true one as he who had proposed the wager. This led to a sort of sweepstakes of a considerable amount, when each of the gentlemen having made his nomination, some were found to be above, and some below the mark, but the number named by the general was observed to be precisely the true one.

"Now," said he, "my young friends, observe the disadvantages which you must ever encounter, if you allow yourselves to hazard your money so easily. In making the bet with you I had one small advantage which another might not have acknowledged. *I*

counted the tiles of the dog-kennel yesterday morning."

After about a month's stay at Coventry, and assuming my station at the right of the regiment as Captain of Grenadiers, I returned to London; and, waiting on General Mostyn, represented to him, that as there was by this time the prospect of a renewal of hostilities, I was very desirous of engaging once more in active service; and begged that I might be allowed to return with him to Germany. He answered that he feared it was impossible, as the regiment to which I belonged was not to serve in the Allied army. To this I replied, with the confidence of a young man, that I would rather relinquish the great advantages of rank which he had been so good as to procure for me, and return with him on service as his aid-de-camp, than remain on garrison-duty in England. "That must not be," he said; "but we shall see what can be done."

The losses of the last campaign, and the resolution adopted by the Government to renew hostilities with vigour, made it necessary to

draft all the regiments in England. The proportion drawn from the 111th regiment amounted to 150 men; and these were ordered to embark for Germany as recruits, under the command of Captain Mark Napier, the brother of my Lord Napier, and a married man. As soon as I had heard of this arrangement, I applied to Captain Napier on the subject, and represented to him that I should be happy to relieve him of the duty with which he had been entrusted, if we could make interest enough to effect an exchange. This was readily effected through the influence of General Scott; who, with his usual good-nature, did all in his power to accelerate the arrangement, which proved to be as satisfactory to Napier, as it was agreeable to me.

As soon as this was completed, I went to General Mostyn, and informed him of the transaction, adding an expression of my reliance on His Excellency's influence in making it unnecessary for me to rejoin my regiment in England. General Mostyn was not sorry to find that I continued my attachment to him-

self and to the service; and he did not attempt to discourage the zeal I had manifested in the cause.

General Mostyn soon afterwards returned to his command, and I proceeded to embark my detachment at Deptford; and, having landed them at Bremen, I there joined some farther levies to the number of about two thousand men, who were placed under the command of Colonel Calcraft, the brother of the well-known army-agent of that name. Almost the whole of the levies consisted of raw recruits; and I believe that Colonel Calcraft and myself were the only officers in the whole detachment, who had seen fire. In a march of this kind, it is scarcely possible to prevent some of the younger soldiers from straggling; and with a view to keep them together, Colonel Calcraft appointed me to the command of the rear-guard.

Our object of course was to reach the Allied army by the nearest route; and when we had proceeded somewhat more than one hundred miles from Bremen, which was about half the distance, we were met by Captain Guydickens

of the Guards, Aid-de-Camp to his Serene Highness Prince Ferdinand, and son of the Swedish Consul in England, who informed us of the necessity of hastening our march as much as possible, as there was a French corps *en campagne*, commanded by the Marquis de Conflans, a distinguished officer of hussars, and that it was most probable we should soon be attacked. On receiving this intelligence, Colonel Calcraft directed me to select all the soldiers of the detachment who had previously seen service, and to choose a proportionate number of officers for the purpose of giving as much stability to the rear guard as our circumstances would permit. The number of the men I had thus obtained I found to amount to some two hundred; and in the choice of my officers I was chiefly guided by the activity of their demeanour, and their apparent alacrity in the cause.

In the evening, after making these arrangements, we gained the banks of the Lippe, at a place where there was a stone bridge, with one or two houses at the one end, and a small village

at the other. As this appeared to me to be an excellent place for making a stand, I urged Colonel Calcraft to march on as fast as possible with the main body of the troops, and to leave me with my two hundred men to guard the passage. He could not refuse his concurrence in the expediency of this arrangement, and with an expression of his regret at leaving me in so arduous a situation, he set out at an early hour in the morning, with the view of gaining at least twenty miles that night. Colonel Calcraft is well known to have been a good and gallant officer, and on this occasion he did exactly what was right. We parted as soldiers part, when about to engage in a hazardous undertaking, and I bade him be assured, that whatever might be the issue, he should at least hear that I had done my duty, in discharge of the trust reposed in me. Having placed sentinels at one end of the bridge, I marched the men across the river, and having taken possession of the two houses in the village, on the other side, most conveniently situated for commanding the passage, I proceeded to make my dispositions

for defence. I had a trench dug round the walls of the two houses; in the inside, and at a convenient height, I had loop-holes perforated through the walls, so as to give a decided advantage to our musquetry over that of our assailants. I then got a number of waggons from the village, and filling them with dung carried them to the farther end of the bridge, causing the wheels to be taken off the one side of each. After this, I directed the bridge itself to be broken up in several places, so as to make it impassable for cavalry; and as the houses were covered with wood and thatch, I caused them to be unroofed.

In making these trifling preparations I continued to explain the probable advantages of each; and in place of wearing out the men, I had the pleasure of seeing that they performed their tasks with cheerfulness; and that the spirits both of men and officers, were considerably exhilarated by the obvious improvement in the posture of our affairs. In the village, I obtained supplies of bread; and having procured a number of buckets and

filled them with water, I had them carried into the houses for the use of the men, who, from biting the cartridge, and other causes, become liable in action to excessive thirst. In the volume entitled "Military Maxims," illustrated by example,* which I published in the year 1782, I have given a variety of rules and instructions for the defence of posts, which may perhaps be found to be useful.

Among the men of my detachment I found there were several deserters; and, as I needed a man of resolution and address for a purpose I had in view, I determined to make use of a clever fellow who had been in several services, and had formerly belonged to the Black Hussars.

In the mean time, I posted some additional sentinels along the road by which the enemy were expected, and caused the houses at the farther end of the bridge to be filled with furze, and straw, and all sorts of combustibles. This was scarcely completed when a shot was fired by one of the most distant of the sen-

* Cadell and Strachan, London, 1782.

tinels; and, as an illustration of the quality of the troops I had to deal with, I was told on running along the bridge to ascertain the cause of the alarm, that the man declared he had seen a ghost! In order to pacify the men, I consented to the placing of double sentinels, after which all was quiet for about an hour. I then heard several shots; and having previously directed where each man should be stationed, I had the satisfaction of seeing them at their posts in a moment.

The shots we had heard proceeded apparently from a party of hussars, and were not therefore at all dangerous against infantry. It was fortunate also that the fire of a sentinel had killed one of the hussar horses; and on the man being brought to me, I found the knowledge I had acquired of the German language of the greatest use in interrogating my prisoner. I learned that he belonged to the advanced guard of the celebrated French partizan Conflans, of whose approach we had been warned by Captain Guydikens, and that the main body of his detachment might be about

four or five miles distant. While proceeding with the examination of the prisoner, I heard more shots in the direction from which he had come, on which the man said very simply, "These are the rest of the Hussars coming up." Having ascertained by a peasant, whom I had sent to the other side for the purpose of bringing me intelligence, that they were certainly only cavalry, and that their numbers were not very considerable, I immediately took with me about one half of the men, and pushing along the bridge with them, succeeded with a volley or two in driving the enemy back, killing several, and taking two or three prisoners. By comparing their information with what I had previously acquired from the man first taken, I found that the enemy's detachment consisted of two battalions of infantry, with five hundred light troops, their object having been to intercept the English levies on their march to the army, and the hussars being sent forward to impede our march and give time for the enemy's infantry to come up.

It now became necessary for me to take my

final resolution. I picked out about thirty men, and placed them under the charge of two very clever young officers, whom I stationed on the bridge for the defence of the passage. I then sent for the deserter from the Black Hussars, and giving him five ducats, with a compliment on his talents and on the length and variety of the service he had seen, I promised him an additional reward of fifty ducats, on our reaching the Allied army, in consideration of his faithful discharge of the duty which I then proposed to him. When the attack should be made, I desired that he would either desert, or allow himself to be taken prisoner, as he should find most convenient, and then to communicate to the enemy that the detachment consisted of five hundred infantry, which were only the rear guard of a large body of troops on their march to join the Allied army.

It may be objected to this little stratagem, that it was imprudent and ridiculous to trust a man who had been repeatedly guilty of breach of faith and desertion; but he seemed

to me the best qualified to assist in this little *ruse de guerre*, which I conceived to be justifiable on the score of necessity; and in effect I secured his fidelity, by combining it in a material degree with that principle of selfishness which I fear is the most generally influential of all human motives.

Having secured two guides from the village, and established a distinct understanding with them as to our route, I took one of them with me, and left the other in charge of the two officers and their party at the bridge, instructing them at the same time, whenever they should be attacked, to make a resolute stand for a short period; then, after setting fire to the two houses which had been prepared for that purpose, they were to follow the detachment with all possible speed, taking care that the guide who was left with them should on no account be allowed to escape. The rest of the detachment being assembled, we proceeded on our route at a rapid pace, and about ten o'clock in the forenoon made a halt in the neighbourhood of a village, where the two young officers and their party came up

with us, one of the officers and three or four of the men having been slightly wounded. They told me that the enemy's infantry had not come up when they left the bridge, and that in all probability, the cavalry who had attacked them were still a good way behind us.

On obtaining this intelligence, I put some waggons in requisition, in which I placed the wounded men, together with the knapsacks of the whole detachment. These I sent forward with a slight escort, and followed soon afterwards with the rear guard myself. Moving rapidly on, we soon gained a great deal of ground; and, as the country was tolerably close, there did not seem to be much danger, even if we should be attacked, until we had reached an open common, about five hundred yards across, which traversed our path. Here, I confess, I felt some alarm lest the enemy's cavalry should charge us on the common. Observing a small farm-house near its further boundary, with a kitchen-garden attached to it, surrounded by a paling, I sent some thirty or forty men, in single files, at a moderate distance from one another, to occupy the house;

and forming the rest of the detachment in the most compact order I could, I prepared to follow. By this time I perceived that the enemy had assembled to the amount of two squadrons. Twice they indicated a disposition to charge us, but never approached so near as that I could permit the men to fire. When we had approached within a short distance of the hedge on the farther side of the common, the men who had been posted in the farm house, having, in terms of my previous instructions, lain down and kept quiet until the enemy had just passed, rushed out and gave them a volley. On this I ran back with some fifty men to bring the party off from the house and yard; but the precaution was unnecessary, as we were not again molested, but reached the enclosed ground in safety. Here also I learned, to my great satisfaction, that the enemy's infantry were at least a day's march behind us; so that we were enabled to proceed at an ordinary pace. On the following day we came up with Colonel Calcraft and the main body of the levies. He was obliging enough to approve of my proceedings,

and to make a favourable report of them on our arrival at head-quarters, which we soon afterwards accomplished.

It was the fashion at that period, in raising recruits, to bedizen them with gaudy and ridiculous uniforms, and to adorn these with corresponding legends and devices, such as "Death and glory," and the like. Soon after my arrival, and before I had doffed these gorgeous trappings, of which I was heartily ashamed, from the contempt in which they were held by those who had seen fire, I met an acquaintance one evening in the twilight, passing hastily along the line, who saluted me, in hurrying past, with, "You infernal glory, get out of the way!" This completed my disgust for my Coventry uniform. I felt some relief in being recognized by my friend of the staff as one of whom he need not be ashamed, and hastened home to dress myself like other fighting people.

Having given up the detachment of 150 men from the 111th regiment with which I had been originally entrusted, and taken a

receipt for them at head-quarters, I lost no time in paying my respects to my old friend General Mostyn, who received me with the greatest cordiality, and reinstated me in my former situation of his Excellency's Aid-de-camp. From this period I never quitted his person until the separate peace between France and England, in 1763.

In the course of our march from the sea coast, I had occasion to mention the name of Captain Guydikens. He was for some time a great favourite with his Serene Highness the Commander-in-chief, who had asked a company for him in the British Guards, and would no doubt soon have raised him to the rank of a general officer, had he not unhappily become addicted to a vice, which, was sufficient to close the military career of poor Guydikens, and mar his whole prospects in life.

The French in this campaign had, as formerly, two separate armies in Westphalia; the one under the Prince de Soubise and Marechal

d'Etrèes, on the Weser, and another, under the Prince de Condé, on the Lower Rhine. At the commencement of the campaign there was great disunion in the French camp, and a corresponding difference and distraction at Court. De Broglie and Soubise had been entrusted with a joint command; but having mutually accused each other, and formed a strong array of partizans on either side, it was generally understood that the efforts of the French were thus in a great measure paralysed, and that offensive operations on their part were not to be seriously apprehended. The enemy, however, was advantageously posted at a place called Graebenstein, on the frontiers of Hesse; their right being covered by the village of that name and by several rivulets, their left almost inaccessible by a deep ravine, and their centre being stationed on a commanding eminence. In this situation they thought themselves impregnable, but the Duke, by a series of brilliant manœuvres, brought his army, although inferior in numbers, and

apparently scattered and dislocated, so to bear upon the enemy's position, as to attack them at once in front, flank, and rear. The preparations had been made with so much judgment, and had been executed with such perfect promptitude and good order, that the French were taken by surprise, and scarcely attempted to resist the impetuosity of our attack. At an early hour of the day I had my horse shot under me; and as I was going rather quick at the time, I had a most severe fall, which prevented me from mounting another horse, or seeing much of the action. The loss of the enemy was very considerable, and we also sustained a good deal of damage, in consequence of the gallant stand which was made by M. Stainville to oppose our columns in pursuit.

After the battle of Graebenstein, the enemy were driven back to the extremity of Upper Westphalia, and there took up a strong position near a singular mountain called Amoeniberg, their front being covered by a river with marshy banks, not broad but deep.

By this time I had recovered from the contusions and other consequences of my fall at Graebenstein so far as to be able to resume my station in the suite of General Mostyn. In this position the two armies remained in presence, observing each other for the greater part of the autumn. During this period, the officers on both sides were accustomed to amuse themselves with hunting and shooting; and while excited by the spirit of the chase, it sometimes happened that we followed the hare beyond the enemy's outposts, but without ever receiving the slightest interruption. These occasional trespasses were not exactly consistent with the general orders of the respective commanders; but by a sort of tacit agreement among the officers on the outposts, they were mutually overlooked. On such occasions, an interchange of civilities would often take place, and I remember one instance which excited a good deal of merriment in the British camp. In our party there happened to be a Captain Nixon, who had a strong relish for what is called a practical joke; and on one of the

French officers lamenting that he could not enjoy the sport for want of good greyhounds, our quizzical friend observed, that he had a couple of excellent ones, which were very much at the Frenchman's service, and that he would send them to the outpost next morning; requesting at the same time to be favoured with the gentleman's name, that he might know to whom to address them. The answer was Count M, I forget what: "And pray," said the Frenchman, "to whom am I indebted for so great a favour?" to which the other answered:

"The favour is nothing, Sir; but my name is *Count Nixon*, of the 51st regiment." Continuing the joke, Captain Nixon next morning sent down two miserable curs to the outpost, where a French servant was in waiting to receive and lead them away. In the evening we were all surprised, and some of us a good deal annoyed, by the arrival of a couple of mules, each attended by a servant, the one of them loaded with two cases of Burgundy, the other

with two cases of Champaigne, as a return for the present of the greyhounds, addressed to "Count Nixon" of the 51st regiment. Those of us who could not enjoy a joke with the same gusto as Nixon, taking the alarm lest the national character should suffer by the transaction, began to take him to task for carrying it so far. But with Nixon it was impossible to be serious: "How the devil," he said, with the greatest *naïveté*, "could the fellow take these curs for greyhounds, or me for a count?"

This story was told at head-quarters, and created a general laugh. On this we assembled a council of inquiry, because we would not do a thing that was wrong; and the Honourable Major Digby, afterwards Gentleman-Usher to the Queen, very kindly ceded two of the best greyhounds in the army, for the purpose of enabling us to place the matter on a proper footing. These were sent with a polite letter, saying that the other two had been forwarded by mistake, and with the ex-

pression of a wish that the French officers might continue to enjoy the sports of the season. When spoken of at head-quarters, the Duke, it is said, could not help smiling at the transaction, although it had taken place in contravention of the orders he had issued, that there should be no communication between the outposts of the two armies.

CHAPTER VI.

Results of the battle of Graebenstein.—The Author's dilemma.—Horses killed under him.—The Serjeant's horse.—Anecdotes of Cornet Smith.—Movements of the Allied army.—Severe service, and privations.—Ludicrous charge of cavalry.—Splendid successes of the Duke.—The Author's sufferings.—Renewal of hostilities by the French.—Severe Engagement, immense slaughter on both sides.—The English withdraw from the Seven Years War.—Anecdotes of Major M'Lean.—Noble character of the Duke.—Lord Townsend.—Anecdotes of a dinner-party.—Old Major Hume.—Gallant exploit.—Celebration of Prince Ferdinand's Birth-day.—Anecdotes of Sir W. Erskine, and Captain Fletcher.—Obtuseness of military vision.—Anecdotes of Mr. Calcraft.—Lord Ducie.—Close of the war.—The Author returns to London.—Personal anecdotes.

AFTER the battle of Graebenstein, I do not remember any affair of consequence in the course of this campaign; nothing certainly took place which had any material influence on the general operations of the war, although

there was never a complete cessation of hostilities; and I was unfortunate enough in the course of the season to have a second horse killed under me. By this time a different and less courteous feeling had arisen between the rival outposts, and skirmishes often took place, which sometimes ended rather unpleasantly. On one occasion, I happened to be dining with my old regiment, the 2d Dragoon Guards, and when the officers proposed, as was frequently the case, to ride out after dinner to the outposts to see what was going on, I said I should be happy to attend them, if they would lend me a horse, as my own had been knocked up by a long ride that morning. Not finding myself accommodated to my mind, I said there was an old friend of mine, a serjeant in the regiment, who rode just such a horse as I wished to have; and thus, by a piece of indiscretion, which could only be ascribed to thoughtlessness, I avoided the necessity of borrowing a charger from any of my old messmates. On this occasion a slight skirmish ensued, and, to my great concern, the serjeant's horse was killed; and,

indeed, I had myself a great deal of difficulty in withdrawing from the bustle which the rencontre had occasioned. But a still greater difficulty remained to me, which was to give a satisfactory account of the loss of the serjeant's horse. In this emergency, I fortunately bethought myself of the friendship of my relation, Colonel Mure Campbell, of whom I have already spoken, and who, I thought, might be able to report the matter favourably in the proper quarter. Colonel Campbell, however, thought it better to let the matter pass *sub silentio;* observing that, as I had probably no horses to spare, he would lend one to the King to mount the serjeant upon.

In the 2d Dragoon Guards I had an intimate friend, of whom I shall take this opportunity of relating an achievement which might serve as a parallel to that which I have already given of Colonel Preston, of the Scots Greys. The young gentleman I allude to, was known in the regiment by the name of Cornet Smith, but in other respects he was recognized as the elder brother of the Duke of Dorset, and was

thus the nephew of Lord George Sackville. At this period he was only in his 18th year, and being thus about my own age, we had, while in the regiment together, contracted the closest intimacy. He had been educated in Edinburgh, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Webster, one of the clergyman of the town. His whole appearance and demeanour was characterized by the greatest gentleness and delicacy, and in the army he had made himself a universal favourite. On his return on one occasion from an outpost, with a detachment of some thirty men, who had just been relieved from duty, and were proceeding to rejoin the regiment, my young friend and his party were suddenly attacked and surrounded by several squadrons of hussars. Forming his little troop in a compact body, he charged the hussars in the direction of the line of the Allied army, and having succeeded in breaking them, got safe to camp. He had the misfortune to lose four or five of his men, but escaped himself without a scratch.

After we had taken up our quarters as we

had hoped for the winter, we were unexpectedly called upon, at the most unfavourable season of the year, to engage in a service which is generally considered the most severe to which the soldier is exposed. The Allied army was scattered over an extensive tract of ground in Lower Westphalia, for the sake of provision and forage. The French had in like manner disposed their troops in cantonments along the banks of the Maine, and in that plentiful country which lies to the north of it. About the beginning of the year 1762, when there were two feet of snow on the ground, an order was issued that the Allied army should immediately put themselves in motion; and accordingly we pushed forward without intermission until we found ourselves within a day's march of the enemy, who had been equally diligent in assembling their forces. But as the Allied troops were better qualified than the French to sustain the hardships of a winter campaign, we succeeded very easily in pushing in their outposts to the extremity of Hesse, and as far as Geissen, within a day's march of Frankfort, which formed

the head-quarters of the French army. In the course of this march our provisions were bad and scanty, and the state of privation which we suffered will be judged of by military men, when I say that thirty shillings was the price of a bottle of brandy. For upwards of two months we never saw the inside of a house, but uniformly slept on the snow. A great variety of affairs took place on the march, but there was none of general interest or importance. One I may mention, by way of specimen. The town of Zuderesheime became a desirable object for us, in consequence of the extensive magazines which it contained; but assuredly no man ever entered into action in so miserable a plight as I did on that occasion.

From the losses I had sustained in the previous campaign, I was wretchedly mounted, and my purse was lower than ever it had been in the course of my life. But I am not sure that I was worse off than others, and we had the satisfaction to perceive that the appearance of the enemy was even more deplorable than our own. We made a charge through the

snow at about the speed at which horses drag a dray along Thames-street. The French did not stand as we had been accustomed to see them; and when they turned their backs upon us to fly, they found it was impossible. Such was the miserable condition of themselves and their horses, that they tumbled down in the snow and the mud; and, for us, I can say little more, than that we tumbled a-top of them, making a great number of prisoners. Thus the town of Zuderesheime, with all its valuable magazines, fell into our hands, producing advantages which were felt by the whole of the Allied army.

The hardships and fatigue which the troops underwent in this winter campaign were so excessive, that a spirit of insubordination was very prevalent, and men and officers discovered a remarkable degree of indifference about life itself. But on the part of his Serene Highness, the measure was no doubt indispensable for the preservation and subsistence of the army. On both sides the loss was incalculable; but as the French were driven from their cantonments,

their subsequent sufferings must even have been greater than ours. They were pushed out of Hesse, the bishoprics, and part of Hanover; after which we encamped, where encampments could be made, on the banks of the Laune. This undertaking was considered among military men as one of the most splendid which his Serene Highness had ever performed; but after the object of supplying the wants of the army was accomplished, we were once more obliged to retire, and, for the second time, to return to winter quarters towards the end of April.

The inhabitants of the country in which these operations were performed must have been the greatest sufferers of all; but this is a subject on which it is not very agreeable to dilate. For myself, I suffered so severely in person, from the severity of the weather, the necessary exposure to the elements, and the insufficiency of food, both in quantity and quality, that I was covered in various places with biles and blotches, and in short, in such a state as to make life almost insupportable.

Towards the close of the summer, and while

the negotiations for a peace were still in progress, the French, as they are said to have done on other occasions, appeared to have adopted the resolution of closing the campaign and the war by a *coup d'éclat.* The two armies were separated by the river Laune, on which a mill was situated, in the occupation of the enemy. Opposite to the mill we had a redoubt flung up, which was capable of containing about 200 men. Between these there was a bridge, by which the peasants from either side were in the constant habit of passing and repassing with provisions to the French troops, as well as to the Allies, wherever they could obtain the best price for their commodities. The French camp and lines were open to our view as ours were to them.

In this situation we observed one morning, in the course of the autumn, that the enemy, by a general movement, were forming into columns, and marching down to the river, from which a general attack was of course to be expected. The Allied army was immediately put under arms, and soon afterwards a column of the enemy, having marched down to

the mill and the bridge, commenced a very serious attack on our redoubt. The corps opposed to this part of the field was that commanded by Lord Granby, who was not slow in returning the enemy's fire, and very soon demolished the mud walls of the mill, which was known by the name of the Brucker-muhl. The enemy then sent reinforcements—we followed their example, and as the distance was not considerable, the slaughter on both sides was tremendous: but the enemy did not succeed in passing the bridge, and on our part it was never attempted. At one period in the course of the day, there were not less than thirty battalions and 200 pieces of cannon engaged in this unhappy affair, which ended in no result, and could not, under any circumstances, have materially benefited the operations of the enemy. Our poor redoubt was speedily levelled with the ground. The fire was so incessant, and the slaughter so great, that it was necessary to relieve the troops in this part of the field every half hour; and I may say, without hyperbole, that towards the close of the day,

that which truly served as a redoubt, was the dead bodies of the men heaped up for the purpose. For a considerable distance, indeed, along the meadow, between our encampment and the Laune, it was impossible next day, as I observed in riding over the ground, to find a spot to place a foot on ground which had not been ploughed up by the enemy's cannon. This unfortunate scene, which closed the last act of hostility of the Seven Years' War, in so far at least as the British were concerned, was only terminated by the approach of night-fall. It bears an unhappy resemblance to the battle of Toulouse in the late war, which there was just as little occasion to fight; and it places in a point of view, which cannot be called favourable, that feature of the French character, which we are accustomed to ascribe to vanity, and they to the passion *pour la gloire!*

In the redoubt at the Brucker-muhl, among many other gallant officers, fell Major Alexander M'Lean, of Keith's Highlanders. As a soldier, he had always shown the greatest spirit and perseverance. On first joining the army,

he crossed the Atlantic as an Ensign with one of the West India expeditions, I don't remember which. In the war in Germany, he soon distinguished himself by several soldier-like actions, in one of which he lost an arm, and was presented with a company in exchange. Corresponding in spirit with the ardour and impetuosity of the Hereditary Prince, he soon caught the eye of that gallant leader, and having been appointed his Aid-de-camp, rose rapidly into favour. At one moment, it appeared that the troops in the redoubt were faltering and unsteady; and in order to encourage them to perseverance, he, with his usual forwardness, leaped upon the parapet, and exposed himself to the hottest of the fire. Here, of course, having no shelter from the shower of shot with which the redoubt was assailed, he soon fell, to add another to the heap. He was a very handsome young man, of the most polished manners and polite address. The French language he spoke admirably, and German so well as to be of the greatest use in his capacity of Aid-de-camp. From the want of

his arm, and from riding much about, he was a well-known figure in the army, and he was often chided by the Prince for acts of indiscretion, amounting to foolhardiness, like that which terminated his existence. He was, however, highly respected in the regiment to which he belonged, but shortly before his death he had resolved to quit the British service, and to accept the Lieutenant-colonelcy which was offered him by Prince Ferdinand, through the instrumentality of the Hereditary Prince. Nor was the favour of his Serene Highness exhausted by his death, which made a deep and general impression in the army. With his wonted attention to the comforts as well as to the feelings of those in whom he was interested, the Duke sent a very handsome present, and a still more handsome letter of condolence to the mother of Major M'Lean, soon after his death; and at this distant period, I have no small satisfaction in paying this imperfect tribute to the memory of a gallant soldier, for whom I entertained a strong feeling of attachment.

Soon after the affair of the Brucker-muhl,

Lord Townsend, who commanded one of the brigades, as was usual with Generals on a march, gave a dinner to a number of his officers, and invited such strangers as might be in the neighbourhood, and who might otherwise be left to dine with Duke Humphrey, to assist at his party. The village where Lord Townsend's brigade was quartered on this occasion, had been occupied two days before by the French as an hospital; and it appeared, that to expedite the interment of their dead, they had thrown them into the well of the village. When the soup was served up, a universal complaint was made of its horrid taste; and, although soldiers on a march have seldom an opportunity of indulging in gastronomic fancies, it was agreed on this occasion that some inquiry should be made into the cause which had made their meal so unpalatable, when it was speedily traced to the corrupted state of the water in the well. The discovery was sufficient to stay the appetite of most of the company; but among the number present was old Major Hume, of the 25th foot, then known as the

Edinburgh regiment, who had been a soldier from his infancy, and had served with distinction at Fontenoy and Dettingen. After so many campaigns, he had no doubt often been exposed to fare on viands not perhaps the most delicate; and when the company had broken up in most admired disorder, he proceeded with characteristic indifference to finish his dinner, exclaiming with an oath, that the soup was good, and that it would have been better if the whole French army had been in it.

Major Hume was as remarkable for the bluntness of his manners, as for his unflinching courage. On one occasion, it became his duty, with 250 men of the 25th, to relieve a post which had been occupied by a Brunswick regiment. He was attacked about daybreak by a very superior body of the enemy, but with unflinching courage and obstinacy he succeeded in repelling them, and in keeping his ground, until succour arrived about two hours afterwards. About the same time, His Serene Highness happened to visit that post in person;

and, as was his custom on such occasions, in addition to many flattering encomiums on Major Hume's conduct, presented him with a purse of 500 dollars. To an officer of superior rank, the Prince would probably have given a diamond ring or a gold-mounted sword; but when such an exploit fell under his notice, it was never allowed to pass unrewarded; and I have no doubt that these marks of attention had the very best effect in promoting the zeal and activity of men of all ranks in the army. In acknowledging the Duke's compliment, Major Hume replied, that he could not fortify a post; but, by Gad, he added, if the Brunswickers would make "a bawtee," as he pronounced the word, he would defend it to the last extremity.

Prince Ferdinand, as every body knows, was nearly related to the Royal family of Great Britain, so that the King's birthday was always celebrated in the army with the greatest public rejoicing. On such occasions it was customary for the enemy to interrupt the festivities by some slight attack on the outposts, and I

remember an instance, in the midst of a fête of this kind, when the Duke was sitting at table, that Sir William Erskine arrived, his horse all covered with foam, and reported to His Serene Highness that the post of Weisenstein had been attacked; several men having been killed, many wounded, and the rest of the detachment taken prisoners. The report was made in a tone of voice so low as not to be generally audible by the company; but I could overhear the Duke's answer, which was in so many words, "Go and drive them out of it."

Amongst the wounded in this affair of the outpost, was Captain Fletcher, of the 12th regiment, who commanded. His wound was of a very remarkable nature, having been in fact shot through the head. The ball had entered at one temple and come out at the other, as I learned from the surgeons in attendance, but, strange to say, without affecting any of his senses, and, indeed, without producing any other permanent inconvenience than some little difficulty in opening his jaws, which exposed him, on his recovery, to a variety of jokes from

his brother officers, in consequence of his being considered a very hearty eater. I am bound to add, that no blame was imputable to him in the fall of the outpost, which was carried by an overwhelming force.

Perhaps I may be permitted without offence, and as an illustration of the possibility of rising in the army without the possession of all the qualities which are necessary in a commander, to mention an incident which occurred to me on a field of battle, at the moment when the two armies were forming into line. I had been sent by General Mostyn to the right flank, to report to him the disposition of both armies in that quarter of the field. While occupied with this employment, and having the order of battle in my hand, I was joined by a general officer, whose name it is unnecessary to record. Suffice it to say, that he was possessed of many military virtues, the least of which was his personal courage; of the full enjoyment of which he afforded some evidence, by keeping me talking to him during a

pretty smart cannonade, which we might easily have avoided.

He asked a vast variety of questions regarding the position of the different columns which were under our eye; but, from want of an habitual attention to such matters, rather than from any deficiency in his visual organs, he was unable to tell of what troops the various columns were composed. He expressed the greatest surprise when I told him, in answer to one of his inquiries, that a column which he pointed out on a hill at no great distance belonged to the enemy. He could not even distinguish the difference between a column of artillery, which was making its way round the base of the hill on which we stood, although sufficiently marked by its blue colour alone; and pointing to another column at some little distance, he asked if it was moving? To which I answered, that the column was certainly marching to the left. He again expressed his astonishment that I should be able to see so distinctly, although the glancing of the arms,

the angle at which they are carried, and the reflection of the light, should at once have told him in what direction the column was advancing.

These indeed are matters of trifling moment, but they serve to show that the knowledge of the ordinary duties of a soldier is not intuitive, but as in other professions, can only be acquired by application and experience. Resolution and courage in the field are no doubt indispensable qualities; but I am persuaded that deficiency in these respects is of very rare occurrence, and that there are other qualities not less essential, which do not receive the degree of attention to which they are entitled in the administration of military affairs.

I have somewhere mentioned the name of Mr. Calcraft, the army agent. The fortunes of this man were somewhat singular. He had been a servant in the family of the Duke of Rutland; and having been established as an army agent, he soon became entrusted with the pecuniary concerns of half the army, in consequence of

Lord Granby's protection. His character for civility and attention stood uniformly high; and he was understood to know very well how to improve his own finances, and to extend his influence and connexions by loans of money to young officers, judiciously applied. While the Marquis of Granby was exhausting his fortune, and involving himself in pecuniary difficulties, by the munificence and splendour with which he supported his high station in the army, Mr. Calcraft was accumulating a fortune not inferior, perhaps, to that which the Marquis had dissipated.

The late Lord Ducie was long my brother Aide-de-camp in the service of his Excellency General Mostyn. He was chiefly remarkable for an excessive degree of that sort of bashfulness and taciturnity which are said to be a characteristic peculiarity of the English nation; but a better man, or a more gallant officer, than Lord Ducie, was not to be found in the ranks

of the British army. At the period of which I am writing, to drink hard, especially among military men, was considered an essential test of manhood; and my friend Ducie was never backward, when a proper opportunity occurred, at measuring his strength with a favourite boon companion. Walking one evening along the line, in company with some of my brother officers, one of them lifted the curtain of Lord Ducie's tent, and called upon us to observe the happy state of oblivion in which his Lordship and his worthy friend of the Fusileers, Robin Rennie by name, had succeeded in steeping their sense of all sublunary concerns. Lord Ducie, with a glass in his hand, was addressing his companion with a certain solemnity of manner which was perfectly irresistible, saying, "Pray, Sir, may I crave your name?" I cannot report the progress of the conversation, which probably proceeded in the same tone of gravity, as one of the gentlemen on the

outside of the tent could no longer restrain himself from an immoderate fit of laughter, which obliged us to make good our retreat. It must be recollected, however, in excuse for Lord Ducie and his worthy convive, who was always considered a good and worthy fellow, that the manners of the period were materially different from what they now are; and I am bound to add, after saying so much on the subject, that I was always very much obliged to Lord Ducie. I had repeatedly suffered severely in the limited state of my finances by the loss of some valuable horses, and on one of these occasions, when my best charger had been killed under me, he made me a present, in the most handsome manner, of an excellent steed, fully caparisoned, with pistols, furniture, and other necessary appendages.

At the conclusion of hostilities in the month of November, 1762, when the notification reached the seat of war that the preliminaries of peace had been signed, I found myself in the situation of many others; and, my occupation being gone, I sold my horses, and pack-

ing up my swords and plans, prepared to return to London. As I had now been employed for three years on General Mostyn's staff, and had applied myself with considerable assiduity to study the duties of a military engineer, I had made a collection of plans, positions, attacks, fortifications, and sieges, with other objects of interest in this department, on which I placed a great value. Having preserved them with the greatest care, I deposited them for safety in my father's house, but on my return to Scotland some years afterwards, I found, to my great mortification, that my honoured and worthy mother, from their lying so long unemployed in the cases in which I had left them, thought that in papering a tea closet, they might be applied to a purpose both useful and ornamental. I could not seriously blame her for this little mistake, since, although she was the mother of several pretty good soldiers, she never applied herself to the study of military tactics.

During the early part of my life I was

known in the army by the name of "Whisker," not from any striking ornament of that kind on my own person, but from a ridiculous circumstance which happened at Piermont, when I was a very young person indeed. The watering-places in Germany were regarded during the Seven Years' War as so many neutral stations, where great numbers of people assembled from all quarters for the purposes of health or relaxation. The house in which I lodged was small, incommodious, and very much crowded; and finding one evening that I could not easily get access to my own apartment, I chanced to stray into another part of the house which was occupied by the lady of the Baron de Jenneret. As the room was imperfectly lighted, I stretched out my hand, when it came in contact somewhat unexpectedly with the Baron's whiskers; and he, starting up from his reclining posture, drew his sabre in great wrath and made a cut at me, just as I had cleared the door-way; which retained long afterwards a striking memorandum of my nar-

row escape. The story was thought a great deal too good to be allowed to go to sleep, and for many years the *sobriquet* of " Whisker" was my only appellation among my military acquaintances.

CHAPTER VII.

End of the Seven Years' War.—Arrival in England.—Attached to Foreign Service till the year 1763.—Family Settlements.—Military Details and Anecdotes.—Distinguished Characters.—Author's Reception Abroad.—Court of Maria Theresa.—Prince Eugene and the Turks.—A Continental Tour.—Return to Scotland.—A Ludicrous Incident.—Lady George Beauclerk.—Edinburgh Coteries.—French Court at Soissons.—Duke of Choiseul.—Grand Review.—Louis XIV.—Anecdote of Lord George Lennox.—The Art of Fencing.—A Duel.—The Fighting Colonel.—Garrison Duty.—Anecdotes of the Reign of George II.

ALTHOUGH the hostilities of which I have hitherto been writing, are known in European history by the name of the Seven Years' War, yet it will be remembered that, by the separate peace which Great Britain concluded with France, towards the end of the year 1762, the

war, in so far as this country was concerned, was only of six years' duration.

On my arrival in London, after returning from Germany, I placed myself in communication with my father, and stated my extreme reluctance to lead a life of inactivity at home. At my time of life, he wisely concluded that it was not desirable for me to remain long in London. He therefore applied to his friend Sir Andrew Mitchell, then Ambassador from Britain at the Court of Berlin, to get me attached as a supernumerary captain to some Prussian regiment, that I might be enabled by returning to Germany to put myself in the way of advancement in the military profession. Sir Andrew was good enough to engage to procure this appointment for me. In reliance on his protection, I returned to Germany, and joined the Prussian army; but, before my departure, I obtained leave to purchase a majority at home, through the interest of my gallant friend General Mostyn. It was thus in the interval between the date when I obtained leave to purchase, and the period when the

purchase was completed, that I proceeded to the Prussian head-quarters, but I had scarcely arrived there, when I received intelligence that a majority had been procured for me in the British service, which, of course, precluded me from serving as a captain in any other. I was permitted, however, to remain as a volunteer with the Prussian army, which I did till the end of the war in 1763.

I have hinted in the outset that my father's pecuniary resources were never very extensive: he was more distinguished in the literary world for the depth of his erudition, and for the elegance and purity of his taste, than for any zeal in the pursuit of a profession which he had probably adopted, because it was customary at the period for men of his station to apply themselves either to the study of the law, or the practice of the military profession. Until he obtained the pension to which I alluded in the outset, his whole income arose from the rental of an estate which was believed to be subject to the fetters of a very strict entail, while at the period of which I write

the revenue arising from it did not probably exceed £700 a year.

When it is considered, on the other hand, that I was the eldest of seventeen children, who were all suitably provided for, it will not be thought extraordinary, that in looking for the means of advancement in the service, my father was the last person to whom I should have thought of applying. Had I indeed possessed no other resource but the paternal coffers, I should certainly never have thought of applying for leave to purchase my majority. But two different persons, in very different stations of society, had voluntarily offered me their assistance, and I was much too ambitious of promotion, to decline on both hands two such disinterested proposals. The one party was Sir Lawrence Dundas, who, by the exercise of his talents, had acquired an immense fortune in the commissariat department of the army; the other, although a name of less pretension, is not less worthy of being recorded. John King, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, had long been my tailor; and

at the period when I was arranging the purchase of my majority, I was considerably in his debt. He was probably aware of the narrowness of my finances, and taking me aside one day that I chanced to be in his shop, he begged of me to dine with him on the following Sunday at his country-house at Clapham, as he wished to have some conversation with me on a subject in which he said he was deeply interested.

On my arrival at the house of this worthy man, he carried me into his own room, and saying that he knew how much I wished to push myself forward in the service, he produced the sum necessary for the purchase of my majority, and pressed it on my acceptance; but in consequence of what had previously passed between me and Sir Lawrence Dundas on the same subject, I was compelled, with some reluctance, to decline so generous an offer, and I had afterwards some reason to regret that I had done so, as Sir Lawrence thought fit to call up the money from me at a time when it was not quite convenient to repay it.

I was not by any means the only British officer who was desirous of serving under so distinguished a commander as Frederick the Great. I shall mention an instance, attended by circumstances which happened to fall under my own notice. General Beckwith, who had commanded the 20th regiment during the war with much distinction, was known to be a most excellent officer, and was either offered service by the King of Prussia, or perhaps he had asked for it. His own regiment, the 20th, had been for some time quartered in the town of Munster, where there were also some Prussian troops, when the British army received orders to return home. Colonel Beckwith had not disclosed his acceptance of service from the King of Prussia, until the morning when his regiment, accompanied by another English battalion, had marched out of the town, under the command of the Major of the 20th, leaving the Prussian troops behind to garrison the place. On the morning in question, he had asked a number of the officers to breakfast with him. When the party were rising from

table, he called to his *valet-de-chambre* to bring him his coat, and, to the great surprise of the company, the servant brought in the uniform of a Prussian General, which he immediately put on. He then put his hand in the pocket, and pulling out a parchment, desired the oldest officer in the room to read it. It proved to be his commission as a General in the Prussian service, and contained his appointment as commander-in-chief of the district, and governor of the town of Munster for his Prussian Majesty, until God should give him peace.

If the English officers were before surprised, they now seemed absolutely struck dumb with astonishment. For it must be observed, that in consequence of the separate peace which had been concluded between the English and the French, a considerable degree of jealousy had arisen between the subjects of Great Britain and the King of Prussia, which was considerably inflamed by a supposed breach of certain articles in the original treaty between Prussia and England, by which it had been stipulated that peace should not be made by either party,

except in conjunction with the other; and that during the war Great Britain should pay to Prussia an annual subsidy of £700,000. It was generally understood that the King of Prussia, who was always a man of expedients, was no great loser in the end by the pretended breach of faith on the part of Great Britain; and that, by quartering his troops in the Electorate, he contrived to exact performance of the pecuniary part of the stipulation from his Britannic Majesty's Hanoverian subjects. Be that as it may, the British and Prussian troops, at the period in question, were far from living on a good understanding with each other; and as General Beckwith had induced his brother officers of the 20th to remain with him to dinner, the intelligence of the new arrangement had overtaken the English troops, who had marched out of Munster in the morning, when they proposed to make a stand, and to return and take possession of the town. These symptoms of insubordination were communicated to the General in the course of the afternoon, when he despatched a note to inform them of

the hazard they would incur by any attack on a possession of his Prussian Majesty, without a formal declaration of war; and he added, with more, perhaps, of bravado than sincerity, that if war had been declared, of which he had not heard, he would, in his new capacity of Governor for the King of Prussia, defend the town to the last extremity. When the war was finally concluded, General Beckwith returned home; and having purchased an estate between Durham and Newcastle, where he kept fox-hounds, and enjoyed a country life for many years, died at length very quietly in his own house. In speaking of this gentleman, it is unnecessary to remind my military friends, that his sons, the Generals Beckwith, were two of the most distinguished officers in the service.

It was not long after my return to Germany, that the expectations I had formed of comparing, so to speak, the genius of Frederick the Great with that of the Duke of Brunswick, were finally disappointed by the cessation of hostilities, preliminary to the general peace

which was concluded at an early period of the year. I then left Berlin, and from thence proceeded to Vienna; having visited in the course of my journey the greater number of the smaller Courts in Germany. In the notes I had prepared regarding the manners of these minor Courts, I find a good deal of matter which I fear is quite unfit to meet the public eye. Suffice it to say in general, that I found them extremely dissolute and loose; being for the most part filled with military men, who in time of peace are often driven to gaming and intrigue, as resources for filling up their time.

My reception as a British officer was every where more agreeable than at Berlin, where Englishmen at that period seemed to be held as individually answerable for the wrongs of which the Prussians complained at the hands of the British Government. The lesser Courts, as compared with those of Berlin and Vienna, were distinguished externally by greater gaiety and politeness. At the Court of the Duke of Brunswick in particular, as well as at that of

Waldeck, every thing seemed to be arranged on the French model. In the latter instance, it may in some degree be ascribed to the circumstance of the Princess being a Frenchwoman.

Having carried my reader to Vienna, I need not surely fatigue him with an account of the brilliancy and splendour of the Court of Maria Theresa, of whom it would be superfluous to say that she was the greatest Princess who at that time existed in Europe: nor need I tell of *fêtes*, which were uniformly sumptuous, ceremonious, and dull; nor of eating and drinking, which seemed to be the first consideration and the last, in the daily routine of the inhabitants of Vienna.

In such enjoyments, I confess that I had no great interest; and as I could no longer witness the actual progress of warlike operations, I resolved to make a journey into Hungary, to visit some of the scenes which had been immortalized by Prince Eugene in his wars with the Turks. From Peste I proceeded, by way of Trieste, to Venice, where I must acknowledge

that I stayed a great deal longer than I should have done. At Venice I embarked for Ancona, and from thence proceeded to Rome, where I spent the winter.

In the spring of 1764, I embarked at Cività Vecchia for Marseilles, which, with the exception of Venice, is perhaps for a stranger the most pleasing town in Europe. From Marseilles I travelled to Paris, and from thence to Lyons, but did not make much stay at any of these places. Taking London in my route, I returned to Scotland in the course of the summer, and spent the following autumn at Ardkinglass, then the seat of Sir James Livingstone, my maternal grandfather.

The winter of 1764 I spent in Edinburgh, and as my education had not been of the most regular description, my father directed me at an early period of the following year to proceed by way of France to Geneva, where I devoted the greater part of 1765 to the pursuit of those acquirements in which I found myself chiefly deficient.

During my stay in Edinburgh, a circum-

stance occurred of rather a ludicrous nature, which was much spoken of in the circle in which I happened to move. Lord George Beauclerk, the brother of the Duke of St. Albans, at that time commanded the forces in Scotland, and Lady George commanded him;—a duty for which she was peculiarly qualified by her early habits and education. When I had occasion to meet her Ladyship in the *beau monde* of Edinburgh, Lord George occupied apartments in the palace of Holyrood-house; they gave good dinners, and kept up a considerable state, and Lady George was very well received among the good people of the northern metropolis. From the influence she was known to possess with the commander of the forces, it was not unusual for officers, who had any thing to ask, to address themselves to her. Among the numerous suitors at her Ladyship's levee, was one Peter Innes, a very gallant gentleman, of the Scots' Fusileers, who was probably deficient in that courtly address which her Ladyship was entitled to ex-

pect, but who was certainly animated with all the earnestness which the importance he attached to his wished-for leave of absence inspired.

In advancing to prefer his request, he had the misfortune to tread on little Pedro, her Ladyship's favourite lap-dog, which produced a yell sufficient to awaken the sympathies and rouse feelings of irritation in her Ladyship's breast. Our friend Peter was in his turn excited, but her Ladyship did not stay to hear his reply, being probably conscious of the unseemly exhibition which had already been made. The laugh which was excited on her bouncing out of the room was perfectly irresistible; and Peter, mistaking its application, began to vent his wrath on his poor little canine namesake, which he seized by the tail, and whirled round his head till it flew at a tangent through the drawing-room window; on which Peter took his leave of absence for the day without farther parley, and made his escape as speedily as possible.

This little incident excited much talk among the gossiping coteries of Edinburgh.

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On my return from Geneva, I went to Soissons, to see a grand encampment of 30,000 men, assembled under the command of the Maréchal D'Armentieres, for the purpose of exercising the troops, and exhibiting the peaceful evolutions of an army on a scale of extraordinary magnitude. The King of France, with his Court, was there in person, attended by his celebrated minister the Duc de Choiseul. The performance of this great military drama continued for a period of three weeks; and if to the soldier there was any deficiency of that animating impulse which arises from the sense of personal danger, there was at least no want of all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

I had, in my short career, had occasion to see a goodly number of encampments; but for splendour, magnificence, or extent, I had never formed an idea of any thing like this. It was not the number of men who were the performers in this dramatic spectacle, but the immense assemblage of attendants and specta-

tors, which gave it such imposing effect. It seemed, indeed, as if the scene had been prepared for the amusement and delight of congregated Europe; and as if the nations had attended, not metaphorically merely, by their ambassadors and representatives, but absolutely and collectively "in numbers numberless." It was a very agreeable circumstance to me that the English minister was Lord George Lennox, with whom I had formed an acquaintance during the Seven Years' War, and ever afterwards lived on terms of intimacy. By his Lordship's means, I had easy access to the highest circles and the best company, and was a frequent guest at the table of the Marechal D'Armentieres. For some reason, which I either never knew or do not now remember, the French King was at this period disposed to evince, on many public occasions, the dislike he entertained for the English nation; but in selecting Lord George Lennox as the object of his severe observations, he found a person who was not disposed to brook indignity from the *Grande Monarque* himself. Sitting one evening at supper, the subject of the distinctions of

rank, as observed in different countries, and particularly in England, was introduced by the King; who, in the course of it, turned abruptly round to the English Ambassador, who was standing at his right hand, and said to him, "Vous n'etes, milord, que par courtesie." To this Lord George answered with great readiness, "Oui, Sire, mais je suis nè prince."

While yet at Soissons, I received intelligence of my appointment to the majority of the 67th regiment, which was then stationed at Minorca. Hitherto, of course, from being on half-pay, I was quite my own master; but now it became necessary that I should proceed to join my regiment; and, with this view, on the breaking up of the encampment, I returned to Paris, and from thence made my journey to Marseilles, where, in the enjoyment of the pleasures of that fascinating and delightful place, I was induced to spend some part of the summer before embarking for Minorca.

The enjoyments of the place were greatly enhanced by the presence of a number of British officers, and of strangers all nations. Among

others, Lord Kilmaurs, the son of the Earl of Glencairn, was then a resident at Marseilles. Having had some dispute at the theatre with a French officer, it ended in his Lordship being called out; a call which he attended to with the greatest alacrity: but, as he was known to be quite unacquainted with the art of fencing, several of his English friends who happened to be present, expostulated with him on the great odds he would give to the French officer, who was known to be an expert swordsman. His Lordship, however, would not be dissuaded; he went out and was desperately wounded. Lord Kilmaurs was very much liked, and in the whole of this transaction it was thought that he had been badly treated by the Frenchman. The circumstance made a deep impression on several of us, particularly on my friend Captain Foy and myself, who were both resolved to check the Frenchman if an opportunity should again occur. Captain Foy was an old acquaintance of mine; a brother officer at Minden, although serving in different arms, he in the artillery and I in the infantry; and by birth

a Welshman; so that he had a sort of patrimonial right to some degree of irascibility. Indeed, he was so resolved to take vengeance on the Frenchman, that a gentleman at the *table d'hôte*, whom he mistook for Lord Kilmaurs's antagonist, having extended his leg across one of the seats at the table, Captain Foy very coolly sat down on it; but this, of course, led to no result, as the mistake was readily acknowledged. I should add a circumstance more honourable to the name of Captain Foy, that he was distinguished by the thanks of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in the orders which were issued by his Serene Highness after the victory of Minden.

Another day, at the *table d'hôte*, Major Staunton, the brother of the late Sir George Staunton, who accompanied Lord Macartney to China, arrived from a journey just at the hour of dinner, pulled off his jack-boots, and sat down to table in slippers. This might perhaps be regarded as an impropriety; but the French officer, who had wounded Lord Kilmaurs, having adverted to it in terms which

I thought improper, saying that no one but an Englishman would have behaved in that manner, I made some observation in reply, which was probably distinguished by equal impropriety, touching the matter of the slippers, as I was still under some excitement at the ungenerous treatment which Lord Kilmaurs had received. This produced a request that I should walk with him to the bastion of St. Antoine, the place where such disputes were usually settled; and, of course, I complied without much persuasion. As soon as he had prepared himself by pulling off his coat, I drew my sword; and the affair ended after a few passes, by his being run through the body, the point of the weapon coming out just under the shoulderblade, but happily without producing any fatal result. Although such affairs were common, and not much attended to, yet on this occasion we had a great many spectators; amongst others, I remember my friend Admiral Wolseley, and Colonel Campbell of the Marines, but the arrogant bearing of the Frenchman brought few to sympathize with his misfortune.

Not long after my arrival at Minorca, I had the happiness to find that my early and much valued friend General Mostyn, had been appointed Governor of the island, and Commander-in-chief of the troops; the second in command was General James Johnston, better known in the army by the name of the Fighting Colonel; and the third was Lord George Lennox.

As I am now to be engaged for several years with the tedious details of garrison duty, the reader may not, perhaps, be displeased if, in place of carrying him along with me in this monotonous routine, I should just sit down with him and tell an anecdote or two of the three individuals with whom I was chiefly conversant.

I shall begin with General Johnston, whom I found exercising the functions of Governor on my arrival at Minorca. Among the men, as I said before, he was known by the name of the Fighting Colonel; but the ladies distinguished him by the more flattering appellative of the handsome Johnston. Although of a

fiery and irritable temper when provoked, he was in ordinary society one of the most pleasant and agreeable fellows in the world. As I had served with him in Germany during the greater part of the war, I had the satisfaction of finding a welcome and a home in his house on my arrival at Minorca. One of the circumstances which gave rise to his less agreeable nickname took place under the observation of royalty itself. Towards the conclusion of the reign of George the Second, large wigs were still in fashion, and Johnston having gone to the theatre on an evening when the King was to be present, he unfortunately involved himself in a quarrel, when, with that haste and violence for which he was so remarkable, he pulled off the wig of his antagonist, and threw it on the stage. It so happened, that his commanding officer, General Conway, one of the gentlemen of the King's bedchamber, was standing at the moment behind his Majesty's chair, and to him the King turned round, and asked who it was who had committed the act of violence. General Conway replied, that he

feared it was an officer of his regiment, Major Johnston; on which the King observed, in a deep tone of resentment, "And a major he shall remain."

Soon after the affair in the theatre, Major Johnston went to join his regiment at Manchester, which was then considered a Jacobite town. I am not aware of the corresponding title in modern nomenclature, but I believe that the terms "democrat" and "radical" have each had their day. Going one evening to the assembly, he found the favourite tunes consisted of those Jacobite airs which, although now admired for their intrinsic value, were at that time applauded or contemned as they happened to harmonize or to clash with the political feelings of the audience. Soon after Major Johnston had entered the assembly-room, "Over the water to Charlie," or some thing equally offensive, was struck up by the orchestra; when the Major, unable any longer to restrain himself, called out to the musicians to stop; and on their yielding obedience, required them to play "God save the King."

On this interruption the master of the ceremonies, a man of some note in the town, although tinged with the supposed sentiments of disloyalty for which his townsmen were understood to be distinguished, strutted up to the Major, and asked if he, an entire stranger in the place, persisted in making a demand which was calculated to interrupt the amusements of the evening. Major Johnston could ill brook the supercilious and authoritative air with which this remonstrance was addressed to him, and taking the master of the ceremonies by the nose, he twirled him round until the poor little man was hustled away by some of his friends; on which Johnston, turning round to the orchestra, again required them to play the King's anthem. To this demand there was some demur on the part of the musicians, on which the Major snatched up the great bass fiddle, and applied it with such good-will to the head of one of the delinquents, as to leave him standing amidst the shattered fragments of the instrument. This new adventure was speedily communicated to General Conway,

who having found an opportunity of stating it to the King, made it the means of restoring Major Johnston to the Royal favour, and from that period his promotion proceeded in the ordinary course.

It was this same Johnston who, on being disabled at the battle of Campan, by a shot through his sword hand, turned round to the men and exclaimed, "Royals! I have done my duty;—charge again." At that moment also fell poor Briscoe, the adjutant of the Royals, a very handsome young man, who shortly before the battle had been placed under an arrest for some trifling neglect of duty. Until regularly acquitted, he was of course prevented from wearing a sword; but as soon as the regiment was drawn up in order of battle, he rode to the front, and addressing Colonel Johnston, said, that as he had no prison to go to, he hoped to be allowed to accompany his regiment, although he was not permitted to wear a sword. Then mixing with the men, he joined them in the charge, and was killed at the same moment that Colonel Johnston was disabled, to the great regret of his brother officers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Court Anecdotes.—George II. and General Mostyn.—Extraordinary court-martial.—Government offices.—Deputies.—Matrimonial arrangements.—An eccentric genius.—Interviews with Voltaire.—Madame Clairon.—Meetings at Ferney.—Theatricals.—Lusignan.—Hostilities between the Russians and Turks.—Difference between Russian and British discipline.—A present of English Soldiers.—Celebration of a Royal Birth-day.—Sea fight.—Ship on fire.—Sir Richard Onslow.—Narrow escape.—A Shark.

I THINK I have already mentioned that my friend General Mostyn had been gentleman of the bed-chamber to George the Second; he could not with strict propriety be said to have been a favourite of the King; he was rather a friend whom his Majesty could not live without. George the Second was known to play his party at whist every evening; and he was

never satisfied if General Mostyn did not make one of the number. One evening, the General could not be found; and the King, who was far from being dull in discovering the characters and habits of those around him, exclaimed in his vexation at the delay of his party, "Go, bring him directly. If he be not with Peg Woffington, he will be found in one —— house."

General Mostyn had the peculiar merit of knowing precisely the nature and extent as well as the proper application of his own abilities. He had proved to all Europe that he was an excellent cavalry officer, and that he was well fitted by experience as well as gallantry for the subordinate station in an army which is inferred from the command of that species of force; but he was sensible that he did not possess those general views, and that comprehensive genius, which are so essential to the character of a commander-in-chief. General Mostyn afforded a striking proof of the sense which he entertained of his own deficiency, when the King, from a feeling of personal affection, was pleased to offer him the command of the expedition to the

Havannah, in which Lord Albemarle afterwards acquired so large a fortune. He thanked the King for the gracious consideration with which his Majesty had condescended to attend to his personal interests, by the offer of a command which promised to be so lucrative; but, as the expedition would infer the necessity for his superintendence of a series of combined operations by sea and land, he solicited the King's permission to decline an appointment for which he felt that he was not fitted, either by his natural talents or by his previous experience. "I have long," he said, "led on your Majesty's cavalry, and, with your gracious approbation, I shall continue in the department where I feel that I can best contribute to the benefit of your Majesty's service."

It was some time after this that General Mostyn accepted the government of Minorca, at the period when a probability had arisen of a war with Spain. Although considerably advanced in years, he felt all his youthful energies revive in the prospect of a battle. Among the troops, he was considered a strict disciplinarian; but as

he attended on all occasions with the most rigid punctuality to the performance of his own duty, the troops were less disposed to murmur at the strict discipline which he exacted from those under his command.

During my former residence in General Mostyn's family, when I acted as his aid-de-camp, I had often observed the King's cypher on his linen; and, on my asking the reason of it, he said that the gentlemen of the bed-chamber had a good many perquisites, and that one of them was linen, which was supplied in such abundance as to make it unnecessary to purchase any for their own use.

In the course of General Mostyn's command at Minorca, a court-martial was held, which from the rank and relative situation of the parties concerned in it, is not perhaps to be paralleled in the annals of the British army. The prosecutor was General Mostyn, the Commander-in-chief; General Johnston, the second in command, was the principal, if not the only witness; and Lord George Lennox, the third in command, was the prisoner, the party ac-

cused. A dispute had arisen between General Mostyn and Lord George, about the price of the soldiers' wine, in a small fort called Furnelles; and it was for some act of insubordination which had arisen out of this dispute, but of which I do not remember the particulars, that his Lordship was ordered to be tried.

The court was composed of the thirteen field-officers next in rank to the accused, and of this number I happened to be the fourth. I do not pretend to report the finding and sentence of the court-martial, but the general result was, that Lord George, being found in the wrong, was condemned to make an apology to the Governor. At the time of the trial, Lord George was in a delicate state of health; and as he happened to be very badly lodged, we were all rather apprehensive for him; for his temper was such, that, being under a sort of nominal arrest, during the long period which necessarily elapsed between the decision of the court, and the arrival of the King's sanction to it from England, he resisted all our efforts

to persuade him even to go out to walk, until the result should be communicated.

In consequence of my early intimacy with him in the Seven Years' War, and afterwards in France, when he was ambassador, or Chargé d'Affaires from England, it occurred to Lady Louisa Lennox, that I might have sufficient influence with him, to engage him to take the exercise which was necessary for the preservation of his health. On calling one day at the miserable shed in which they were lodged, which indeed was little better than those of the Spanish villagers in general, her ladyship walked out, and desired me to attend her. As soon as we were alone, she expressed to me her great concern at Lord George's perseverance in his resolution of remaining within doors, and begged of me to renew my efforts to induce him to go out, which I readily agreed to do. But the truth is, that Lord George, although the best-natured man in the world, had some peculiarities of temper, which, when he thought himself in the right, it was impossible to overcome. He was naturally what is called a de-

termined character; and, as is natural with persons of that turn of thinking, he was very liable to mistake a sort of dogged obstinacy for manly firmness and resolution. To all this, General Mostyn's temper was as opposite as possible. He was hasty and warm, but at the same time good-natured and considerate. After exhausting all my efforts with Lord George to induce him to comply with the wishes of his friends, without any prospect of success, I went to General Mostyn, and explained to him how the matter stood; but the General said, what was no doubt quite reasonable, that he could neither ask nor command him to do what seemed so necessary, but that I was at liberty to say, that nothing would give His Excellency greater pleasure than to hear that Lord George Lennox took the benefit of such exercise as his Lordship might find necessary or agreeable.

All this, however, was of no avail with Lord George, who remained in his wretched barrack for upwards of three months, until the Royal sanction arrived for carrying the sentence

of the court-martial into effect. The judgment of the court, which had been expressed in the mildest and most gentle terms, was not only approved of and confirmed by the King, but his Majesty was also pleased to add a direct reprimand to Lord George, for his conduct in the matter which had given rise to the court-martial.

When the court was again assembled for the purpose of receiving his Majesty's pleasure on their proceedings, it was arranged that the sentence should be simply read to him, and that Lord George, without repeating the words of the apology, should merely add—"all this I do:" and having been employed on the part of the court-martial to negotiate and arrange this delicate matter with Lord George, for the purpose of saving his feelings, as far as was consistent with what was due to General Mostyn, and to the public service, I had not only the satisfaction of bringing the parties to a proper and friendly understanding with each other, but of retaining the friendship and

good opinion of both. With Lord George and Lady Louisa Lennox I continued to live on terms of habitual intimacy. As a proof that it was not of a very temporary nature, I may mention, that to my eldest son, who was not then born, his Lordship gave a company in his own regiment, and appointed him his aid-de-camp, when, long afterwards, Lord George Lennox was commander-in-chief at Plymouth.

Neither must I omit my obligations to General Mostyn for one of many favours which about this period he conferred on me. As complaints had been made about the quantity or quality of the wood and oil supplied to the garrison, his Excellency appointed me inspector in these departments, with an addition to my pay of twenty shillings per diem; of this sum I gave five shillings to a deputy, and performed my part of the duty as I fear is generally done by Government officers—I never looked at the wood, nor tasted the oil.

In a narrative which professes to be full and

faithful, not merely as to events and circumstances, but as to sentiments and feelings, I should sooner perhaps have made the confession that I have always had a *tendre* for the sex. It was not, however, until after I had been some time oppressed with the tedium and monotony of garrison-duty, that I seriously began to turn my attention to the subject of matrimony. Under the influence of these prepossessions, I soon afterwards met with Christiana Forbes, the daughter of George Forbes, Esq. of Tiree, and sister to the Paymaster-General of the forces at Minorca, who, after the ordinary course of events in matters of this kind, made me happy by the possession of her hand. Miss Forbes was a young lady of small fortune, but handsome, clever, and intelligent. She had been educated at Geneva, in the house of Mr. Gaüssen, the banker, who was her maternal uncle, and she had come to Minorca to reside with her brother; the change of climate having been prescribed for the benefit of her health. The preliminaries having been arranged during her stay at Minorca, the affair

was completed after her return to Switzerland, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the house of Mr. Gaüssen, at Geneva.

This event took place in the summer of 1769, and after it we remained for some months at Geneva, until I was called back to the performance of my military duties.

During our residence at Geneva, I became intimately acquainted with M. Hubert, a man of singular but eccentric genius. He was at once a man of fashion and fortune, a decided humourist, and an amateur artist of considerable celebrity. His paintings were universally admired as efforts of genius; but his favourite amusement was to cut out scenes and figures in vellum, so as to give it the effect of a landscape, or any other style of painting. I brought many of his performances with me to England, where they did not fail to elicit the most flattering marks of admiration.

M. Hubert was a great personal friend of Voltaire, and he did me the favour to introduce me at Ferney, and to carry me frequently with him to dine at that celebrated spot. Vol-

taire had a noble estate, with a profusion of game, which I fear were much more attractive in my eyes, than all the philosophy which was to be acquired from my distinguished host. His invitations, however, if frankly given, were as frankly accepted; and I often made his permission available to shoot over his preserves, and to dine with him on my return.

It was the fashion of the period to treat Voltaire as a sort of demi-god, and to regard every thing he did as the work of a being of some superior order. I had the misfortune to be exempt from this universal feeling of adoration, perhaps from national dislike; or rather, perhaps, from personal inability to place due value on the great man's merits. If the world at large were sufficiently ready to bow the knee to this divinity of their own creation, Voltaire was not less willing to—

> "Assume the god,
> Affect to nod,
> And seem to shake the spheres."

This was equally observable in small matters as in great. In cutting up a partridge which

was placed before him at table, I observed that he first thrust his fork into it, and then put the fork into his mouth, apparently to ascertain if the *fumette* was as he would have it. He then proceeded to cut it up, and sent a part of it to me. I sent it away without eating of it; and, on his asking the reason, I told him the true one, without any circumlocution, that in carving the partridge, he had used a fork which had just been in his own mouth. On this he observed that the English were a strange people, and had singular customs; adding a peculiar laugh of the sardonic kind, which was his custom when anything displeased him. This little scene, however, did not prevent me from occasionally dining with him, or from shooting over his estate.

The eccentricity of Hubert was genuine and characteristic; that of Voltaire was affected and spurious. He had, in fact, been spoiled by the too flattering attentions of almost every crowned head in Europe; and after his vanity had thus been fostered to the highest pitch of

extravagance, it was not to be supposed that he could be cured of his preposterous pretensions, by that sort of military discipline which was administered by the orders of his quondam friend the King of Prussia, who sent a Colonel of Hussars to him at Frankfort, to give him *cent coups de baton*, as a reward for the freedom he had taken in divulging the literary obligations under which the great Frederick lay to him, in regard to the revision of his royal lucubrations. It is said that the Colonel performed his task with great good will, and exacted a formal receipt from the philosopher, to satisfy his master that the duty had been faithfully performed.

When at Geneva I was invited to Ferney to assist at the presentation of the Prince Dolgouroukie, a young man of very high rank in Russia, who came to Voltaire at the head of a deputation from the Empress Catherine the Second, than whom, perhaps, no one has ever been more anxious as to what should be said of her by the world. Voltaire had contributed to foster, at the same time that he gratified,

this passion, by writing a great deal in the Empress's praise; and the presents which were brought by the Prince Dolgouroukie were probably intended either as a reward for past praises, or as a retaining fee for the future. I say nothing of the truth of what he has written, but content myself with recording what I witnessed at the reception of the embassy.

The presents were produced by the Prince in succession, and exhibited with great state and ceremony. The first was an ivory box, the value of which consisted in its being the work of the Empress's own hands. The next was her Imperial Majesty's portrait, brilliantly set in diamonds, of very great value; and I could not resist the idea that the eyes of the philosopher sparkled with delight at the splendid setting of the picture, rather than at the picture itself. Then followed a collection of books in the Russian language, which Voltaire admitted that he did not understand; but he admired them, and very justly, as rare specimens of typography, and as being bound in a style of magnificence befitting an Imperial gift. The

last of the presents was a robe, the lining of which was of the fur of the black fox, from the Curile Isles. It was certainly of immense value, and such only as the Empress of Russia could give. The Prince, on producing it, begged to be shown into a darkened room, where, on drawing his hand across the fur, it produced so much electrical fire, that it was possible to read by it. This was ascribed to the extreme closeness or thickness with which the hair was set on the skin.

In return for these princely gifts, Voltaire had his portrait drawn by my friend Hubert, in which he was exhibited in rather an extraordinary position, rising out of bed in an ecstasy upon the presents being presented to him. The picture was accompanied by a copy of verses in the Empress's praise, in the taste of the period, and of course sufficiently nauseous and fulsome.

Madame Clairon, perhaps the most distinguished actress that ever graced the boards of the French stage, was on a visit to Geneva during my residence there; and Voltaire, hav-

ing a private theatre at Ferney, expressed his desire that his play of Lusignan should be performed. Some French actors were found to fill up the *dramatis personæ*, reserving for himself the character of Lusignan, the hero of the piece. His appearance and costume were altogether the most preposterous it is possible to conceive. Only think of his tall gaunt figure, with a sword of corresponding dimensions, constantly getting between his legs. His coat was of the era of Louis XIV. with a tie-wig to correspond, the whole surmounted by a huge pasteboard helmet, in the most absurd and ridiculous taste. To resist a titter at the extreme awkwardness of his figure, was beyond all power of face; and it required no small exertion to smother the tendency of a general laugh, so as to hinder it from coming to an *éclat.* Next day it was a point of indispensable etiquette for the invited guests to pay their compliments at Ferney, and administer a *quantum sufficit* of adulation on the histrionic talents of the representative of Lusignan; for that was a point on which he was much more

sensitive than on the poetical merits of the drama itself.

Among the attendants at his levée was a young Englishman, the son, I think, of a London brewer, who had travelled a great deal, and with a strong relish for a sarcastic joke, had a national contempt for what he held to be pretence and affectation in the character of Voltaire. This gentleman seemed to wait for an opportunity of contributing his quota to the compliments of the day; and when all the pretty things which were prepared for the occasion had been duly delivered, he stepped up to Voltaire in the zenith of his self-complacency, and apologizing for the slenderness of his knowledge of the French language, observed, that he thought it best to commit his sentiments on the subject to writing. On this he delivered a written paper to Voltaire and immediately retired from the crowd. The writing was received with a smile of gracious condescension, but on opening it the following verses were presented to his view:—

" Etre cité, mêlé dans toutes les querelles,
Les plaintes, les rapports, les histoires nouvelles,
Etre craint à la fois et désiré par tout,
Voilà ma destinée et mon unique goût.
Quant aux amis, crois-moi, ce vain nom qu'on se donne
Se prend chez tout le monde, et n'est vrai chez personne ;
J'en ai mille, et pas un. Veux-tu, que limité
Au petit cercle obscur d'une société
J'aille m'ensévelir dans quelque coterie ?
Je vais où l'on me plaît, je pars quand on m'ennuie,
Je m'établis ailleurs, me moquant au surplus
D'être haï des gens chez qui je ne vais plus."

Le Mechant,—GRESSET.

At the period of my residence at Geneva, the Russians were engaged in active hostilities against the Turks; and soon after my return to the island, the fleet from Cronstadt put in to Minorca for the purpose of being refitted. They proved on their arrival to be in a most wretched condition; having, from obvious ignorance of ordinary seamanship, suffered more in this short voyage than a British squadron would have done in sailing round the world. The Courts of London and St. Petersburgh being at that time on the best understanding, the Governor had

orders to let the Russian commanders have every thing they wanted from his Majesty's dockyards and military depôts at Minorca.

But if the inferiority of the Russians was conspicuous in naval tactics, their deficiency in military discipline was not less apparent. The British troops had a field-day soon after the arrival of the Russian armament; and their military commander, Count Butterlin, whom I had known at Paris when resident there as Ambassador from the Court of St. Petersburgh, was frank enough to confess to me the astonishment he felt at the marked difference between the appearance and discipline of the troops of the two countries. He was pleased to say many civil things to me on the precision and rapidity with which the 67th regiment, at that time under my command, had performed the various evolutions and manœuvres which he had that day witnessed The regiment was undoubtedly in a high state of discipline; but the only merit which on that account was due to me, was the attention and strictness with which I followed the system which had been introduced

into the regiment by its former colonel, the hero of Quebec.

The difference between the habits and modes of thinking of two persons, the one accustomed to the forms of liberty, the other to the practice of vassalage and coercion, is strikingly and somewhat ludicrously illustrated, by a request which was made to me by my friend Count Butterlin. It was, that I should make him a present of a few of my soldiers, to assist in drilling some of the Russian regiments. I have no doubt that he was quite as much surprized at the answer I made to him as I was at the request. He must have been aware, from the extent and liberality with which the armament had been supplied with naval and military stores, that the Governor and the Government were equally disposed to lend him every assistance; but when I told him that not the Governor of Minorca, nor even the King of England himself, could make him a present of a single man without the consent of the individual, it is not easy to describe the combination of incredulity and wonder with which the

intimation was regarded. At length, however, I succeeded in making the matter intelligible to him; and having applied to the Governor on the subject, his Excellency gave me leave to lend to Count Butterlin two men from the 67th, who were capable of drilling a regiment and teaching the British mode of discipline; an arrangement with which Count Butterlin had probably as much reason to be satisfied as if I had been able to present to him as many serfs, in fee simple.

In return for the civilities which the Russian officers had received from the British, they invited us to a succession of dinners, dances, and entertainments, sometimes on board their ships, and sometimes on shore. It is, I believe, pretty generally known, that the Russian Grandees, of whom there were several of high rank connected with the armament, are very magnificent in their festivities; and I can only say, that on this occasion, when at a distance from home, they did not belie the character they have acquired for a liberal and splendid hospitality. I recollect in particular

that this observation is peculiarly applicable to a great dinner which was given to the Governor, and the principal English officers on board the flag-ship, by the Russian Admiral. His captain was a Dane, and an excellent seaman; but he had not succeeded in preserving any semblance of that order and regularity on shipboard for which the British navy is so admirably pre-eminent. The tremendous broadsides which were given in compliment to each successive toast, reminded me of what our immortal bard has put into the mouth of the Danish monarch on an occasion of princely but deceitful festivity—

> "Now let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
> The trumpets to the cannoneers without,
> The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
> Now the King drinks to Hamlet."

At this party I happened to be seated next to the Danish captain, and on my observing to him that it was not customary in the British navy to fire the main-deck and quarter-deck guns on occasions of mere compliment and salute, he very readily admitted that our practice

was much more reasonable; and when the health of the Empress was given, he seemed in considerable alarm lest his Muscovite crew, from excess of loyalty, or excess of grog, should make short work of it, and blow up the ship. They seemed, indeed, if we might judge from the noise and clamour which was going on over our heads, to be all excessively drunk. But my Danish friend, either did not possess the authority, or did not care to exert it, on an occasion which might compromise either his feelings of respect for the British officers, or his devotion to his Imperial mistress.

When the supplies for the armament had been completed, and the Russians had announced their intention to depart, I applied, in conjunction with Captain Price of the 69th regiment, to attend the Russian commander-in-chief, the celebrated Count Orloff, for the summer campaign; and after a good deal of difficulty we succeeded in obtaining the necessary leave from his Excellency the Governor.

We sailed from Minorca in the month of February 1770, and had the fortune to witness

a number of very brilliant actions; among others the burning of the Turkish fleet in the Bay of Tachma. But without, I am persuaded, any undue spirit of nationality, and without any wish to deprive the Russians of any portion which is due to them of the fame of these achievements, I cannot, in justice to my countrymen, conceal my conviction, that in all the actions which I had an opportunity of witnessing, the merit and the success were chiefly to be ascribed to the English and Scotch officers at that time engaged in the Russian service. At the burning of the Turkish fleet, the fireships were led on by Captain Dugdale, by birth, I believe, a Scotchman; and the fleet itself was virtually commanded by Captain Elphinstone, who was also a Scotchman, and an Admiral in the Russian service.

In the previous engagement, the most remarkable occurrence was a sort of tremendous duel between the Russian and Turkish admirals. They appeared to have singled out each other for this separate engagement, as if the fate of the day were to be decided by their

individual endeavours. Both ships were fought with the greatest fury, and in the course of the engagement they fell aboard of each other; when the Russians, by the too liberal use of their hand-grenades—which is, I believe, regarded by naval men as a very dangerous arm on ship-board—soon set the Turkish admiral on fire, and as the two ships were board and board, both in a very short time were enveloped in one common conflagration. The Turk was a ninety-gun ship, but its name, or that of the Moslem admiral, I do not remember. The Russian ship was smaller, and the admiral was the veteran Spiritoff, who, although at that time on the verge of eighty years of age, succeeded in saving his life among the crowd of drowning wretches, by dropping overboard. The explosion, when the two ships blew up, was perhaps as sublime a spectacle as it is possible to conceive.

It was after this that the remainder of the Turkish fleet bore up to the bay of Tachma, and came to an anchor within the bay. The Russian fleet followed, and hove to opposite

to the Turks, but without coming to anchor. By the dawn of the following day, the Russian fireships made sail for the Turkish fleet, and, on approaching within the range of the enemy's guns, they were of course received with the heaviest fire which it was possible for the ships at anchor to bring to bear upon them. Such, indeed, was its severity, and such the awkwardness and mismanagement of the Russian seamen, that every thing like regularity in their approach was immediately lost sight of; and the greater number of the fireships were exploded too soon to take effect on the enemy. The result was that only two could be brought up to the positions assigned to them. One of these was that on board of which Captain Dugdale had himself taken his station; and these two were so judiciously placed, that in a very short time the whole Turkish fleet, consisting of thirteen or four-

teen ships of the line, was completely annihilated.

After witnessing several brilliant actions under Count Romanzou, on what was more properly our own element, Captain Price and I returned, at the end of the summer, to Minorca.

From thence I proceeded to Geneva, where Mrs. Callander had some months before given birth to a daughter, who still survives. The infant was then too young to travel, so that it became necessary for us to leave her with Mr. and Mrs. Gaüssen, her great-uncle and aunt, on our departure from Geneva in the autumn of 1770. We then proceeded to Scotland, and took up our residence for some time in my father's house, at Craigforth, where, in the year 1771, my eldest son, George Callander, was born. His mother did not long survive the birth of her second child. Having fallen

into bad health, and the child too being sickly, the air of the West of England was prescribed for her. She was carried to Bristol by two of my aunts, and I soon afterwards joined them in time to see her expire, after she had been my wife for only two-and-twenty months. The interment took place at Bristol; soon after which I proceeded to London, and from thence returned to Minorca.

Here I may take the opportunity of mentioning one or two circumstances which occurred to me in the course of my residence in the Mediterranean.

It is known to be a practice with the commanders of frigates in various quarters of the world, with the sanction of the board of Admiralty, to accommodate the mercantile interest, by allowing individuals to deposit their bullion and specie on board his Majesty's ships, for the purpose of securing the safety of its transit from one port to another. This practice is, no doubt, encouraged by the commanders of frigates, who are placed on favourable stations for its adoption, on account of the

commission which they are authorized to receive on the amount of the deposit. It thus becomes their interest, as well as their duty, to afford every possible facility for the safe and expeditious transmission of the precious metals. In the Mediterranean station, this duty has long been an agreeable and profitable source of revenue to the captains of our cruisers, not in war only, but in times of profound peace, from the apprehensions which are entertained by mercantile men, of the depredations of the Barbary corsairs. From the general acquaintance I enjoyed among naval men, I was often induced to accompany them in occasional cruises, and in the periodical circuits which they made of the seas to which their station extended.

Among the number was my friend Captain Onslow, who afterwards distinguished himself so greatly, and who became so well known to the world as Sir Richard Onslow. For the rank and honours he acquired in the navy, he was much more indebted to his own courage

and conduct, than to his near relationship to the celebrated Speaker Onslow.

In returning on one occasion to Minorca from a cruise, the wind blowing fresh, the evening dusky, and the ship under double-reefed courses, with a heavy sea, one of the midshipmen came up to Captain Onslow as he stood on the quarter-deck, saying, "Sir, the ship 's a fire forward." The same alarming intelligence had spread with the rapidity of lightning throughout the ship's crew, who, from the impulse of self-preservation, were hastening to launch the boats in a sea where it was obvious they could not live for a moment. The coolness, collectedness, and decision which Captain Onslow displayed, under circumstances sufficiently appalling, are beyond all praise. He saw in a moment the nature and consequences of the emergency. Before the men, who were already engaged in an act of insubordination, had time either to reflect or combine, he gave immediate orders that those engaged in launching the boats should stand clear upon the booms.

At the same time he caused two of the quarter-deck guns to be turned upon the boats, and blew them in an instant to atoms. These orders were obeyed with all the promptitude which arises from habits of order and discipline, and the exertions of the men being confined to the single purpose of extinguishing the fire, the best and the only chance was afforded of at once preserving the ship and the lives of all on board. After Captain Onslow had adopted this bold and determined proceeding, the danger proved to be much more imminent, than I and many others had at first imagined; for it was found that although several pumps had been placed over the bows, they did not produce a drop of water, in consequence of the rolling and pitching of the ship, arising from the heaviness of the sea; which, without a figure, might really be said to be running mountain high.

When matters were in this unpleasant situation, the seamen became very unsteady; and Captain Onslow himself was, I have reason to believe, in considerable perplexity as to the

course to be pursued for the preservation of the ship. The crisis of our fate was rapidly approaching, when one of the crew, by birth, I believe, a Dane, asked leave to speak to Captain Onslow, and said that he had seen the same thing happen in a ship of the Danish line. On being interrogated as to the mode which his countrymen had adopted of extinguishing the fire, he replied, that they had started a tier of water-casks, and dipping the bedding of the men into the water thus obtained, had so thoroughly saturated and soaked it, as to serve, when applied to the burning part of the ship, to smother, and finally to extinguish the flames. This method Captain Onslow immediately adopted; and in about an hour and a quarter from the time the idea was suggested, we had the happiness to see it prove completely successful.

The fire had originated in the boatswain's store-room; and the ship had been burning for eleven hours before it was reported to the captain. In going down for the eye of a sail, a young officer had imprudently taken the

candle out of his lantern, and, as was supposed, had dropped a spark; at least no other cause was discovered to which the accident could be ascribed. Some idea may be formed of the degree of intensity to which the heat had attained, when I mention, that in going down after the danger had abated, and applying my hand to one of the sheets of copper which served as a covering to the fire magazine, I found it too hot to be borne for a moment. The powder-magazines on ship-board are protected from fire by a lining or covering of plates of copper and ox-hides. I should add, that on Captain Onslow's representation to the Admiralty, the Danish sailor, whose timely suggestion had saved the frigate, and all on board of her, had a comfortable pension settled on him for life.

While I am on the subject of hair-breadth escapes, I may mention another which occurred to me not long after in the Bay of Gibraltar. I was accompanied on the cruise in which it occurred by my friend Sherwin, the captain of the grenadier company of the 67th regiment,

a very brave and gallant officer, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Bunker's-hill. On a beautiful summer's evening, with the sea as smooth as glass, Captain Sherwin and I had taken a boat, and gone to some distance from the ship, to enjoy ourselves in swimming; but we were happily not far from the boat, when we were saluted with a cry from the deck of the frigate of "a shark! a shark!" It is not easy to describe the feelings I experienced at this moment, nor the instinctive and incredible exertions which we made to gain the boat. Sherwin was farther off than I; and the monster was quite close to him, when I assisted him out of the water. Every one accustomed to this kind of exercise, however practised or expert, must have experienced the difficulty of getting into a boat from the sea without assistance. The state of my feelings will be better understood when I say, that in this instance the first attempt was sufficient, and that I had scarcely touched the gunwale when I found myself in safety.

CHAPTER IX.

Navigation of the Mediterranean.—A Corsair.—An English Merchantman.—A prize.—The Author visits Italy.—Scenery of the Val d'Arno.—Florence.—Lord Tilney's entertainments.—Succession of wines.—Nephew of Lord Tilney.—Mrs. Tilney Long Wellesley's father.—Lord Cowper and the Magliabecchi.—Prince Boothby.—Sir Horace Mann.—Captain Cornwallis.—Epicurean anecdotes.—Mr. Temple Luttrel.—Church privileges.—Taking sanctuary.—Singular case.—Town gaieties.—Colonel Stafford.—Odd adventure.—Anecdotes of military men.—Lord Ligonier.—A field-day.—Interesting anecdote.—Conversations with royalty.—Mrs. Dutens and her daughters.—The Author's second marriage.—A drawn bet.

In the Mediterranean there is perhaps more variety of practice in naval tactics than in any other sea, from the great diversity in the manners and habits of the surrounding nations, as well as from the differences in the form and rigging of the vessels by which it is navigated.

I was told, for instance, by an officer of the Lively, commanded by a brother of Lord Galloway, the Honourable Captain Stewart, afterwards an admiral, and the representative in Parliament for his native county, that on leaving the Archipelago, on a very fine night, they remarked a sail which followed them very closely, but made no answer to the hail from the frigate. The vessel proved to be an Algerine corsair, rigged with short masts and latine sails of very large dimensions.

It soon became evident that they had mistaken the Lively for a merchantman. They ran her aboard upon the weather-quarter, and suddenly dropped about fifty men from the great projecting yard of their latine sail on the Lively's quarter-deck. But the discipline and regularity which constantly prevail in a British ship of war, forbid the possibility of a surprise. The men who had been put on board the frigate were instantly exterminated, and a few broadsides made a perfect wreck of the corsair. No answer was returned to their cries of "Algerino, Algerino;" and it was not

known whether any of the survivors ever reached the shore.

Another illustration of the remark I have made, as to the variety of adventure which the navigation of the Mediterranean affords, is suggested by the case of an English merchantman, which, though mounting a few guns, was chiefly fitted up for close quarters. She was attacked by a Turkish vessel, and after a short cannonade, was boarded by about fifty or sixty men, who were thrown into her by the Turk, and left on board, in the belief that they were undoubtedly sufficient to secure the capture and possession of the vessel. In the mean time, the Turk proceeded in pursuit of another sail, which just then hove in sight. The crew of the merchantman had retired to the close quarters and the cabins of the ship; and as the boarding party had nothing with them but their ordinary arms, they found it impossible to force the bulkheads of the merchantman. The English crew being under cover, and perfectly secure, soon cleared the decks by firing from their close quarters upon the Turks; who were

thus compelled to get into the main-chains for shelter. There they remained all night, but the excessive heat of the following day, and the total want of water, at length compelled them to surrender; for when morning dawned, it was ascertained that the Turkish rover was not in sight. They were accordingly received as prisoners; and, after being handcuffed and otherwise secured, they were conducted to Minorca by a crew much less numerous than themselves.

The visits which I occasionally paid to the various coasts of the Mediterranean, assisted very much in relieving the monotony of our every-day life in the garrison. The coast of Spain was of course of easiest access; but we sometimes found our way to the shores and even to the inland towns of Italy. When at Leghorn, for instance, it was found, to our great satisfaction, that the frigate in which we had embarked stood in need of some little repair; and we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity which the interval afforded, to visit the beautiful and interesting scenery of the Val d'Arno,

and to examine the works of art with which the city of Florence was at that time, and is now again, so richly adorned. Although surrounded by the finest scenery in the world, and replenished to satiety with the greatest efforts of imitative genius, there seems to be something in the blue sky or the luxurious climate of Florence, which tends to corruption and degeneracy.

In the course of my stay in this scene of voluptuousness, I dined repeatedly at the table of Lord Tilney; who, though regarded for his eccentricities as a real Florentine, was nevertheless visited by most of the English of the place as well as by strangers. The entertainments which he gave were of the most sumptuous description; and in wine, as in other matters, he proved himself a distinguished epicure. It was the mode at his Lordship's table to produce a constant succession of wines; but that which seemed to be most highly valued, was a species of Tokay, grown upon the same mountain with that which is preserved for the exclusive use of the Emperor and his friends. Even this kind it was considered as a favour to be allowed to

purchase; and Lord Tinley had not obtained it without the exertion of a great deal of influence, arising from his personal intimacy with the Austrian Grand-duke. The father of the late Mrs. Tilney Long Wellesley was his Lordship's nephew, and successor to his princely revenues.

Another of the English residents at Florence was my Lord Cowper, who, from excessive susceptibility, or some other cause, had been captivated by the charms of a lady called The Magliabecchi. The lady had considerably the advantage of her admirer in point of years, but she hesitated, it was said, from tenderness of conscience, to make his Lordship happy by the possession of her hand. Lord Cowper had been at Florence for twenty years, and every season, on the return of spring, he had his baggage packed up, and prepared for his departure; but with equal regularity his resolution was overcome. The charms of The Magliabecchi seemed to acquire new force as they approached maturity; and the return of the season of love only rivetted his Lordship's charms. His baggage was duly unpacked, and his hotel retaken

for another year. Although not a man of the brightest parts, Lord Cowper was a great favourite with the Grand-duke of Tuscany, the Emperor's brother, whose ordinary residence was at Florence. By his Highness's influence, Lord Cowper was created a prince, with the title of Count of the Empire. When this intelligence reached England, it became a question at one of the clubs in St. James's-street, where Lord Cowper should be placed in the order of precedency, when the Duke of Devonshire, who was then rather a grave young man, proposed to solve the difficulty by placing Lord Cowper, as his Grace expressed himself, somewhere between the Prince of Wales and "Prince Boothby,"—at that time the most elegant man at the English Court, and member for Leicestershire.

At the period alluded to, the English Ambassador at the Court of Tuscany was Sir Horace Mann, who from long residence in the country had yielded to the influence of the atmosphere, and accommodated himself to all the luxuries of the place. He was in other respects a decided epicure, and his

dinners were always select and *recherché.* I happened to be present at one of his repasts, when Captain Cornwallis, the brother of the Marquis, made one of the company. Captain Cornwallis was noted for a bluntness beyond the seaman, and for an habitual dislike of every thing approaching to fanfaronade or affectation, at the same time that with a certain dryness of humour, he enjoyed a sort of practical joke at the expense of those whom he suspected of overacting or pretence. His place at the table was at the Ambassador's right hand.

There were just twelve persons present; and the *bouilli,* when served up, from his station at the table, was first presented to Captain Cornwallis. It consisted of twelve slices very delicately cut, and so arranged on the plate as to make it obvious that one was designed for each person present. In place of helping himself to the modicum allotted to him, he snatched the *assiette* out of the hands of the footman, and calling lustily for mustard, poured the whole contents of the pot over it, observing at the same time with studied composure to the

astonished Envoy, that he was glad to see such a wholesome dish at his Excellency's table, and that he would show him how well he could dine upon it. It was of course a point of honour with the humorist to eat up the whole, and the truth to say, it was not a very great undertaking to a person like Captain Cornwallis, with an appetite perfectly unvitiated.

At table, on this occasion, there was another individual who had as keen a relish for a joke as Captain Cornwallis, and who did not like it the less, although it savoured pretty smartly of the malicious in its application. I allude to Mr. Temple Luttrel: he happened to be seated next to an English gentleman, who might be supposed from his appearance to be a person engaged in mercantile pursuits. In the simplicity of his heart, this worthy individual had consulted Mr. Luttrel as to the style in which he should conduct himself at table, and what should be expected from him in the way of compliment to the Ambassador, so that if the poor man was led into the commission of any lapse on the score of propriety or discre-

tion, it was no doubt to be ascribed to the wicked waggery of this determined joker. It is to be observed, that besides being extremely sensitive and fastidious in his notions of decorum, Sir Horace was remarkably feeble and puny in his personal appearance, and when Mr. Luttrel's friend got formally upon his legs, and exclaimed with more than ordinary emphasis, "Sir Hercules Mann, I have the pleasure of drinking your very good health," it may readily be supposed that the poor ambassador was absolutely perspiring with agony. "For God sake," he said, in his lisping accents, "set the gentleman right as to my name." "Well," replied our more obtuse countryman, with the assistance no doubt of his wicked prompter, "there's no harm done, as Horace or Hercules, you know, were both very great men!"

The extent to which the privileges of the church were formerly carried, if it be not so still, by the Italian priesthood, even in those States which are not under the temporal control of the Roman Pontiff, was placed during

my stay at Florence in rather a ridiculous point of view. It is known that the Catholic churches and their precincts were regarded as sanctuaries, not merely for the protection of the persons of debtors, but even of those who had committed the greatest crimes. In a church, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the house in which I happened to be lodged, a person had taken refuge suspected of the commission of murder and other crimes, attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He was by trade a shoemaker, and had sufficient influence in the place to procure employment and food for a period of several months, during which he was accustomed to sit at his work on the steps, or under the portico of the church, and to treat the civil authorities with contempt and defiance.

The case of this daring offender was at length represented to the Grand-duke and his ministers, who succeeded in persuading the ecclesiastical conservators of the church, by a sort of legal fiction, to deprive the criminal of the benefit of sanctuary. It is needless to say,

that in Catholic countries the churches remain constantly open, so that those who avail themselves of its protecting privilege have perpetual freedom of ingress and egress; but even if it were otherwise, as the external precincts confer the same security with the church itself, there would often be little hardship under an Italian sky in spending the night as well as the day in the open air.

The method adopted by the authorities for bringing the shoemaker to justice, was to shut the doors of the church when he was at work in the portico, and by placing a guard, or cordon of sentinels around the precincts, to starve him into a surrender, by intercepting his supplies of food and water. The wretched creature held out with great obstinacy for three or four days, but was at length compelled to submit to a trial for his offences, and ultimately to that horrid sort of execution so common in Italy,—he was broken on the wheel.

The duty of the garrison, although sufficiently irksome when it became necessary to attend to it in all its details, was happily not

of such a continuous and permanent nature as to be inconsistent with occasional leaves of absence of considerable duration.

At length, in the year 1772, the welcome intelligence arrived that the 67th regiment was immediately to be sent home to England. In the ordinary course of events it soon afterwards became my duty, as the officer in command, to take the necessary measures for embarking the regiment. After a voyage, which probably had no events worth remembering, our debarkation took place at Portsmouth, where a circumstance occurred which seems to me to illustrate the character of the common soldier for want of consideration, and love of change.

The regiment was inspected on the beach by Lord Cornwallis, who had always been a particular friend of mine; and such was the patriotism and apparent love of home on the part of the men, that immediately on landing they threw themselves on the shore, as if by one accord, and kissed the pebbles on the beach, as a demonstration of the ardour of sentiments

which had no doubt been long and dearly cherished. It seemed to me that I had never seen men so happy or contented, and such also was the remark which was made by Lord Cornwallis, on witnessing this marked expression of their feelings. In the course of the day we marched to Petersfield, which may perhaps be a distance of some fifteen miles; and, soon after our arrival, I went, as was my duty, to inspect the quarters of the men, when I found them in general at dinner.

After having commanded the regiment for so many years, I was of course well acquainted with every individual in the corps; and in going round their quarters, I naturally congratulated them with all the familiarity arising from long intercourse on their eating a good dinner in England. But the discontented answer I received was quite as unanimous as the expression of joyfulness in the morning. "Yes," said they, "noble colonel, but we can't be very happy; for here we have only weak small beer to drink, whereas we had abundance of good wine at Minorca." In short,

after a day's march, and a few hours of hunger and fatigue, I found them sunk from the highest point of elevation, to the zero of wretchedness and despondency.

From Petersfield we continued our march to the metropolis, where, soon after our arrival, the regiment was reviewed by the King on one of the heaths or commons in the neighbourhood of London—Hounslow, Blackheath or Wimbleton, I don't remember which.

Before the arrival of the day which had been fixed for the review, a demand was made upon me by the Victualling Board, which gave me a good deal of uneasiness. It arose out of the following circumstances. When the orders arrived at Minorca for the embarkation of the regiment, it was found that there were upwards of forty children, the offspring of deceased soldiers of the corps, for whose transport or maintenance there would be no authorized provision. Guided rather by my feelings than by a frigid adherence to the technical rules of military duty, I found it impossible to resist the applications made to me by the mothers

and connexions of many of these children, seconded as they were, in a number of instances, by the friendly importunity of my brother officers.

I first applied to General Johnston, at that time invested with the supreme command; and, on his declining to interfere, I resolved at all hazards to carry the children to England. In justice to General Johnston, I must here observe, that although he could not give me such an official order, as would relieve me from the responsibility to which I might be subjected, by the course I proposed to pursue; yet, as an act of humanity, he fully approved of the proceeding, and expressed his own conviction that it could not fail to be sanctioned by the authorities at home. Thus, without farther consideration, I gave the necessary orders for the embarkation and maintenance of the children, and brought them with the regiment in safety to England.

When the accounts were made up at the Victualling office for the provisions supplied to the regiment, a personal demand was made on

me for payment of the childrens' rations; and as the period during which they had been supplied with provisions extended over several months, the demand amounted to a sum much larger than it was convenient for me at the moment to satisfy. In this emergency I bethought myself of the friendship of Lord Ligonier, who was now one of his Majesty's favourite Aids-de-camp, and who, it may be recollected, had served in that capacity under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, at the battle of Minden.

Of Lord Ligonier, I may say with perfect and exclusive truth, that he was in all respects the most complete gentleman I ever knew. And here I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of setting down one of his Lordship's answers on the celebrated trial of Lord George Sackville. The general tenor of Lord Ligonier's testimony was unfavourable to Lord George; but when asked on the part of the prosecutor, if he did not discover any marks of fear on the countenance of the accused, he answered with equal readiness and spirit, that in all his

military experience, he had never seen any such marks on the face of an English gentleman!

The advice which I received from Lord Ligonier, in reference to the demand of the Victualling Board, was, on the day of the review, to have the children drawn up to the left of the regiment; and, as on arriving at the extremity of the line, they would no doubt fall under his Majesty's notice, the probability was, that the King would inquire into the cause of their appearance. In that case, Lord Ligonier advised me to tell the plain matter-of-fact, in the simplest and most concise terms I could select.

On the arrival of the regiment in England, I was of course superseded in the command by my superior officer, Lieutenant-Colonel St. John, the brother of Lord Bolingbroke. Of him I am bound to say, that although not much acquainted with the details of military duty, he was always very much my friend. As I write for the general reader, I shall be pardoned by my military friends for observing

that it was my duty as Major to attend his Majesty along the line, while it was the province of the Lieutenant-Colonel to take his place in the centre and give the words of command; a duty for which he had not been peculiarly fitted by his habits as a courtier, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, and a member of Parliament. The affair in which I was chiefly interested took place very much as Lord Ligonier had foreseen.

After proceeding along the front, the King's attention was attracted, on his arrival at the left of the line, by the appearance of the little troop of boys and girls drawn up in order for his Majesty's inspection; and he immediately inquired, "What children are these?" To this I replied, with becoming gravity, "They are the children, Sir, of soldiers who died in your Majesty's service. Had they been left in Minorca, they would have been bred up as Catholics, and might have become menial servants to the Spaniards." The King had a manner of throwing back his head, and saying, "Ay, ay," or "What, what," which to me who had not been

accustomed to it, conveyed the idea of disapprobation. At that moment Lord Ligonier, who was on horseback in his Majesty's suite, and immediately behind the Royal person, beckoned to me with great signs of earnestness to proceed with my statement; on which, taking up my last words, I continued, "These helpless children are your Majesty's subjects, and I conceived that in bringing them to England I was doing no more than the duty which I owed to your Majesty and the service. Their rations have been charged against me by the Victualling Board, and although I have reported the matter to the Adjutant-General, he has not thought himself authorised to afford me relief." On this the King again tossed up his head, saying, "Well, well; very well." At that moment the light infantry catching his eye, he began to ask some questions regarding them, and the review proceeded as all reviews do. The incident, however, was not lost on the King; at least I heard no more of the Victualling Office, and I have reason to believe that the poor orphans were not forgotten.

As interviews with Royalty are not with most people of every-day occurrence, there may be some excuse for mentioning a matter of very momentary interest. The charger on which I was mounted was a horse of the highest spirit and the finest figure, in short, he was quite a war-horse, and therefore only fit for the exhibition of a little horsemanship at a review. My place being close to his Majesty's person, my horse, during one of the manœuvres, in the act of rearing, turned briskly round, and covered the King all over with foam. I had fortunately sufficient self-possession to recollect what I had seen at foreign Courts, and to take no notice of the accident. Shall I be pardoned for the vanity of repeating what the King was afterwards pleased to say to Lord Ligonier in conversing on the subject, "That he had never seen a better-looking man, or a better-looking horse."

Soon after my arrival in England, I was promoted in the ordinary course of seniority to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the army, and with my usual frankness of acknowledgment, I

must here confess that, during my stay in London, I entered with alacrity into all the gaieties and pleasures of the town. One evening at the Opera, in company with Colonel Stafford, who was generally known by the name of Count Stafford, a lady, whom neither of us knew, made a considerable impression upon me. Piqued by some observation which fell from Colonel Stafford, I offered him a wager, the amount of which I forget, that I should make her acquaintance in three days. She was accompanied by a lady some years older than herself; and, at the end of the opera, I saw them enter a carriage distinguished by a lozenge. On this I gave a chairman a guinea, with the promise of a second, on his telling me next morning where the two ladies were set down, and to whom the carriage belonged.

Next morning, accordingly, I received the intelligence, that the two ladies were the daughters of Mrs. Dutens, the widow of the jeweller of the Court, who had been of French extraction, and had died some time before, leaving a considerable fortune, with a family of three

children, consisting of a son and two daughters. I shall not fatigue the reader with a detail of the circumstances which arose out of this adventure. Suffice it to say, that I won my wager of Colonel Stafford, and in ten days afterwards was married by special license, at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Henrietta Dutens, the younger of the two ladies who had attracted our attention at the Opera.

In addition to her personal attractions, I found my wife to be possessed of many amiable qualities, and of accomplishments which made me very much her debtor. She had not merely practised music as an art, but had studied it as a science; and to her I am indebted for any little knowledge of astronomy which I afterwards possessed.

In consequence of this connexion, my sister Catherine became the wife of Mr. Peter Dutens, Mrs. Callander's elder brother. Not long after he died, leaving an only son, who was killed at the head of General Stewart's regiment at the battle of Alexandria. Although

but twenty-three years of age at the time of his death, he had risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment; and I mention it as equally creditable to this brave and elegant young man, as to the officer in command of the brigade, that General Stewart, on his death, wrote a very kind and well-penned letter to his mother, conceived in terms of sympathy and condolence, so eloquent and impressive as to have been thought worthy of preservation in all the periodicals of the day. The mother of Colonel Dutens, who by this time had been married to Henry Compton, Esq. of Bisternhouse, in the county Hants, was almost frantic at the loss of her only son, of whom she might well have exclaimed, with all the agonizing emphasis of a bereaved and afflicted parent—

"—— my beautiful, my brave!"

During the lifetime of Mrs. Callander, we resided chiefly in Golden-square, with the exception of a visit to my father, which we made in the autumn of 1772. On the birth of a daughter, who still survives, my wife was seized

with a pulmonary affection, and immediately fell into a rapid decline. By the advice of her medical attendants, I carried her to the hot-wells at Bristol, where she died, after having only been ten months a wife. Her elder sister had accompanied us to Bristol, and after her death she returned with me to London.

Of Miss Dutens it is impossible for me to speak in terms of eulogium at all equal to her merits; such was her amiable disposition, that she tranferred to me and to my family that pure and sisterly affection to which her departed relative had been so well entitled.

Mrs. Callander was interred in the burying-vault of her family, at Great Baddow, in Essex. Had she survived her mother, she would have succeeded to a fortune of eighty thousand pounds; but although, personally, I have never derived any benefit from the succession, it ultimately devolved on the daughter of my second marriage, who is now the wife of Mr. Magginnis, the Member for ——, by whom she has a family of sons. Her first husband was Captain Dashwood, of the Guards.

In the year 1773, the 67th regiment was ordered to Tynemouth and Newcastle, where I resided with them for the greater part of a year. From thence we marched to Edinburgh, where we also made a considerable stay, and from Edinburgh to Fort George, in the north of Scotland.

In the neighbourhood of Fort George I had the advantage of finding society very much to my liking. I was well acquainted, before I went abroad, with Lady Margaret Duff, sister to the Earl of Fife, and by this time her Ladyship was married to another old friend of mine, Mr. Brodie, of Brodie, at whose castle I spent a great part of my time while the regiment was stationed at Fort George. Mr. Brodie was, like myself, a keen sportsman; and from the sociality of his disposition was equally well disposed to extend to those around him the enjoyment he received from the sports of the field. I shall here attempt a hasty sketch of one or two of the days which were devoted to this happy combination, as I am willing, even still, to regard them as a compensation in full for a

legion of those annoyances which we sometimes dignify with the name of suffering and misery.

The river Findhorn is known to sportsmen for the abundance and the quality of its salmon. Brodie and I, being both devoted followers of the gentle Izaac, and both tolerably read in the mysteries of fly-fishing, agreed—as any thing may be made the subject of a bet—that he who should kill the greatest number, should give a public breakfast to the ladies of the neighbourhood at the fine old castle of Darnaway, which overlooks the Findhorn, and was then in a state approaching to decay. I need not speak of the beauty of the scenery, nor of the inspiring presence of our numerous guests. After each of us had killed seven beautiful salmon, Mr. Brodie complained of exhaustion, the company of hunger, and we agreed to hold it as a drawn bet. After breakfast we engaged in dancing, with which we were so much delighted, that Mr. Brodie and I agreed, before the breaking up of the company, to give a joint ball and supper at the town of Mairne to all

the ladies of the county; and as gentlemen in Scotch counties are rather a scarce commodity, I believe the addition which I brought of twenty fine young fellows from the regimental mess at Fort George, was any thing but unwelcome. For myself, I shall always regard it as a white day in my calendar.

CHAPTER X.

Means of dispelling *ennui.*—Hospitable reception.—Advantages of the funding system.—Holidays at Craigforth.—Military anecdotes.—Serjeant-Major Booth, Mr. Sharp, &c.—March to Perth and Stirling.—War with America.—Inspector-General.—Scotch veterans.—A gallant Hibernian.—Quarrel and reconciliation.—Arrival at London.—A member of fashionable societies, clubs, &c.—Mr. Fitzpatrick.—Mr. Fox.—Lord Littleton.—Singular prediction.—High play; its influence on character.—The Pandemonium.—Its members.—Anecdotes of it.—Oliver Goldsmith.—Garrick.—Johnson.—Foote.—The Author departs for Dublin.—Anecdotes of Irish Gentlemen.

At Fort George we were reviewed by the Duke of Argyle. We gave his Grace the best dinner we could, and marched soon afterwards to Fort Augustus and Fort William.

This last fortress, which now became the head-quarters of the regiment, is not remark-

able for its resemblance to Bergen-op-Zoom, or to any of those in Flanders. The fortifications are of turf, and the wretched guns, which had formerly been mounted on the ramparts, were long since more than half buried in the mud. If I cannot celebrate Fort William as a place of strength, I fear that I can say as little for it as a place of gaiety and pleasure. Situated under the shadow of Ben Nevis, it requires the exertion of all that *vivida vis vitæ*, of which the soldier is said to have so large a share, to prevent him from sinking into *ennui* and despondency. To repel the advances of devils of all hues, we resolved at Fort William to get up a ball, and to invite to it all the ladies of the village. The splendour of the entertainment may be judged of from the expense, which, as far as I recollect, amounted to fifty shillings; but, such as it was, we went to it in the spirit of that philosophy which accommodates itself to the circumstances in which we are placed; and, with the resolution to enjoy ourselves, and to "take the good the Gods provide us," we persuaded ourselves for

the moment that nothing at Almack's was half so agreeable.

The inhabitants of Fort William appeared at that time to enjoy a happy immunity from the operation of the game laws. I cannot tell whether they have since been promulgated in that part of the island, nor am I sufficiently an adept in the science of legislation to determine the effect of those severe and highly penal restrictions which have elsewhere been carried into rigorous execution against the unlicensed and unprivileged sportsman; this much, however, I can say with perfect truth, that the quantity of game in the neighbourhood of Fort William, at the period I speak of, was great beyond belief. At all times and in all seasons we had it on our table in every possible variety: moor game, black cock, hare, and roebuck. The abundance which was thus observed to continue, in spite of this promiscuous and constant destruction, arose, I apprehend, from the interest which was felt by every individual of the community in the preservation of the game, which was to serve

him at once for sport and for food. If the farmer and the hind are not to be permitted to enjoy an amusement which our legislators seem desirous of monopolizing for their own caste in society, we surely cannot be surprised if those who have so much in their power should employ it for the destruction of that which they are not permitted to enjoy. How easy is it for the ploughman to put his foot on a nest of partridges! How much is it the interest of the farmer to destroy the young leverets, and exterminate the denizens of the warren!

In this land of mountain and of flood, the population is scattered so thinly as to admit only of a species of intercourse which, if "like angels' visits, few and far between," is amply compensated by the sterling warmth and hospitality of your reception. They had already forgot all those feelings of jealousy and well-earned hatred which they had inherited from their forefathers, and which had been engendered in their blood by a long succession of injury and wrong. Considering the colour of

our uniform, I think myself called on to make some acknowledgment for the oblivion in which they were disposed to bury the horrid massacre of Glencoe. But if we have any charge to bring against the glorious memory of King William, we should remember, on the other hand, the enviable facility which he bequeathed us of getting into debt.

One considerable advantage has no doubt arisen from the funding system, in the possibility which it affords of providing against a great national emergency by making a draft on the credit of posterity. But there are individuals homely enough to imagine that the system has some slight tendency to waste and extravagance, and that we of the present day might have fared quite as well if it had never been imported; or at least, if our great mercantile monarch and his successors had not enjoyed such unlimited facilities in carrying it into operation.

In the autumn of 1775, the regiment was marched to Perth, where we were quartered for the winter. And here the first opportunity

presented itself, which I had enjoyed for several years, of visiting my father's house, at Craigforth. At the approach of Christmas, it was agreed that I should invite the regiment to spend the holidays at Craigforth. For the amusement of my brother officers and the company invited to meet them, I sent also for the regimental band. It was, I remember, a strange sight to see the musicians after they had retired to rest. The apartment prepared for their accommodation was no other than the hay-loft; and in place of a counterpane, they were covered with the drawing-room carpet, from under which a score of heads showed somewhat oddly. What chiefly puzzled me in making this invitation, was the difficulty of making a selection, so as to leave some proper person in charge of the men during the absence of the officers.

In this dilemma I sent for a friend, in whose hands I felt that I should be safe, and consulted him as to what I should do. Mr. Sharp, of Houston, in whom I was thus disposed to confide, although at that time a very young man, had always distinguished himself in the regi

ment as an excellent officer; and he did not disappoint me by the readiness with which he agreed to exercise the functions of commander of the garrison, while his comrades were enjoying the holidays at Craigforth. I charged him, of course, to send to me on the instant if anything should occur to require my presence or attention. He undertook the duty as a mark of friendship as well as of distinction, and at the moment of entering on it he was willing to sacrifice the festivities of the season for the novelty and pride of commanding a regiment. But the novelty soon wore off, and it was not long before he ceased to enjoy his solitary dignity.

One evening, just as we had sat down to dinner, there entered the room, to my utter dismay and astonishment, my worthy *locum tenens* Mr. Sharp, who proceeded to address me in a formal speech, interrupted by the exclamations of every officer in the room. "Give me leave," he said, "to speak, and I will tell you all about it. You know, Colonel, that you have often bestowed the highest encomiums on the serjeant-major, Mr. Booth; and considering that the regiment

had behaved remarkably well, that the country is in a state of profound peace, and that Perth, besides, is an inland town, where there is little danger of disturbance or attack, I thought that I was fully justified, as the undoubted commanding officer for the time, to give myself leave of absence, especially as you have often told me that Mr. Booth had more steadiness than myself."

This appeal was irresistible, and there could of course be no other answer to it than the assurance of our happiness at seeing the blank supplied in a meeting, where the want of any member of the corps inferred a deduction from the harmony and unanimity which had prevailed in the regiment since I had had the happiness of commanding it.

On our return to Perth, I had the satisfaction to find that the anxiety I had experienced for the proper conduct of the men, during the absence of the commissioned officers, had been compensated by the most exemplary behaviour on the part of every individual of the garrison. In the course of the following spring we marched

to Stirling, when I had more frequent opportunities of seeing my brother officers, in succession, at my father's house. After a short stay at Stirling, we marched to Glasgow, where it was universally admitted that we had never met elsewhere with such distinguished civility and attention. The business of the American War was at that time in agitation. In consequence of the extensive levies which became necessary to prepare for approaching hostilities, an order was issued for the inspection of the invalid soldiers throughout the kingdom. The object of this inspection was to ascertain how many of the pensioners were still fit for service, either in the actual scene of war, or to do garrison-duty at home, under the name of veteran battalions. For this purpose the kingdom was divided into districts, and I was appointed Inspector-general of the whole of the west of Scotland, including its islands and appurtenances.

In the course of my performance of the duties to which this appointment subjected me, I had repeated reason to lament the hardship

and inconvenience to which many of the poor invalids were subjected, by want of method and information on the part of those who had regulated the manner in which this inspection was to be conducted. I had one man brought to me from Lewis, and another from Skye, who were each of them upwards of ninety years of age. "Indeed, my bud," said one of them, putting his hand on my shoulder with all the privileged familiarity of a veteran who had survived so many campaigns, "it was very idle of you to bring a man of ninety from the Isle of Skye." My answer to such remonstrances was probably in keeping with that of other official personages, who are generally sufficiently ready to throw the responsibility of their proceedings, and the odium they may excite, on the broad shoulders of the Government. In a case like this, it will be admitted that I had some reason to be solicitous for immunity from the charge of wantonness and oppression, since it cannot be concealed, that a very little attention, in the proper quarter,

would have relieved all those at least who were absolutely superannuated from the intolerable burthen of nonogenarian journeys.

In a place like Glasgow, of great extent and population, I found, of course, a number of detachments from other regiments, which, with their officers, became subordinate to my command, as the senior officer of the district. In the promiscuous associations which are caused by this state of things, there is sometimes reason to regret the introduction of habits of idleness, and their usual concomitants, such as gaming, drinking, and all sorts of dissipation. Under such circumstances, I felt myself called upon to keep a watchful eye over some of these strangers, so as to neutralize, as far as possible, the contamination which my own officers might suffer by too free or unrestrained an intercourse; and I had the satisfaction to find that, with very little active interference on my part, the mere show of attention which I paid to the subject was accompanied with the very best effects.

Among other unpleasant consequences which

sometimes arose in this mixed state of society, was a little occasional fracas among individuals who had not been long enough acquainted with each other to understand those niceties and peculiarities of manner which so often give rise to serious consequences. I remember, for instance, a quarrel about some trifling matter, between two of these strange officers—the one I think, a Mr. Quin, the other a Mr. M'Gregor. In consequence of the altercation which had arisen between them, some common acquaintance had communicated the matter to me, and on my arrival at their place of meeting, I found them prepared to proceed immediately to the *ultima ratio.* On my entrance, I found Mr. Quin observing with great gravity to his antagonist, that he should be sorry to carry matters to extremity, as he had had the misfortune to kill two men already under similar circumstances. This was regarded by the M'Gregor as an imputation on his courage, which, I believe, was far from being intended by the hasty but gallant Hibernian. "That may be very true," said M'Gregor, "for aught

I know; but, egad!" he continued, suiting the action at the same time to the word by drawing his sword, "you never killed me!" In consequence, I may truly say, of the honesty, right feeling, and courage of the parties concerned, I got this quarrel appeased with very little difficulty; and I may lay it down as the result of some experience in such matters, that men of honour and principle are always prepared to make large allowance for their own misconception of circumstances, and to apply a fair and liberal construction to the motives by which those are guided with whom they have to deal. Between such men the most serious difference may be adjusted with comparative facility, while he who is conscious of a deficiency in courage or integrity, is proportionally obstinate and impracticable, and consequently so much the more prone to bring a trifling dispute to a fatal conclusion.

In the course of the year 1776, I received an order to march the regiment to Portpatrick, and embark them for Donoghadee; from whence they were immediately to proceed to

Dublin, to take up their quarters in the barracks of the Irish metropolis. After seeing the regiment on ship-board at Portpatrick, I left them to proceed on their route, under the command of a junior officer. My own steps I directed to London, where I remained during the ensuing winter.

My residence in London at this period was not distinguished by any remarkable abstinence from the pleasures and gaieties of the town. A member of the *Savoir vivre*, and of most of the other clubs which had any pretension to brilliancy or fashion, I had the opportunity of becoming personally known to many of the most distinguished characters of that narrow and exclusive circle which affects to lead the manners of the age. When I mention the names of Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Fox, and Lord Lyttleton, I cannot fail to call up recollections in which men of the present day, much younger than myself, will still be ready to acknowledge a deep and engrossing interest.

Of Lord Lyttleton I may truly say, that he was a man of transcendent ability. Had he

not been addicted to play, his talents must have raised him to the highest offices in the State. He had not been educated for any particular profession; and, I believe, had never seriously applied himself to study of any kind; but such was the native force of his genius, that in the week in which he first took his seat in the House of Lords, he made two speeches, both necessarily unpremeditated, from their being in reply, which were separately considered by the best judges of the period as masterpieces of senatorial eloquence. In conversation he was exceedingly sarcastic; but with the possession of that hazardous and peculiar vein of pleasantry, he enjoyed the rare advantage of being able so to conduct himself as to avoid giving cause of offence. He never drank, but allowed himself the indulgence of all his other appetites. His greatest bane was the gaming-table; but with the single exception of drinking, he certainly did not stint himself in any species of debauchery.

Of his death, which happened at an early

age, there have been various accounts. It is generally agreed, that long before it took place, he had affected to foretell the precise period at which he was to terminate his career. Like the prophecies of Mr. Irving and other soothsayers, the prediction of Lord Lyttleton was laughed at and disregarded; but with a resolution, perhaps, to verify what he had so long endeavoured to impress on the minds of others, it is certain that he invited a large party to meet him at his house at Hagley, on the day he had foretold as the period of his dissolution. He entertained his company with a strange and incoherent mixture of drollery and seriousness, until the time arrived for their retiring to rest.

Following the example of his company, he went as usual to bed, where he was found next morning—dead. There were no external marks of violence on his body; but it was generally supposed that the event he had predicted was in some way or other accomplished by his own agency. The account. I have now given was communicated to me by Admiral

Wolseley, who was one of the party invited by Lord Lyttleton to signalize the day of his death.

For myself, I must be permitted to say in self-defence, that it was only during a short period of my life that I spent much time at the gaming-table, or engaged in the other follies of the day. Constitutionally, I cannot be said to have ever been addicted to play. With strong passions in other respects, I never suffered myself at the gaming-table to lose that coolness and circumspection which are so indispensably necessary to him who would not be overwhelmed in the fascinating vortex. I have thus been always what is called a fortunate player. I made it a rule never to lose more than a certain limited amount at any single sitting; and this rule I was enabled to follow by that mastery over my feelings to which I have just alluded. With this limit to my losses, and without any limit to my gains, the results were such as ought to have enabled me to have applied my good fortune to a better purpose than I can at all pretend to have done.

I have often been accustomed to observe that the love of play is a vice which originates in avarice, and invariably leads to extravagance and profusion; while its influence on the general character is to produce a sort of universal apathy, without substituting in the place of the feelings which it has paralysed a single good, or sound, or solid principle of action. I fear that I dare not claim for myself any right of exemption from the influence of a law to which it would be difficult to assign a limit. If I have escaped the contagion of this great moral pestilence, with some remains of those better feelings which give a dignity and grace to human nature, and which, I flatter myself, my greatest enemy would never have denied me, the escape is to be ascribed, not to any want of uniformity in the operation of the law itself, but to the influence of circumstances, by which my conduct was controlled, before I was irrecoverably lost in this whirlpool of folly.

Here I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of recording one little circumstance, which, with

the candid and the good, may possibly be regarded as a sort of redeeming trait in the aspect of this portion of my life and character. I was enabled by my success at play to be of considerable service to my father, whose pecuniary circumstances were far from being prosperous. At one time, I gave him 1,700*l.*; at another, 1,000*l.*; and finally, I became bound for a sum of 2,500*l.* which he had borrowed from his brother-in-law, the late Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglas. It will be seen in the sequel, that I was afterwards arrested for the payment of this debt, by Sir Alexander Campbell, the son of my uncle, Sir James Campbell, in consequence of a difference arising out of one of those great causes of excitement, a contested election.

But to arise from my confessional and to make some atonement for that sort of purgatory into which I have been leading the courteous reader, allow me to conduct him for a single evening to the inmost recesses of Pandemonium itself. The club of that name was

the resort of the greatest wits of the day; and as the seeds of vanity took root in my composition with as much kindliness as other sorts of folly, I could not resist the ambition of endeavouring to become a member of a society which had acquired a just degree of celebrity, from the rank and eminence of many of its associates, in the world of letters.

It is true, that an institution like the Pandemonium may be regarded as a sort of literary partnership, in which every individual member is expected to furnish his proportion of the general stock of ideas; and it may also be true in this, as in mere mercantile concerns, that he who brings the greatest share of stock, is likely to reap the greatest share of profit. Be that, however, as it may, I am bound to confess that up to this period, my reading was confined to the regimental orderly-book, with the addition perhaps of the newspapers and the other periodicals of the day.

It was not, therefore, to be supposed, that when I offered myself as a candidate for a seat at the table where men of the highest fashion,

with the additions of fortune, and of title, and of every quality but that of wit had applied in vain for admission,—I had the presumption to believe, that I had a better title to success than many of those rejected applicants with whom I was in the habit of associating at the clubs of St. James's-street. I was probably piqued into the attempt by the notable failures which had been made by several of my friends; and when once I have seriously proposed to myself any object of attainment, however difficult or ambitious, I have never wanted the perseverance necessary to its acquisition so long as a hope of success remained. I chanced to form an acquaintance with the celebrated Samuel Foote, who, besides being a player and a wit, was, what is not so generally known, a man of great and varied erudition. He was of course a member of the Pandemonium, and to him I applied for his interest and protection. His answer to the proposal was somewhat startling, "What the Devil," he said, "can I say for you?" But the recommendation which I proposed for myself was much better received

than I had any reason to expect. I said that I was as good a listener as any in England, and that although I had not much to say for myself, I was persuaded that I could at least enjoy what was said by others. On this Mr. Foote observed, that these were qualities which he would gladly recommend to the attention of many of the members of the society. In effect, I secured his influence; he proposed me as a member next club-day, and soon afterwards announced that I had passed the ordeal of the ballot-box.

At that time, the place of meeting of the Pandemonium was in a house in Clarges-street, May-Fair. It was a dinner-club, and the first day that I attended it, I went alone. In the arm-chair next the fire, I found a fat gentleman seated, whom I had never seen before. Standing by his side, in close conversation with him, was a dapper little man with whom it seemed to me as if I had already been acquainted, although I could not remember when or where I had met with him. In other parts of the room there were several little groups of indi-

viduals, all evidently waiting with impatience for the announcement of dinner.

Among these, I at length discovered a person to whom I could address myself as having formerly been named to; but him I found so deeply immersed in some cogitation of his own, that it was not without a good deal of difficulty I could so far arrest his attention as to induce him to present me to the stout gentleman in the chair, and one or two others, whose acquaintance I was desirous of making. The person I addressed was Oliver Goldsmith, perhaps, without exception, the most absent man in Europe. He who first attracted my attention, I found to be the great moralist of the age, the Author of the Rambler. In return for my best bow, he gruffly nodded to me, and continued some observations of a ludicrous nature which he was making, in a tone of mock solemnity, to the little man by his side, who proved to be no other than David Garrick. The Roscius received me with an air of cordiality and politeness, which was quite delightful to me. At length, Mr. Foote, and a

number of other members having arrived, we adjourned to dinner.

The conversation to my great relief became general, before even the cloth was removed. It seemed to be a favourite object with several of the members to bring out the peculiar vein of Dr. Goldsmith. About this period he had produced the "Good Natured Man," and other successful comedies. Mr. Foote observed to him, that he wondered to see Goldsmith writing such stuff as these, after immortalizing his name by pieces so inimitable as the Traveller, and the Deserted Village. "Why, Master Foote," said Goldsmith, with his rich Irish brogue in reply, "my fine verses you talk of would never produce me a beef-steak, and a can of porter; but since I have written nonsense, as you call it, for your bare boards, I can afford to live like a gentleman."

Dr. Johnson, who had taken his seat at the head of the table, then began, in a monotonous tone of affected gravity and grandiloquence, to pronounce a eulogium on folly, and to prove that it was more pleasing, and, therefore, more

useful, than good sense. In the course of the evening, every conceivable variety of topic was introduced; but in general, the subjects under discussion had some reference, more or less remote, to the current literature of the day. They thus acquired an interest which to me was peculiarly striking, from the connection which subsisted between the topics of conversation and the speakers themselves, without much regard, probably, to the undoubted talent with which the discussion was handled: for I may declare with unaffected sincerity, that the whole scene was perfectly new to me, the actors in it not less than the topics on which they declaimed. At the same time, I had *nous* enough to perceive the prudence and propriety of exercising the peculiar talent which had recommended me as a candidate for admission into the club. It called for no extraordinary sagacity to discover that I had got into a most pugnacious society, who like others of their class, had acquired an undoubted right to be regarded as of the *genus irritabile.*

I naturally regarded the introduction which

I had thus obtained to the society of the greatest wits of the age, and to the enjoyment of what the excluded, still more perhaps than the exclusives, were accustomed to consider as "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," as no ordinary mark of distinction. It was not without a full proportion of self-complacency that I hinted next day, in St. James's-street, at the evening I had spent at the Pandemonium, after having been duly installed as a member of the club. At first, the communication was received as a daring attempt on the credulity of my more fashionable acquaintance, particularly of those who had formerly suffered the mortification of being black-balled by men who assumed a sort of aristocracy in the republic of letters, but who, beyond the sphere of wit and intellect, had no pretensions to excellence, nor in general any possession but "their good spirits to feed and clothe them."

In consequence of my admission to the Pandemonium, I had reason to congratulate myself on other advantages besides the opportunity which it afforded me of passing an occasional

afternoon in a new species of enjoyment; it brought me, in the first place, much better acquainted with the powers and resources of my own mind; and it made disclosures of deficiency as well as possession, which were ever afterwards of the greatest use to me. The new species of excitement which thus arose, brought with it also the additional advantage of inspiring me with a thorough disgust for the love of play, which thenceforward I began to treat as an unworthy and ignoble passion.

Nor was it only in my own estimation that I now began to rise. A fellowship in the Pandemonium was a sort of patent of nobility, which afforded a ready access into those enlightened circles which may with justice be regarded as the best society of London. Having once acquired a decided taste or ambition for the enjoyment of the best society which is open to us in any situation of life, I believe it may be laid down as a rule of pretty general application, that we do not readily abandon that society for any thing inferior in value.

Towards the end of the season it became

necessary for me to think once more of my professional duties, and I prepared to proceed to Dublin, to resume the command of my regiment.

In the packet-boat, at Holyhead, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman of whom I cannot speak as less than a very original and eccentric character. At this period he was an ensign in a regiment quartered at Cork, but, by the name of Captain O'Beirne, he will be recognised as a person afterwards well known in the most distinguished circles of society. It was late in the evening when we approached the Pigeon-house, and from the unskilfulness of the Irish boatmen, who were not then, at least, the most celebrated navigators in the world, we were all in the greatest danger of being drowned. In the midst of our jeopardy, the attention of the boatmen was grievously distracted by the exclamations of my new acquaintance, for a little black portmanteau which he said he had brought with him on board. Every other individual was exclusively occupied with the idea of self-pre-

servation, as the boat was evidently sinking fast. At length, by continual groping in the water at the bottom of the boat, O'Beirne recovered his portmanteau, soaking wet; and from his extraordinary eagerness in the pursuit of it, I could not resist inquiring what the deuce it could contain, to make him so very uneasy about it? "All the corn in Aigypt," was his characteristic reply. "Sixty guineas, by Jasus!" The sum, indeed, might well be thought considerable in the eyes of a gentleman who had seen hard service as an ensign in the Austrian troops in Hungary; where, although a man of good family, he had first applied for service, in common with many of those of his gallant countrymen, who are excluded by their religion from the hope of rising to a distinguished station under their own Government.

Fifty years ago, the Irish packet-boats were not quite so well provided with creature comforts as the moving palaces of the present day; so that on landing at the Pigeon-house, my first idea was to direct my steps to some snug

corner, where I could appease the cravings of an excellent appetite. The driver of the "jingle" which carried me to town, set me down at an excellent eating-house, which he assured me was frequented by gentlemen of respectability. I was shown into a public room, where, as every box was occupied, I walked up to the fire-place.

There I found two gentlemen seated at a little round table, close by the fire; and seeing my embarrassment for want of a seat, and that I appeared from my travelling habiliments to be a stranger, they were civil enough to make me sit down with them at their table. I found them very agreeable companions, and, as is generally the case in the best Irish inns, the wine they were drinking was excellent. Having made a hearty supper, I did not hesitate to join them at their potations; indeed, we sat rather late, but happily without engaging in any serious adventure.

When we had parted for the night, the master of the house conducted me to an apartment in the neighbourhood of the tavern, and

from him I learned that the gentlemen with whom I had supped were two persons of the greatest note at that time in Dublin; the one was known by the name of Hero Jackson, the other by that of Buck English.

Next day, before going to the barracks, which are situated in the neighbourhood of the Phœnix Park, about three miles from Dublin, I went to pay my respects to one or two acquaintances, and among others to the Duke of Leinster, who engaged me to remain with him to dinner. At the Duke's table I had the pleasure of meeting a number of my old associates in arms, and among others the general officer who had asked so many questions of me in the midst of the cannonade at the battle of Fellinghausen.

I told the Duke of our perils at the Pigeon-house, of the place where I had supped, and of the individuals who had favoured me with their company; on which his Grace observed, that he would give me one piece of advice on my landing among them. (The Duke's familiarity was fully justified by the closeness of our

former intimacy, which arose from his residence for some time as my guest in my house at Geneva.) "In Ireland, you will find," he said, "two classes of men, who resemble each other in nothing but in name. The *Gentlemen* of Ireland, with whom, of course, you will always associate, you will find to be men of the highest honour, intelligence, and spirit; but there is another class of bucks and heroes, whom we are accustomed to distinguish by the name of Irish *Jontlemen*, and these it will be prudent for you, as far as possible, to avoid."

Of this latter class I had some years afterwards a striking specimen at Drogheda, which left me perfectly satisfied of the breadth of the distinction which the Duke of Leinster had taken. In no country that I have ever visited have I found the men of the world so deeply imbued with the proper attributes of gentlemen as those of Ireland: I may add with equal truth, that it would be difficult in any country to find a parallel to the sort of character of which I now propose to give a specimen.

The incident which occurred to me at Drog-

heda took place, as I have said, after I had been in some degree naturalized in the country, and had become tolerably acquainted with the manners of all classes of its inhabitants. I had dined with Mr. Chester, a very elegant young man, and at that time invested with the office of Mayor of Drogheda. I had left his house to go to the theatre, in my ordinary dress, which was the uniform of the 13th Light Dragoons. I had been for some time seated in the pit, when a person, whom I had never seen before, sat down beside me, and who, by talking loudly to those around him, discovered some indications of his having drank a little.

After some time he addressed himself to me, and asked, in a taunting manner, why I had come there in that coat. To this I answered, that it was my ordinary dress, and such as I chose to wear. He then continued in a more bullying tone to ask me what I meant to do with that long sword I had with me. It was fortunate, perhaps, both for him and me, that I at least had not indulged very deeply in the pleasures of the table. At last he insisted on

my going to the door to speak with him, to which I readily consented; but as his conduct had attracted the attention of a great part of the audience, and among others that of my friend Mr. Chester, who had just entered one of the boxes, he left the theatre at the same moment with ourselves, and immediately joined us on our getting to the outside. I thought it best to begin the parley, by addressing myself to Mr. Chester, and begging of him to ask the gentleman why he had called me to the door, as I was not conscious that I had ever seen him, until he had seated himself by me in the pit of the theatre. In answer to this question, Mr. Chester received a volley of abuse, accompanied by a slap on the face—a compliment which Mr. Chester immediately returned—but he was not permitted to take vengeance in his own hands.

The mob having gathered round, and a very severe mob it was, consisting chiefly of the butcher-boys from the shambles, which were situated immediately behind the theatre, I thought it best once more to have the first

word with them, as, with mobs particularly, first impressions are most important. My speech was a very short one, but as Mr. Chester was a great favourite in the town, the eloquence of Demosthenes could not have produced more instantaneous results. "Here," I said, "is a man knocking your Mayor on the head!" The gentleman was assailed on the instant with all sorts of garbage, and would probably have suffered much more severely, had not Mr. Chester and I interfered for his protection, and partly by persuasion, partly by force, succeeded in rescuing him out of their hands. The man proved to be a stranger, and not being *kilt* outright, he prudently left the town betimes in the morning.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit to Ireland.—Leave of absence.—Departure for England, and the Low Countries.—Captain O'Beirne.—Quarrel with a Frenchman.—Anecdotes.—Prince D'Ahremberg.—Melancholy Circumstance.—Leave Brussels.—Visit the Spa.—Sir John Irwin.—A Deserter.—Popular fracas.—Earl Carhampton.—Colonel Luttrel.—Mr. Wilkes.—A singular challenge.—Lady Elizabeth Macdonell.—The Author's Third Marriage.—Family Alliances.—The Sheridans.—Gaieties of the Irish Metropolis.—Fatal Rencounter.—The Author retires to the Continent.—Tedious Passage.—Want of Provisions.

I MUST now return to the period of my arrival in Ireland. I was never particularly fond of mere garrison duty, and it was not long after I had taken up my residence in the barracks, that I applied for and obtained another six months' leave of absence. In that time I went over to England, and from thence

to the Low Countries, making some stay at Brussels and at Spa. In the course of the journey I again encountered my old acquaintance of the packet-boat, with his portmanteau much better lined than it had been on the former occasion. His regiment had been sent abroad, but he had been left at home on the recruiting service; and by a continued run of good luck at play, had succeeded in amassing a little fortune of 15,000*l.* Unlike all other gamblers, he resolved to stop there.

He said that he had known the want of money severely, and having arrived at the point which would enable him to satisfy his future wants, he very wisely determined to leave off play altogether, and to rest contented with his gains. I found him to be a man possessed of many amiable qualities, and deeply imbued with a strong affection for his relatives, of whom he had had several who had fallen on the field of battle. Having met with him at Calais, we agreed to travel together to Brussels, at that time situated in the Austrian territory, and there I found that a brother of

Captain O'Beirne was commander of an Imperial regiment of cavalry. From him we had a very warm and cordial reception, and, as the object of my tour was not of a very pressing nature, I allowed myself to be persuaded to make some little stay with the two brothers.

With all his good qualities, Captain O'Beirne was a true Irishman, hasty and even violent in temper, but far from being implacable. One day, at the *table-d'hôte*, he had a quarrel with a French officer about some offensive expression which had fallen from the one or the other, I cannot tell which; for if the Irishman was hasty, the Frenchman for promptitude and quickness in quarrel was not a whit behind him. Like flint and steel, a slight collision produced a hasty spark, but straight it disappeared again. There was something however extremely ludicrous in their manner of quarrelling, as well as in their mode of reconciliation. It was obvious that they had never seen each other before, and did not even know each other's names. Rising from the table, they went immediately to the field, attended

by one or two individuals who were sitting near them, of whom I happened to be one.

On reaching the ground, they instantly drew their swords, in spite of all remonstrances; but when just about to engage, O'Beirne, as if some idea of impropriety had suddenly arisen in his mind, made a step backward, and addressing himself to the other, inquired with the greatest gravity if he was a gentleman, "For it is only," he said, "against such that I draw my sword." To this the other replied with great animation, "*Comment, dit-il, je suis le Chevalier de chateau, giron comme de toute la terre!*" In answer to a similar inquiry, O'Beirne, with unbending seriousness, replied, "Sir, I am descended from the ancient Kings of Ireland!" The adjustment of these important preliminaries afforded a moment's time for reflection, and by a little address on the part of the bystanders, the anger of the combatants was speedily appeased. Indeed, I have uniformly observed, that men of true courage are easily pacified; and on this occasion the Knight of Malta and the descendant of the royal race of

Connaught, having satisfied themselves that they were worthy of each others swords, forgot, I verily believe, their original cause of quarrel, and returned together, in the most amicable manner, to their place at the *table-d'hôte*.

In the course of our journey to Brussels, I had often occasion to observe a box in the possession of Captain O'Beirne, which appeared to be the object of his peculiar care, but he seemed unwilling to divulge its contents. On the morning of our arrival, he asked me to walk out with him, and I observed that his servant attended us with this box of mysteries under his arm. He led the way to the barracks, where he inquired for his brother, and desired to see him alone. The meeting partook in a peculiar degree of that eccentric character at which I have already hinted. The brothers embraced each other with the greatest cordiality, and Captain O'Beirne declared that it was the happiest day of his life; but, from the peculiarity of his temperament, he would not in his haste permit his brother to open his mouth, although they had not met for many years before.

"I have taken the liberty," he said, "to bring you a trifling present from England of a couple of razors;" at the same time opening the box and producing a very handsome dressing-case, most expensively mounted. He then drew forth a gold watch with chain and seals to match, of the value of which I could not form any judgment; but Captain O'Beirne admitting of no interval in the conversation, observed that the most substantial workmanship in the world was what came from England.

Throughout this extraordinary scene the Austrian brother seemed in a state of bewilderment, from the unexpectedness of the visit, and from the habit of considerateness and deliberation, which he had probably acquired from his long intercourse with the Germans. He then drew from the box a pair of the most elegant pistols that could be made in London, and placing them in his brother's hands, with some appropriate remark on his loyalty and valour, rushed out of the room, saying that he would return on the following morning. From a certain dulness of perception, rather than from

any want of a warm or affectionate disposition on the part of the Austrian brother, he had never during the whole of this extraordinary scene enjoyed an opportunity of opening his mouth; but I had afterwards repeated opportunities of observing that he was far from being defective in the best and kindliest feelings of fraternal regard.

The entertainments which were given to us by Colonel O'Beirne were in the true Vienna fashion. The table was covered with all sorts of delicacies, the wines were of the choicest and most costly description, including oceans of real Tokay, and we never sat less than ten hours at table, where abstinence or desertion was equally a capital offence.

At one of these entertainments I met with the celebrated Prince D'Ahremberg, of Brussels, and, indeed, he was only one of three of that rank who were present on the occasion. A melancholy circumstance, attended with a singular degree of self-possession, as well as self-devotion, had happened to this Prince D'Ahremberg. Engaged in shooting in the

neighbourhood of Brussels with his elder brother, the reigning Prince, and Sir William Gordon, the English Ambassador, he had the misfortune, in discharging his piece across a hedge, to lodge its contents in his brother's face, and to deprive him in a moment of the use of both his eyes. Sir William Gordon having witnessed the accident, appreciated, as if intuitively, the whole of the distressing consequences. He rushed forward to the wounded man, and pressing him in his arms, implored his pardon, exclaiming at "the sad mistake he had unhappily committed." The Prince who had done the deed stood aghast for a moment. When he did reach the ground to the assistance of his brother, his mouth was stopped by the friendly hand of Sir William Gordon; and in effect, although the truth afterwards transpired, to the great credit of the feelings and the self-possession of the English Ambassador, it happily never reached the ears of the darkened Prince.

When the period had arrived for my departure from Brussels, Captain O'Beirne was so

good as to accompany me to Spa, and on the way he continued to speak without intermission of his brother's good qualities, accompanied with other proofs of the warmest attachment. Indeed, I had heard the best confirmation of these sentiments from several of the Colonel's brother officers in the German service, who spoke to me of the elder O'Beirne in the highest terms of praise as an excellent and worthy man.

After we had remained about a month at Spa, I was reminded of the necessity for my return to Dublin, to attend to the duties of my regiment. The forces in Ireland were at that time under the command of Sir John Irwin, a very civil, quiet man, and a Knight of the Bath, who had passed his life at Court, but had never seen a camp or a field of battle. Throughout the whole of my intercourse with him, I can only speak of him as obliging and polite in the extreme.

At this period there was a good deal of desertion in the service, particularly among the troops stationed in Ireland. It proceeded, pro-

bably, from the habits of idleness and conviviality of disposition in the lower classes of the native population, assisted by the ready access which they had to the means of intoxication in the cheapness of their national beverage. Whatever the cause may have been, the consequences which arose, out of a particular instance of desertion, were to me the source of a great degree of uneasiness and anxiety. A grenadier of my regiment had disappeared, and the reward for seizing deserters being very considerable, he was met and recognized by another man of the regiment, very powerful and athletic in person, and equally resolute and determined in character. The place where they met was in a very blackguard part of the suburbs, called the Poddle-Guard, at least a mile and a half distant from the barracks. The man immediately collared the deserter, and required him to come along to the guard-house; but be being also a powerful man, made a stout resistance. In this he was encouraged and assisted by the mob, which in that part of Dublin is of a class of the most

dangerous and desperate description. In a case like this, they would no doubt be excited by a sort of spurious generosity, in attempting to rescue the deserter from the punishment which awaited him.

Such, indeed, was the state of feeling among the populace, that it was thought to be impossible in many quarters of the city to take a deserter into custody, even with a considerable military force; but the man who had undertaken the task on this occasion was not to be so easily intimidated. He drew his sword, a weapon of a peculiar form, then worn by the grenadiers, about two feet long, sharp on the one side, and notched on the other like a saw, but pointed, and so formed that it could be used either to cut or thrust. Finding himself about to be overpowered, by the crowd pressing upon him, and by the struggles of the deserter to make his escape—for with him, under the circumstances, it was probably a question of life or death; the soldier, after brandishing his sword about his head, and making every effort at intimidation, at length made good the

threat which he had repeatedly vociferated, that he would rather kill the man than suffer him to escape. This he did by plunging his sword into the body of the wretched deserter, who fell upon it, dead, but forward, so as to create some difficulty in extracting the weapon. The mob, however, not being at all prepared for this fatal issue, stood for a moment at bay; and when they again began to press upon the soldier, he disabled several of the ringleaders by cuts in the less vital parts, and in this desperate fashion actually fought his way to the barrack-gate, where he was received in safety by the sentinels.

It will readily be supposed that the matter did not end here. In fact, it made a great noise in the town; and it was not long before a message was brought to me from the Lord Mayor, requesting my immediate attendance at the Mansion-house. Fortunately for the peace of the city, the chief magistrate, Mr. Bevan, was a man of the greatest prudence; he was also most courteous and gentlemanlike in his deportment, and he happened to be at once my banker and my particu-

lar friend. I may acknowledge that I shared in some degree the feeling of the soldier, and that I was not altogether free from that *esprit du corps*, which made large allowance not merely for the impulse of self-preservation, but for some little excess of zeal in the discharge of what was regarded as a military duty.

At the same time, I flatter myself that I was far from being disposed to make use of any undue influence for the purpose of screening an offender from the punishment which might be due to him for a violation of the laws of his country. The case, however, was one of great difficulty. The popular ferment was such, that if the soldier who had committed the homicide had once more fallen into the hands of the mob, he would certainly have been torn to pieces; and it was far from being probable that he would even have been in safety after a regular acquittal by a jury of his countrymen. On the other hand, it was still more problematical whether the troops in the garrison, amounting to from four to five thousand men, would, under the excited state of their feelings,

permit their comrade to be brought to punishment or even to trial for the offence.

In these circumstances I desired the Mayor to let me have a written order to place the man under arrest within the barracks. I had some apprehensions regarding the safety as well as the possibility of sending him out to the common gaol. The attempt might either have excited a mutiny for its prevention, or with equal probability the man might have fallen a victim to the temporary frenzy of the populace. Either branch of the alternative was an evil which, as commander of the garrison, I could not fail to deprecate very deeply.

Next day, as soon as it was light, I waited on the Adjutant-general of the forces, the Honourable Henry Laws Luttrel, afterwards Earl Carhampton, whose name is so intimately associated with that of the famous demagogue Mr. Wilkes, from their contested election at Brentford. Colonel Luttrel, while he shared in his father's eccentricities, had at the same time a warmth of heart and an ardour of temperament quite peculiar to himself. The father and son had long

been at daggers-drawing, and it is known that the Earl so far forgot himself, in a fit of exasperation, as to send a challenge to his son to fight a duel.

"If you can again forget that I am your father," such were the words of this extraordinary message, "I expect you to meet me, &c. &c.". The answer of Colonel Luttrel was not less extraordinary. "My Lord," he said, "I wish I could at any time forget that you are my father."

When I explained to him the object of this early visit, he entered with the greatest interest and zeal into the subject of it, and seemed willing to go much farther than I was disposed to do, in support of the feeling which had been excited among the troops. Like a Highland feudatory, he was resolved to support the cause of his dependant, whether right or wrong; and it was of course inconsistent with his general temper and character to do any thing by halves. He had been married to the daughter of Mr. Boyd, the Wine-merchant, a man of great wealth, and of still greater influence in

the city of Dublin, and he said that he would go immediately to his father-in-law, and through him, and Mr. Bevan, the Lord Mayor, get the trial so arranged as to secure what Colonel Luttrel was disposed, perhaps, to stretch a point in describing as justice. Luttrel was, in fact, indefatigable; the trial proceeded, Mr. Boyd became foreman of the jury, and, on the footing that the man had acted in self-defence, while finally inflicting the fatal wound on the deserter, a verdict was brought in of justifiable homicide.

After all, however, it was not thought safe to allow the man to remain in the barracks, so that on the very night of his acquittal I caused him to be sent out of the country.

The interest which Luttrel took in this transaction is the more to be wondered at, when it is remembered that at this very time he was in violent litigation with his father regarding the possession of the family seat of Luttrelstown, near Dublin; a very pretty place, handsomely ornamented with wood, which had been settled on the Colonel and his family in

his marriage settlements. The country-house which I at that time occupied commanded a view of the grounds of Luttrelstown, and although an injunction had been obtained against Lord Carhampton, to prevent him from cutting down any of the timber on the property, Colonel Luttrel, from his knowledge of the Earl's disposition, was apprehensive lest the injunction should be disregarded and the beauty of the place defaced and destroyed. He therefore engaged me to keep an eye over the woods, and to let him know on the instant that an axe should be raised in defiance of the Lord Chancellor's fiat. It was out of these family jars that the challenge arose of which I have already taken notice.

Dining one day at the Castle, I found myself seated by a young lady, whose acquaintance I had thus the happiness to make. She was the youngest sister of the Earl of Antrim, afterwards advanced to a Marquisate — the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Macdonell. In due time the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and, in the ordinary course of such

events, the lady became my wife. The marriage ceremony took place during the Earl's absence from Ireland, in the house of Lady Elizabeth's stepmother, the Dowager-Countess, who had no family, and who afterwards bequeathed a legacy of 6,000*l.* to Lady Elizabeth's children. The knot was tied by the Dean of St. Patrick's, Dean Baillie.

This event took place in the month of August, 1777, and the marriage subsisted for twenty years and one month. Lady Elizabeth's fortune was just 10,000*l.* which, with 15,000*l.* on my part, was settled on the children by our contract of marriage. The 10,000*l.* has been duly paid to Lady Elizabeth's children since their mother's death, and the payment of the 15,000*l.* is amply secured to them over my estate of Ardkinglas, as soon as it shall please God to fix the date by the death of their father.

The first year of our marriage I played a good deal at the Castle, as every body then did; and, with such good fortune, that at the end of the year I found myself a winner of

some 2,000*l.* At Daly's Club my luck was not so good; there, I think, I left a few hundreds.

When Lady Elizabeth expected her first *accouchement*, I was induced, from the inconvenience of living in barracks at such a period, to make a purchase of a house in Merrion-square, where we continued to reside during our stay in Ireland. Lady Elizabeth's first child, a daughter, died in infancy. Her second, Caroline, is now the widow of Thomas Sheridan, who inherited all his father's wit and eccentricity, and who left a family of interesting children, some of whom are already settled in life, and have made me a sort of patriarch, with I don't know how many great grand-children. Lady Elizabeth's third child, Alexander James, now Major Callander, was also born in Merrion-square. Georgiana, so called from her godmother, the Duchess of Devonshire, was born at Bath, whither I had been recommended to carry Lady Elizabeth, in consequence of her delicate state of health. Her Ladyship's second son, Randal Macdonnel,

was born at Craigforth; where also was born, many years afterwards, her youngest child, Frances, now Lady Graham, of Netherby.

Soon after we had gone to Merrion-square, the novelty of a masquerade was for the first time introduced into the gaieties of the Irish metropolis. I had resolved to appear in the character of a German doctor, and in order to add some zest to the personation, I had a hand-bill printed, which, under pretence of recommending the nostrums I professed to sell, contained some allusions to men and manners, which were calculated to excite a laugh; and, if not witty in themselves, they had at least the merit of being the cause of wit in others. The masquerade, when conducted with taste and spirit, seems to me to be an amusement well suited to the lively disposition of the Irish gentry.

The ladies in general have an admirable taste in dress; and the gentlemen have an opportunity of making some of those sallies, and perhaps also of committing some of those extraordinary solecisms, which are supposed to be

so characteristic of the national genius. On the evening to which I have just alluded, there happened to dine with us the Ladies Ross and Stewart. Lady Stewart, had not intended to go to the ball, but was induced to change her purpose on seeing that the rest of our party had resolved on going. It was then too late to get a fancy-dress prepared, and it had been made a rule that no one should be admitted without a mask.

I then bethought myself of such of my acquaintances as were likely to have any thing peculiar in their wardrobes; and it struck me that the soŭtanelle, or short cassock, of the Dean of St. Patrick's, then Dean Cradock, might serve at least to excite the curiosity and exercise the ingenuity of the company; while the fine figure and elegant carriage of the lady could not fail to attract admiration independent altogether of the accidents of dress. To the soŭtanelle was added a smart cocked-hat, with feathers, and a cockade, fixed on with diamonds. The party altogether excited some little sensation, and the hand-bill which I ventured to distribute was afterwards thought

worthy of preservation by many of the fair fashionables of Dublin.

Some time after the affair of the masquerade, a ball was given by the gentlemen of the garrison, at which it became my duty to act as master of the ceremonies. On this occasion, an event occurred on which it is impossible for me to reflect without a great deal of concern. A gentleman of the party, and I regret to say a military man, had indulged too freely at the dinner-table, and had engaged in a dispute with some other people, as to the place where he should stand in a particular dance. I was called on to interfere; and, as was to be expected from the state of excitement to which his feelings had been raised, I found that he was very much in the wrong. The trifling point of *etiquette* I decided against him, and when he murmured at my resolution, I expostulated with him on the impropriety of his conduct. He then made use of a harsh expression which it was impossible for me to overlook; and, when I suggested the propriety of adjusting the difference on the following day, he called on

me to defend myself on the instant. It is painful to dwell on such a subject. We adjourned into the next room, and decided the matter while our blood was yet heated. The issue proved unfortunate for my antagonist, and not, as may be supposed, very happy for me. I was induced to retire for a short period to the Continent, and the result materially influenced the subsequent events of my life, as it determined me, before my return to Ireland, to exchange from the 67th foot to the 15th Hussars.

At the port of Dublin I embarked in the first vessel I could find for the opposite coast. The vessel which offered was bound for Parkgate. She was an old crazy craft, crowded with passengers of the class which is known by the name of grass-combers; that is, those poor people who cross the Channel every year to engage in harvest-work, and whose numbers have been so much increased since Great Britain and Ireland have been in every sense united, first by force of law, and since by force of steam. It was then, as it is still, with these

temporary emigrants; they had embarked full of hope, but with no money, and with a very scanty supply of provision.

Our passage proved to be a tedious one; the weather was calm, and the wretched inhabitants of the forecastle became clamorous for food. I was lame at the time from a hurt in my leg, and could not leave the cabin; but I sent for the Captain, and asked him how it happened that he should have come to sea without a reasonable supply of provisions for his passengers? The man said he had given the people all that he had promised them; but, when the second day was advancing, and the cravings of hunger had approached to the verge of human sufferance, I sent for him again, and insisted on knowing the exact quantity of sea-store which remained on board the vessel. He told me that he had some two or three barrels of beef, with a corresponding quantity of bread and potatoes. I then told him that I would not wait to witness the starvation of such a crowd of human beings, while the means of supporting them were within reach, and that, if

he persisted in refusing to share his stock with them, I would certainly recommend it to the grass-combers to help themselves.

The man was at length brought to see the necessity of the case; but, that he might not be too great a loser, as well as that the affair might be settled amicably, I desired him to value his barrels of beef, and said that I would pay for them, if I found on our arrival at Parkgate that he had acted properly. By his acceptance of this proposal, the man, I have no doubt, acted wisely and well. It is impossible to conceive any people, under similar circumstances, behaving better or more quietly than the Irish did on this occasion. Their conduct afforded me a very high degree of satisfaction; and I have often since had a true pleasure in reflecting on their sincere and ardent, though somewhat noisy expressions of gratitude, for a service which was certainly very trifling in its pecuniary value, but which, had it been withheld, might have produced very painful consequences among a crowd of two hundred starving people.

CHAPTER XII.

Return from the Continent.—Influence of Irish Gentry and Priesthood over the Peasantry.—Old Milesian families.—Mr. Fallan.—Kelly, of Castle Kelly.—Irish beauty.—Colonel Moray, of Abercairney.—Ingenious method of horse-dealing.—Unpleasant incident.—A fair exchange.—General Ginkle.—Strange metamorphosis.—Lord Ely.—Eccentricities.—Athlone.—Galway trouts.—Unlucky *Jeu d'esprit.*—Anecdote of Judge Hill.—Administration of Irish justice.—Visit to London.—Lady Elizabeth presented at Court.—Admiral Lord Howe.—Anecdote of an officer.—Lord Tyrawley.—Lord North's Administration.—Lord Antrim.—Ministers of State.—Anecdote.

On my return to Ireland, I joined the 13th Light Dragoons, at Drogheda, and some time afterwards marched with them to Athlone. It was in this neighbourhood that I had first an opportunity of observing the nature of that influence which is maintained by the Catholic

gentry and the priesthood over the peasantry of Ireland. The ancient Catholic, or Milesian families, are in general impressed with the idea that some time or other the land must return to the dominion of its former masters. This notion can hardly be said to be fanciful; it is cherished at least with the greatest care, and the evidence of their connexion with the land is preserved, with much anxiety, in their family records and genealogies. The priesthood, again, are equally convinced of the right of the Catholic hierarchy to the tithes and the Church-lands, which are now in the hands of the established clergy. These ideas are carefully inculcated on the lower classes; who, by a sort of affiliation of ideas, are made to believe that they too would be benefited by a different order of things.

A jealousy has thus arisen against Protestant interference, and it is carried to such a degree, that the most ordinary question, if put by a military man, or by any one suspected of Protestantism, is met with a sort of dogged affectation of stupidity, and an impenetrable silence, which suggest the idea of an apprehension on

their part, that their answer may lead to some fresh grievance, or at least fix them more firmly in the State with which they are so little contented. It is clear that their religion is the only tie which has strength enough to bind these classes together. The laws which exclude them from their share of the offices and emoluments in the gift of Government, seem to me as if they had been designed to irritate, and keep alive the irritation, which such restraints are calculated to excite among a high-spirited people; and at the same time to bind them together by the most effectual of all bonds, a sense of mutual suffering in a cause which they are taught to regard as sacred and inviolable.

It is in vain to suppose that Catholic emancipation is to be a universal panacea for all the evils and all the sufferings to which Ireland is exposed; but one good consequence I may confidently predict from it; it will remove that galling sense of wrong and oppression which has hitherto been the medium through which the Catholic gentry have been compelled

to regard the Government of Great Britain. By healing their grievances, you will infallibly destroy that alarming system of organization, by which the energies of a whole people have been placed at the disposal of a few daring demagogues.

Roscommon is in general a pastoral county; and while quartered at Athlone, the gentlemen of the 13th mixed a good deal in Irish society, particularly among those gentlemen who had any pretensions to the character of sportsmen. Of this number were two, as different as possible in character, but both of the ancient Milesian race. The one was Mr. Fallan, than whom there never lived a more worthy or amiable man. The other was Kelly, of Castle Kelly, who kept hounds, but enjoyed his bottle quite as much as the chase. Hospitality is a virtue which seems to be indigenous in the Irish soil; and to say that it was practised in the county of Roscommon, would be doing something like injustice to every other part of the island which I have had the happiness to visit. The tenantry must have often

been a good deal annoyed to find their pasture cut up by a strong field of sportsmen; but I have frequently had occasion to observe, that with a man like Mr. Fallan to lead us, they never suffered a murmur to escape them; whereas, if such a passport were wanting, we were sure to hear, in no very measured terms, of the injury which was no doubt done to their grazings and their stock. Mr. Fallan, as I remember, had a daughter, one of the most beautiful young women I had ever seen, but guided by a sense of what was due to her religion, and of the danger of domestic differences, which too often arises from a diversity of creeds, it was known that she had been obliged to decline several advantageous matches.

Kelly, of Castle Kelly, was a character in his way. He had a manner of buying horses not uncommon in Ireland, by what is called handy-cap; a kind of lottery, which every body knows. Mr. Kelly was very famous for his transactions in that line, many of which were arranged at a period of the afternoon which,

with the hospitalities of Castle Kelly, inferred an absolute oblivion of all that had occurred. Colonel Moray, of Abercairney, who at that time commanded a troop of the 13th, had two very pretty horses, which Mr. Kelly took a liking to, and Abercairney to his great surprise, found one morning that they had changed owners, after an entertainment at Castle Kelly, which had served to obliterate every trace of the transactions of the evening. The bottle was never a besetting sin of mine, but I too parted with a horse at the Castle in the same sort of fashion.

The name of Abercairney brings an incident to my remembrance, which would not be worth the telling, if it did not recall an idea connected with two early acquaintances, and illustrate at the same time the heedlessness of youth. Soon after the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, I had some trifling dispute with Abercairney, who like myself was travelling in France, about some incident which occurred at a public entertainment, at which we had both been present. We agreed to go out to

settle the matter in a neighbouring field, attended by my old friend Fotheringham, of Poury, of whom I have had occasion to make more honourable mention in my account of the battle of Fellinghausen. We took off our coats, and the affair was terminated by a slight hurt which Abercairney received in the hand.

While readjusting our dress, Mr. Fotheringham observed, that mine was a beautiful silk coat, but that my *shirt* was full of holes. He had just returned from Scotland, where his mamma had probably provided him with a plentiful store of linen. For my part, I never had had but six, so he proposed to take the silk coat and give me half a dozen shirts in exchange. The bargain was accordingly concluded on the spot, and as some excuse for the whole transaction, it may be as well to remind the reader, that none of the three, at least neither of the two combatants, had then attained his twentieth year.

The town of Athlone is celebrated in the History of Ireland for the defence which it made against the Dutch General Ginkle, whose

family were enobled in consequence of his ultimate success. Among his troops there was an eminent painter, who executed a picture of great merit, in the foreground of which the General and his horse were represented as large as life, with a view of the town, the attack upon it, and the scenery of the Shannon in the distance. This picture was universally admired as a work of art; and after passing through several hands, it came at length into the possession of Lord Ely, a man of 30,000*l.* a year in that neighbourhood. His Lordship liked the picture and General Ginkle very well, but himself and his fox-hounds a great deal better, so he had his own head substituted for that of the Dutchman, and a pack of hounds, with a field of sportsmen, in place of Athlone and the troops: but you were strangely reminded of its origin, by occasional glimpses of the General's cuirass, which were seen to peep from under the hunting-dress, in which his Lordship chose to be arrayed. Another instance of Lord Ely's eccentricity took place in Dublin, where he had gone out to attend

his Countess on a round of shopping. Her Ladyship had gone into a china-shop, and had occupied so much time in choosing and rejecting a number of articles, that Lord Ely got impatient at the delay; and after fretting a good deal about it, he turned round to the man of the china-shop, and desired him to send all its contents to his house, and the bill to his steward.

After leaving Athlone, the 13th was quartered in various parts of Ireland. At Galway, the trouts of Loch Corrib are so plentiful and so cheap, that the soldiers were induced to eat of them in such quantities as to engender a dangerous malady. In fact, they lived entirely upon fish, and after we had been some time there, I found that the hospital of the garrison was filled with sick. In consequence, I made a report on the subject to Government, who referred the matter to the consideration of a medical board. The true cause of the disease was then ascertained; and the men immediately recovered on our enforcing a complete change of diet. The trouts of Loch Corrib are immensely large,

and some of them are remarkable for having a gizzard like a turkey.

One of the members of the medical board was a very amiable young man, who practised his profession in Limerick. He had lived very much with the regiment when quartered there, but had fallen into disgrace with the fair sex, in consequence of a *jeu d'esprit* which he had been so indiscreet as to circulate. Here are four lines, by way of specimen.

> Oh, what a sweet and pretty town Limerick is,
> Where neither sly one, nor simpkin, nor slattern is;
> It would do your heart good, on the quay, as they walk at eve,
> To hear them so funny, so skittish, so talkative.

The beauties of Limerick took the joke in such dudgeon, that the poor doctor was fain to make his escape in the night-time, and never return. He settled afterwards, I think, in Chester, and did very well. By way of gloss to the stanza, I should have added, that a simpkin is a person with a loose, shambling gait.

At Galway, the first time Judge Hill went the Connaught circuit, he had the advantage of

reporting a maiden assize. He was fresh from England, and although doubtless an excellent lawyer, was not yet acquainted with the character of the people among whom he was now to administer the law, which he understood so well in the abstract. When he had taken his seat on the bench, he delivered a very eloquent address to the grand jury on the state of the calendar. A guard of honour had attended him, as the King's representative, on his arrival in the town, and, as was the custom at the period, did duty about his person so long as he remained. In those parts of the country it had also been customary to surround the session-house with a guard during the sitting of the assizes, and none of the usual honours were withheld from the new English Judge on his first appearance among us. He had scarcely concluded his address, however, when he turned round to me, and asked, in a tone of becoming authority, "What mean these soldiers?" I was unwilling to say to him, in the open court, that they were in some measure intended for his own protection; so I answered, that they had been ordered out to do

him honour, and to protect the administration of the law. He then desired me to send them away, observing, with true English feeling, that he would have no soldiers near a court of justice, and that the law must protect itself.

The guard was under the immediate command of Captain Butler, an excellent officer, and a pleasant young man, of the Kilkenny family, who received the order I gave him with a look and a leer, which told more plainly than words how well he appreciated the consequences. Immediately on the removal of the guard, a bustle was observed outside the session-house, but it was ascribed to the crowd moving off with the soldiers. When the noise had subsided, the Judge desired that the prisoners might be called in. On this there was some demur, and the gaoler having made his appearance, was interrogated as to the cause of the delay. The man replied, that he had brought the prisoners from the gaol to the door of the session-house, where he had left them in charge of the officers of the court. The first on the list was then

summoned to appear, but an answer of *non est inventus* was immediately returned. At this the Judge was very wroth with his officers, and saying that he would have it inquired into, he desired the next prisoner to be called; but the same answer having been returned in succession for Teddy O'Marsh, and Fisty O'Flyn, and the whole list of culprits, the learned Judge was forced to admit that, in the wilds of Connaught, the supremacy of the law stood in need of some subordinate aid for its protection.

From the period of my first visit to Ireland, till the time when I finally took leave of it, I had of course very frequent occasion to visit England as well as Scotland, sometimes with Lady Elizabeth, and sometimes alone. We went together, for instance, to be presented at Court, on the occasion of our marriage. At another time, I was in London for the purpose of placing my eldest son George at Eton. At one period we made a considerable stay with my father at Craigforth; at another we went

to Bath for Lady Elizabeth's benefit at the waters.

While there, at an assembly, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Admiral Lord Howe. He was a tall, thin-looking man, with long, lank, grey hair. Without knowing who he was, I made an observation to him on the elegance of a lady's dancing, whom he seemed to eye with great attention. His Lordship answered, in his quiet way, that he was no great judge of such matters, but he believed that she danced very well. The young lady was his daughter, Lady Altamont. She was quite worthy of the compliment we agreed in paying her; and if she had not, I should probably not have hazarded any severe remark on a stranger, although unpleasant consequences too frequently occur by such heedless observations. In the present instance it led only to satisfactory results and an agreeable acquaintance.

In those days, it was a practice among the young men of the Navy, when an observation

was made which did not seem very credible, to make a noise in the throat in imitation of the bleating of a lamb. It is known that Lord Howe was far from being loquacious; but on one occasion, in the ward-room of the flag-ship, he said something which elicited this mark of scepticism from a young officer at the table. His Lordship inquired of some one near him what the young gentleman could mean by that extraordinary noise? It was of course explained to him, but no farther notice was taken of it at the time. It was remarked, however, among the officers of the ship, that thenceforward the young gentleman in question was frequently invited out of his turn to the table of the Admiral, who, from this youthful indiscretion, had been induced to notice his conduct, inquire into his character, and ascertain his merit.

Lord Howe's flag-ship, the Magnanime, was at one time discovered to be on fire. An officer in great consternation abruptly entered the Admiral's cabin to announce the fact, and with obvious marks of trepidation, he stam-

mered out, "Pray don't be alarmed, my Lord, but the ship is on fire forward!"—"I see, Sir," said Lord Howe, with a coolness of sarcasm in strict keeping with his general character—"I see, Sir, how a man looks who is afraid: pray how does he feel?" He then proceeded with his usual self-possession to give the necessary orders for extinguishing the flames.

The connexion of Field-Marshal Lord Tyrawley with the representation of Bath, recalls a circumstance which brought me in some degree acquainted with his Lordship at a much earlier period. He was known to have a great number of natural children, many of them men of great merit; and when I was quartered at Reading, I received a letter from him, brought to me by a young man whom *he* described in it as his son, for whom he had procured a commission in my regiment.

The object of this letter was to desire that I might pay attention to the young man, inspire him with proper sentiments, and see that he conducted himself like an officer and a gentleman. I need not say that the request

of the Field-Marshal was duly attended to: but my present business with the name of Lord Tyrawley is to notice that peculiar bluntness and humour, joined to political sagacity and military talent, which served to mark him as a striking and original character. The Corporation of Bath had become dissatisfied with the part he had taken in public affairs, after he had been for some time their representative, and sent him a letter of remonstrance on the subject, to which he laconically replied—"Mr. Mayor and Corporation, ye rascals, I bought ye, and by G—d I'll sell ye!"

During Lord North's administration, the Marquis of Antrim was sent for, to communicate his sentiments to the Government on the subject of the powerful armament, amounting to upwards of 80,000 men, which had been raised in Ireland, for the ostensible purpose of protecting the kingdom against foreign invasion. From the system of organization produced by it, this general arming was followed by political consequences, not certainly in the contemplation of those by whom the spirit of

patriotism had been excited. They found, when it was too late, that they could not control the energies of the powerful engine they had called into existence. Lord Antrim was known to have great influence in the north of Ireland, and although he had raised a large body of volunteers, he was decidedly adverse to the new doctrine of arming the people *en masse*. His Lordship was aware that I had made myself well acquainted with the subject on which Lord North desired his advice, and he therefore requested that I should accompany him to London, for the purpose of the better enabling him to supply the information required by the Government.

On our arrival in town, Lord Antrim announced the circumstance to Lord North, who appointed an interview for the following morning, at twelve, at his residence in Downing-street. We found the Minister in his cabinet, sitting in a flannel dressing-gown and slippers. Lord Antrim had a becoming notion of his own dignity, and on observing the costume of the Minister, I saw that he drew himself

up, with an expression on his countenance which Lord North endeavoured to remove, by saying, "Don't be surprised, Lord Antrim, to find me in this dress. I was called out of my bed, at four o'clock this morning, by an express from Spain, and I have not yet had time to drink a dish of tea." He then entered on the subject for which the interview had been desired, and I must say discovered a very intimate acquaintance with the general state of Ireland. He made a number of pointed and pertinent inquiries, and afterwards called in his secretary to take down the answers he had received.

When we were about to take our leave, he observed that now he must have some more dress upon him, as the hour had arrived for his attending the council. The office of a Minister of State is certainly no sinecure, and to the uninitiated it must be matter of surprise that such harassing duties should become an object of ambition. The passion by which the greatest names in British history have been

prompted to seek for immortality, is happily of a character far too lofty to admit of the contamination of the sordid love of gain, and I hold it to be matter for national exultation that, in more than one instance, a British Minister has been buried at the public expense.

CHAPTER XIII.

St. Athanasius.—Strange interrogatory.—Remarks on Irish character. — Anecdotes. — Political discussion. — An old Apologue.—A Chan of Tartary and the Pope.—Work entitled "Military Maxims." — Lord Torrington. — The Countess of Cork. — Residence at Brussels. — Count Caunitz.—Lord Fingal.—Obliging offer of the Author.—The Duke of Dorset.—The Sackville Family.—Progress of the French Revolution.—Plunder of the Royal Household. —Set out from Paris. — Incidents and anecdotes of the period.—Arrival at Craigforth.—Colonel and Lady Sandford. — Colonel and Lady Eleanor Dundas. — Singular case.

My worthy relative Lord Antrim had never been deeply read in polemical divinity, and on the occasion of a bill being brought into the Irish Parliament, in which reference was made to the Thirty-nine Articles and the Athanasian Creed, he inquired of a venerable member of the

bench of Bishops, as to the nature and object of the proposed enactment, concluding his catechism by asking who this St. Athanasius had been, of whom so much had been said in the house? "I can't tell, my Lord," replied the diocesan "but I think he must have been a d——d old creed-making rascal!"

I have already said something of the general state of Ireland, a subject which, I fear, is very imperfectly understood on the British side of the Channel. If I now make some additional remarks on the subject, I flatter myself that my long residence in the island, and my intimate acquaintance among all classes of the people, without any reference to religious distinctions, will in some measure justify the views I have been led to adopt after a good deal of reflection.

Perhaps it may be objected, that in treating of the Irish in their civil and social relations, I have already ventured, *ultra crepidam*, and that I should have strictly confined myself to those military qualifications with which I may be supposed to be more immediately con-

versant. I am sure, that if I had done so, I could not have said any thing with justice which was not highly in their praise: as to the mere element of courage, I speak as an eye witness, when I say that bolder or braver men do not exist than the Irish troops which I have often had the honour to command.

After a good deal of service as a drill officer, I feel myself fully justified in asserting, that a soldier can be made of an untutored Irishman, so as to be able to produce him in the ranks, on a field of battle, in a very short time indeed. It is not necessary, in speaking of his character, to make an invidious comparison between the Irish and the Scotch or English soldier; but in the management of raw levies, I would strongly recommend it to the officers entrusted with the administration of the ordinary details of discipline, to see that special attention be paid to those points of the soldier's life, which are usually considered of subordinate importance. This advice I would apply to personal cleanliness, the care of his clothing, and the quantity, quality, and regularity of his mess-

ing. These are points which, with all recruits, require a regular superintendance; but, with the Irish, the necessity for it is indispensable, if you desire to control his energies, and make him a good and efficient soldier.

Of the Irish officers in the British service, it would be in vain to add a word of praise. Their merits are known, not in England only, but in every country of Europe; and I grieve to add, that the distinguished merits of the noble race of Milesian gentry, to whom I have elsewhere alluded, are better known and appreciated in foreign armies, and particularly in that of Austria, than they are at home.

I may be allowed to add, in vindication of the Irish character, that the imputation of idleness, which is so often raised against them, is far from conveying a just representation of the habits of the lower orders. Witness, to this purpose, the poor Irishman's efforts in any of our great markets for labour. Let a canal or a rail-road be set on foot, in the cheapest or most distant corner of Great Britain, and there you will find nine-tenths of the labour in the

hands of an Irish colony, assembled on the first indication of employment.

If I remember well, the principal reasons which weighed with the Government in forming the communication across the North of Scotland, between the Eastern and Western seas, were to afford employment to the native population, at a period when they were justly supposed to be very much in want of it. But the Highlander's love of ease stood in higher ratio to his industry than that of the Irishman, if we may judge from the notoriety of the fact, that the million of money which has been expended on the Caledonian Canal, has been earned almost exclusively by Irish labourers.

At home, the Irish peasant can scarcely be blamed, if, in general, he is not able to lay up a provision for to-morrow. It is an evil, perhaps, inseparable from the nature of landholding in Ireland, and its perpetual divisibility into portions, far too small for the support of a family, joined to the warm and sanguine disposition of the people, that we constantly find

them in a state of irremediable poverty. I shall not attempt to go so far beyond my depth as to agitate the question of a poor law, or its applicability to the state of Ireland; but I trust the time is not far distant, when the British public will have an opportunity of judging of their Irish brethren, after they shall have ceased to be provoked by ignorance and misgovernment into the commission of acts which approach too nearly to insubordination and rebellion.

Remove, at least, the acknowledged evils of the country; commute the tithes, and pay the Protestant clergyman in some form, which will not constantly remind his Catholic parishioner of the hardship of his situation; at least, destroy those disabilities for office, which point to the great bone of contention between the leaders of the two great parties in this distracted country. British capital and British enterprise will then flow into every corner of the country, with as much certainty as that water will find its level when the flood-gates which opposed it are withdrawn.

If there be any idea more firmly fixed in my mind than another on the subject of the Irish character, it is, that they may be governed on the principles of conciliation and good-will, as easily at least as any other nation in the world; but if you expect to restrain them by coercion, and attempt to make them amenable to mere brute force, you will find in every bosom the elements of opposition. No doubt you will be able to control them, just because their feelings of resistance will impel them into action before they have concentrated their strength, or organized their numbers. But it is not the less true, that a church, extravagantly endowed, in the midst of a people who profess a rival faith, has contributed in a great degree to place this island in a false position. Treat the people with kindness and gentleness, let every unnecessary cause of irritation be withdrawn, and I will venture to say, that a more loyal, industrious, and contented people will not be found in any corner of his Majesty's dominions.

The old apologue of the sword and the loaf of bread is peculiarly applicable to the Irish,

whether considered nationally or individually. Menace him with the one, and you will immediately put him on a trial of his strength; but propose to him the other, and you at once engage all his best feelings in your favour. There is no one more firmly persuaded than I am of the facility with which England could crush a rising in the sister-island. I would gladly avoid any argument on the ground of apprehension, since that is only calculated to rouse an angry feeling on either side; but he who thinks well on such a subject, cannot fail to perceive, that when the country shall again be involved in a foreign war, the present state of Ireland, even if it did not break out into sores and blotches, would leave at least a weakness behind which no prudent person will be disposed to disregard.

As to the influence of his Holiness the Pope, I should be disposed to measure it pretty much in the style of a certain Chan of Tartary, who, when menaced with the fulmination of some Pontifical anathema, began to inquire into the extent of his danger, and sat down very con-

tentedly under the infliction, when he found that the Papal army consisted of five hundred men who mounted guard with umbrellas! As to the moral influence which the old lady is supposed to possess over the members of the Catholic church, I hold it to be a mere chimera, which the French revolution has effectually dispelled.

The nature of my military duties, while stationed in Ireland, was such as to leave me in possession of sufficient leisure. Part of it I applied, in the year 1782, to the preparation of a volume for the press, entitled "Military Maxims, illustrated by example," of which two editions, amounting I think to six thousand copies, were published by Messrs. Cadell and Strachan.

In consequence of Lady Elizabeth's state of health, I was about this period a good deal in England, particularly at Bath and Scarborough, where my expenses were necessarily considerable. I know that I have been accused of leading a life of extravagance.

Those who have merely been informed that

I have been successively in possession of two considerable estates, amounting together to upwards of £.4000 a-year, and that I have nevertheless been subjected, on more than one occasion, to pecuniary embarrassment, may very naturally have fallen into the error without any intentional misconstruction. But it will be observed, that Craigforth did not fall to me until the death of my father, in 1789; and that I did not succeed to Ardkinglas until the death of Sir Alexander Campbell, in 1810; so that any difficulty which may have arisen during my father's life-time, while I was tantalized with the hope of recovering the £.30,000 which was due by Government to my uncle Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, can scarcely be ascribed to any very culpable degree of heedlessness. It will be the object, indeed, of some of the following pages, to show that I have not wasted those revenues which have successively fallen to me.

In the mean time, having nothing to conceal, I may mention, that in 1785 I found myself called on to pay a sum of money which I could not command, and that I was on that account

compelled to retire for some time to the Continent. Lady Elizabeth was the intimate friend of the Countess of Cork, and I think I have somewhere mentioned that I had long been acquainted with the family of the Earl. Her Ladyship's brother-in-law, Lord Torrington, was at that time the British Ambassador at Brussels. Lady Cork, having understood the difficulty in which I was placed, was so good as to apply to Lord Torrington to have me attached to the embassy in quality of secretary, Lady Elizabeth meanwhile remaining at Craigforth with the children.

In the course of my stay at Brussels, I was sent by the Ambassador on a mission to Vienna, where I had the honour of making the acquaintance of the celebrated Count Caunitz, and that circumstance afforded me a subsequent opportunity of doing a slight service to a member of the noble family of Fingal. When afterwards in Ireland, at the table of the late Lord Fingal, the conversation chanced to turn on those religious differences which have so long distracted that country. Alluding to his second son, who was

present, he said that there was an example of the hardships which result from our not entertaining the same religious opinions with those of the Government. "Plunket is resolved," he said, "to be a soldier; and the Countess and I are willing to gratify his wishes, but we are at a loss to decide as to what service he should enter. That of France I cannot approve of, from the danger of his being called on to draw his sword against his native country; and at home I cannot think of asking even an ensigncy for him."

I took the liberty of suggesting the Austrian service, and the Earl observing that he perfectly approved of it, but that he had no acquaintance with the men in power in that country.. I mentioned the relations I had had with the minister, Count Caunitz, and that, from some events which had since occurred, I had reason to presume that he had not forgotten me. I added, that if Lord Fingal would give me leave, I would address a letter to Count Caunitz on the subject. Having been permitted to do so, I lost no time in applying for the Count's protec-

tion, and, by return of post, the request I had made was granted; but the young gentleman's own merits, and his connection with the house of Fingal, would doubtless have procured him the appointment, independent of any application on my part.

The mission which had called me to Vienna, detained me there for the greater part of the summer. At this period the Duke of Dorset was the British Ambassador at Paris. The family of Sackville had always shown me civility. It was from Lord George that I received my first commission in the cavalry, and now, at a period when their protection could be useful to me, it was not withheld.

The alarming symptoms which preceded the great crisis of the revolution were now in full activity, and the situation of the Duke was not attended with responsibility merely, but with the most imminent personal peril. His Grace was one of the most worthy and amiable men that ever lived; and, not being much conversant with the details of business, the task assigned to him on the

eve of such a struggle he must have felt as peculiarly arduous. The Duke was acquainted with the circumstances which detained me abroad, and finding that I could be of some use to him in the discharge of his diplomatic duties, he attached me to the British embassy in the capacity of one of his secretaries.

When the violence of the revolutionary party made it ultimately necessary for him to leave Paris, he requested me to remain, for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the embassy, and conveying to him such information as might appear to be necessary in making his communications to the Government at home. At length, in consequence of the urgent remonstrances which were made to me by the house of Herries, the worthy bankers, I made such preparations as would enable me to take my departure on the shortest notice; but I have reason to believe that when I finally left Paris there were not fifteen British subjects behind me.

The Royal household had by this time been

stripped and plundered of many of its rarest moveables. His Majesty's magnificent stud of horses in particular, had entirely disappeared. An Irish officer of my acquaintance, of the name of Fitzgerald, had caught two of the King's dogs wandering about the street, and knowing that I was a fancier of the canine race, he gave them to me. The one I called Bastille, after the taking of that prison, which I had witnessed; and the other Poissarde, after the celebrated fishwomen who had gone in such numbers to Versailles to bring the King to Paris. These dogs I brought with me to Craigforth, and kept a breed of them. I set out from Paris in a post-chaise, by way of Lisle, for Ostend; and by the advice of my bankers, who succeeded in getting me a passport, I made the journey in broad daylight.

At every post I found the epidemic madness of the period in full activity. Dressed in a little brief authority, the ignorant peasants of the *corps de garde* seemed to think that they evinced the true revolutionary spirit by acts of unprovoked brutality and insolence; a con-

duct which, I need not say, is diametrically opposite to every correct idea of the French character. At one of the stations on the road, I could in some degree appreciate the sort of person I had to deal with, by observing that this Dogberry of the guard-house pretended to read my passport with the greatest gravity, at the same time holding it upside down, from an idea, perhaps, that the *bouleversement* of the period was to be universal. It was not hard to discover that my personal safety would be best consulted by flattering the absurdities which were every where so prevalent, and I did not hesitate to assure them how much I admired their prowess—as much as a miserable Englishman could admire it, who was forced to hasten to his own wretched home. Thus, not without some risk, I arrived at Ostend, where another scene awaited me.

On entering the guard-house with the tri-coloured cockade, which I had previously mounted for the sake of protection, I was abruptly asked, in Flemish, "what side I was for?" By this time I had been taught the necessity for

circumspection. Making a low bow to the gentlemen, I said, that as I meant to sail in the morning, it was not, perhaps, necessary that I should adopt the sentiments of any party in a country which I was so soon to leave. This answer I immediately discovered to be anything but satisfactory. It gave me time, however, to look for a moment about me, and to observe that their cockade was different from mine, as well as from that worn by the subjects of the Emperor, being a yellow badge with a lion inscribed upon it, the crest of the Low Countries. As something was said about the liberty of Brabant, I concluded that these gentlemen were disposed to have a separate revolution of their own. I therefore declared with all possible composure that I too was for their liberty. Pulling out my tri-coloured cockade, I begged them to supply me with one more suitable to the cause which I was now disposed to espouse.

I conducted myself throughout with tolerable coolness, and above all with a becoming degree of gravity, except that, when they in-

vested me with the badge of Brabant, I thought it fitting to make some demonstration of joy at the great honour conferred on me. I am free to confess, however, that I rejoiced much more at the permission which I obtained to retire in quietness to my inn; for it was impossible to shut my eyes to the danger which might result from an ill-chosen expression, arising either from inadvertence or disgust.

Next day I succeeded in hiring a fishing-boat to carry me to Ramsgate, where I arrived in safety, and proceeded immediately to London. This took place in the month of October, 1789, a few weeks after my father's death.

It was not long, of course, until I found myself at Craigforth, where I was prepared to live the quiet life of a country gentleman, in the enjoyment of the society of the neighbourhood, and of occasional visits from our friends at a distance. Among others, we had the pleasure of receiving Lady Elizabeth's sister, Lady Rachel, and her husband, Colonel Sandford, who remained with us, I think, for a year and a half.

Not far from Craigforth, there resided an old companion in arms, Colonel Dundas, of Carron Hall. He had been sent as a Commissioner by the Government to settle the limits of the British frontier in America; in this mission he was accompanied by Lady Eleanor Dundas, and in the course of the long period which was occupied in discussing the numerous questions which were agitated by the Commissioners on either side, it was necessary that Colonel Dundas and his family should repeatedly change their position from one point of the line to another.

After they had been some time in the Back Settlements of America, Lady Eleanor gave birth to a daughter. Her Ladyship's health was far from being robust, so that she was induced to employ a squaw of one of the aboriginal tribes as the infant's nurse. The little stranger being much too young to travel, was left with the squaw, under the charge of a favourite domestic, and such was the attachment which the whole tribe had formed for their little pale-faced guest, that it was not

without the greatest difficulty they were afterwards persuaded to part with her. At length, when the period arrived for the return of the family to England, a serious application was made for the restoration of the child; but she was not given up until after a negotiation had been entered into, with all the formalities required by the laws of the tribe. Certain casks of brandy, which were employed to accelerate the negotiation, were found to have considerable weight with the Indian plenipotentiaries; and on the part of the tribe, the child was presented with a quantity of furs so very valuable, that I have seen a muff, worn by Lady Eleanor, and formed out of part of the present, which was said to be worth at least a hundred guineas. Such was the warmth of the feelings manifested by these untutored savages, that a considerable body of them, accompanied by the nurse, insisted on carrying the child to the shores of the Atlantic, a distance of five hundred miles, to the place where Colonel Dundas and his family were to embark for England.

CHAPTER XIV.

County of Stirling.—Electioneering Anecdotes.—Sir Thomas Dundas.—Sir Alexander Campbell, the Author's Cousin.—Tempting proposal.—Its Rejection.—An Arrest.—The Earl of Marr.—Family Differences.—The Author re-enters the Service.—His plan of surprizing Lisle.—His Resignation of Command.—Retires to Scotland.—Death of Lady Elizabeth.—The Marchioness of Antrim.—Mrs. Dutens.—Domestic Arrangements.—Lord Keith.—Lady Nelson.—Sail for the Mediterranean.—Captain Boyle.—A Prize.—Mr. Wright.—Unpleasant Mistake.—A Chase.—Arrival at Lisbon.

At the general election of 1792, there stood as candidates for the county of Stirling, two individuals who were so connected with me, the one by relationship and the other by ties of friendship, that I might have been considerably embarrassed as to the vote I should be called on to give, if I had not been relieved by

the somewhat extraordinary terms in which I was addressed by one of the applicants. These were the late Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Dundas, my fellow-traveller on my first journey to Germany, with whom, up to this period, I had continued to live on habits of intimacy; and my cousin-german, the late Sir Alexander Campbell, of Ardkinglas.

Although we had both been all our lives on service, we had never happened to meet, until, in the course of his canvass, he waited on me at Craigforth, accompanied by our mutual relative, the late Mr. Lamont, of Lamont. As soon as Sir Alexander was presented to me, instead of asking, as I expected, in the ordinary terms, for my vote and interest at the election, he was pleased to draw himself up and to say to me — "Colonel Callander, we have been making the tour of the county, with a view to the approaching election, and have been tolerably successful in our canvass; but *we have set you down against us.*"

I know of no reason why Sir Alexander Campbell should have set me down against

him, except the terms of friendship on which I was known to have lived with the rival candidate. But, in point of fact, Sir Thomas Dundas, out of respect, in all probability, for the near relationship in which I stood to Sir Alexander Campbell, had never asked me for my support; so that I had resolved, if my cousin had put it in my power, to have given him at all events my own vote, if not also the interest I possessed with my brother-in-law, Mr. Murray, of Polmaise, who was willing to be guided by my views in the matter.

I confess that on the instant I was in some degree taken by surprise. But Sir Alexander's address admitted only of an answer of acquiescence, and I replied by a silent bow, which may have partaken of some of that air of hauteur which I imagined to pervade the demeanour of Sir Alexander himself. Our first interview was not therefore of the most cordial description; but I have the satisfation to reflect that, after the heats and animosities which are too often engendered by a contested election were past and forgotten, Sir Alexan-

der and I came to a better understanding of each other's character, and lived together on habits becoming the near relationship by which we were connected.

It is known that in a Scotch county the number of electors is never very considerable, and sometimes so small as to give to the little knot of freeholders some of the less favourable characteristics of a close borough. The elective franchise in Scotland, although in some degree connected with the soil, does not necessarily infer the possession of any beneficial interest in the land, beyond the barren qualification of voting in the choice of a Member of Parliament. At this election for Stirlingshire, the views of the rival candidates on the politics of the day were not materially different. I do not pretend to tell what they were. The ancient soubriquets of Whig and Tory have so often changed their acceptation, that I could not venture to apply them practically; and in ultimately giving my interest, as well as my vote in the county, to Sir Thomas Dundas, I certainly was not guided by any political

feeling whatever. In acting from such motives I have reason to believe that I was not subjecting myself to any charge of singularity.

In a county like Stirlingshire, political preference is not unfrequently subordinate to the interest of some powerful family. The trials of strength produced by such contests are not less eager, and I fear not seldom attended with even a greater disregard of the amenities and courtesies of life, than where the most violent partizans are arrayed against each other in open and declared hostility.

The family interests of the rival candidates on this occasion were so nicely balanced, that ultimately the election was decided by the preponderance of a single vote. On Sir Alexander's side, a number of recent qualifications had been created by the careful subdivision of that abstract quality which, in opposition to the *dominium utile*, is distinguished, I believe, among the lawyers of Scotland, by the name of the *dominium directum*. These parchment barons had not, however, been long enough enrolled

on the list of freeholders to give them the right to vote when the day of election arrived.

In this state of matters it was announced to me, on the part of Sir Alexander Campbell, that if I would only agree to absent myself from the election, so as to neutralize my own vote, he would cancel the bond for 2,500*l.* which my father had granted to his father many years before, and for the payment of which I had become bound to Sir James Campbell in the manner stated in a former part of these volumes. But the period had already passed at which it was possible for me to have supported Sir Alexander Campbell; I had previously pledged myself to Sir Thomas Dundas, and I was not the man to be deterred from the redemption of such a pledge by any allusion of a pecuniary nature.

Thus the election of Sir Thomas Dundas was ultimately carried by a single vote; and it was not unnatural, under all the circumstances, that the defeat of his antagonist should be ascribed to me. On me at least Sir Alexander was disposed to pour the first overflowings of his wrath.

He took immediate steps to recover my father's debt, and, as I have already said, had me for this purpose arrested in the streets of Stirling. The late Earl of Marr, who had not then been restored to the ancient titles of his family, had long been my intimate friend, and it was to him rather than to Sir Thomas Dundas that I thought of applying in this emergency. His Lordship lent me his assistance with perfect readiness, and enabled me in the mean time to discharge the debt. But riches and liberality are too seldom associated; and although I was never asked to repay the money, yet, in the knowledge that my friend was not in affluent circumstances, I resolved to sell out of the army in order to relieve him of his advances; for I need not say that it is impossible to borrow money, on the security of an estate under the fetters of a Scotch entail, like that of Craigforth.

Colonel Pigott, whom I afterwards met at Malta in the capacity of Governor, was the purchaser of my Lieutenant-colonelcy, and the price which I received for it was 6000*l*. This

unfortunate *contretemps* with Sir Alexander Campbell was otherwise prejudicial to my patrimonial interests. The estate of Bontaskine had been previously destined for me by my uncle Colonel Livingstone, but in consequence of his taking offence with the opposition I had thus given to a member of the family, he thought fit to express his displeasure by altering the destination, and bequeathing the estate to Sir Alexander Campbell, who afterwards sold it for 11,000*l.*

Under the circumstances I have now stated, and after the sacrifices I had made in serving a person possessed of such commanding influence as the late Lord Dundas, it was not very unnatural, when the expedition was preparing for Flanders, under his Royal Highness the Duke of York, that I should apply to the Member for Stirlingshire for such letters as would be useful to me in forwarding the views which I now began to entertain of re-entering the service. The word of promise was given to the ear but "broken to the hope." I received a number of letters, but several of them were

addressed to officers younger than myself, and none of them were ultimately efficacious. I resolved, however, to proceed to the head-quarters of the army, and joined it at the siege of Valenciennes.

In consequence of the local knowledge I possessed of the town of Lisle and its neighbourhood, from a former residence there for a period of some duration; from the habit I had acquired of looking at fortified places with the eye of a military man and an engineer, who enjoyed perhaps a secret pleasure in detecting the weak points of a fortress, as well as from the information I obtained in the frequent excursions I had made as a sportsman over the adjoining country, I persuaded myself that the town might be taken by surprise.

Convinced of the possibility of accomplishing so great an object, I prepared a memorial on the subject, and submitted it to the consideration of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. In the plans which accompanied the memorial, I had pointed out a *fausse braie* on the flank of one of the ports, called "la Porte

de Malade," and knowing the fact to be so, I meant that that should be the point of attack. The force with which I proposed to effect the object, was to consist of 8000 Prussians, a part of the army before Valenciennes, under General Noblesdorff. This preference on my part did not arise from belief in the superiority of the Prussian troops over the British in any military quality, save that of a stricter discipline, and a consequent probability of their observing a more perfect silence in marching to the attack.

His Royal Highness was unfortunately surrounded by a number of young officers, many of whom had never seen service. The memorial was at first referred to Sir James Murray and Colonel Sellingen, whose principal objection to the plan was a general one, that the town being one of the strongest places in Europe could not be taken by surprise. To this there was an obvious answer, that the superior strength of a fortress had only a tendency to increase the confidence and security of the garrison, and that if a weak point could be made

available, as suggested in my memorial, I contended that a fortress like Lisle was liable to the danger of surprise in the direct ratio of its supposed security and strength.

The fact of the *fausse braie*, on which I was ready to pledge my honour and my existence, was next brought into question, and as it was not correctly represented on the charts and plans in the possession of the Commander-in-Chief, a doubt was raised as to the accuracy of the principal circumstance on which my memorial was founded. But here also I suggested the probability, that the very circumstance of the ordinary charts being erroneous, might be favourable to the execution of the plan. A number of minor objections were then proposed and refuted, but feeling that the gentlemen who sat in judgment on the plan were not the best qualified to decide on its merits, I treated their arguments with less consideration than perhaps was due to two young gentlemen who enjoyed so much of his Royal Highness's confidence, and I have no doubt that I might better have consulted my own aggrandizement

if I could have concealed from myself the unfortunate want of experience on the part of the commissioners, or could have forgotten that I had myself been educated in the school of Ferdinand of Brunswick.

The first report on my memorial was not conclusive, and after three days had been allowed to elapse, I learned in a quarter where I least expected to hear of my plan, that the Duke had thought it necessary, before deciding on a matter of so much importance, to consult with several individuals as to the propriety of hazarding the attempt. At the end of eight days, the Duke had not yet decided, but as by this time I perceived that the possibility of effecting a surprise had passed away, after the plan had been breathed upon to so many individuals, I thought it necessary to address a letter to his Royal Highness, explaining in the most respectful terms the reasons which had induced me to withdraw myself from the undertaking: my letter was concluded in such terms as these—"Had the attempt been attended with success, the honour would have

been to your Royal Highness; if it had failed, the disgrace would have been wholly mine;" and I venture to add, that the surprisal of Cremona was not the least brilliant action of the life of Prince Eugene.

Seeing that I had thus no prospect of being permitted to make my services available in the only field of exertion which was at that time open to me, I resolved to return to Scotland, and continued to reside at Craigforth until I had the misfortune to become once more a widower.

Lady Elizabeth Callander died at Craigforth in the month of October, 1797. Compared with this, every other misfortune which had befallen me through life seemed to sink into insignificance. To the five young children whom she had left behind her, the loss was even greater than it was to me. The purity of her religious sentiments, her natural good sense and politeness, her extensive knowledge of the world, and above all, her strong affection for them, made the bereavement to such a family an irreparable evil.

For some time after Lady Elizabeth's demise, I remained with the children at Craigforth; the two boys under the charge of a young clergyman, and the three girls having the advantage of my sister, Mrs. Compton, to live with them as a companion. The rest of my family at that time consisted of my eldest son, the second child of my first marriage, and two daughters, who by this time were both married, but were too young, or too much occupied, to undertake the charge of their younger sisters' education; and my eldest son, George Callander, by this time a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, was not yet a married man, or settled in life.

In these circumstances I received a warm and well-meant invitation from my sister-in-law, the Marchioness of Antrim, urging me, in the strongest terms, to send her three nieces, that her Ladyship might superintend the completion of their education, and give them the advantage of her countenance on their first entrance into general society. I was fully impressed with the nature and the great amount

of the obligation which the Marchioness proposed to confer, but I confess that I dreaded the influence of a splendid establishment on the young minds of my daughters, and I feared that they might too readily imbibe notions of life which might not be consistent with their place in society, and which afterwards might not be easily eradicated. I therefore declined the proposal, with the unaffected expression of my warmest acknowledgments for the consideration which the Marchioness had given to the circumstances in which my daughters were placed.

Another proposal was then made to me, from a quarter where, in ordinary circumstances, it was least to be expected; but it was so perfectly consonant with the views I had adopted with reference to the future happiness of my children, that I received and accepted it with unmingled satisfaction. It came from the elder sister of my second wife, who had never herself been married, but whose character, in one word, was perfectly that of a gentlewoman. Mrs. Dutens proposed that she

should become the sole governess and guardian of my three girls; and as she was just such a person as I could unreservedly entrust with so invaluable a charge, I was too much enchanted with the proposal to hesitate a moment as to its acceptance, nor have I ever had any cause to regret my concurrence in the arrangement. At the same time, I had the satisfaction to be aware that Mrs. Dutens' fortune was so great as to make the expense to which she was necessarily subjected a matter of indifference to her.

At a very early period I had got a commission in the army for my youngest son, which, judging from the ardour of his temperament, I conceived to be a profession well suited to his disposition, and to the first indications of a character which was far from being fully formed. For my second son, James, my views were turned to a more peaceful profession; but as he advanced in life he repeatedly expressed a wish to go into the army. To gratify this wish, I had named him in lieu of his younger brother, who had by this time conceived a decided preference for a country life, and for the practice of agriculture.

My youngest son, Randal, I accordingly placed in a situation where his altered views were likely to be prosecuted with the greatest advantage; and I conducted James to his regiment, then encamped near Canterbury, and embarked him for Holland. He served in that war, and I may add, without any excess of paternal partiality, that he has always served with reputation. Few young men have seen so much service as he has done; and at the close of the war, as will be seen in the sequel, he found himself in possession of the majority of the 91st regiment.

When my domestic arrangements had thus been completed, I felt that a life of retirement, after I had ceased to be surrounded by a family in whom I delighted, would be inexpressibly irksome to me. It was therefore with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that I received from my early friend and schoolfellow, Lord Keith, a proposal to attend him in his Mediterranean command. Besides being highly seasonable at the moment, and in every sense an offer well worthy of my acceptance, it was particularly

agreeable to me from the quarter whence it came, as well as from the manner in which it was made.

" An officer of your merit and experience," Lord Keith was pleased to say, " must not be lost to the service."

The time allowed me by Lord Keith before the sailing of the fleet was sufficient for deliberation, but was scarcely sufficient to enable me to make my preparatory arrangements to enable me to embark with him in his flag-ship the Queen Charlotte. As soon as I was ready to start, I went to the Admiralty to obtain the latest intelligence from the fleet, which I knew to be under sailing orders. The answer I received from the clerk to whom I put the question was, with a look at the weathercock, " Sir, the Admiral has probably by this time cleared the Lizard."

It was never my custom on meeting with a disappointment to lose time in bemoaning it; so I rejoined by an inquiry as to the next ship which was to sail for the Mediterranean. To

this my interlocutor replied, with all the promptitude of office, "The Cormorant, Captain Boyle, now at Falmouth."

"When does she sail?"

"Captain Boyle's despatches will be sent to him ten days hence, and you can travel as fast as they."

In the issue it proved fortunate for me that I missed the fleet, and my passage in the flagship; it enabled me to oblige Lord Keith, by collecting his numerous despatches, and transacting several matters of business which he had been unable to complete before his departure from London. In the meanwhile also, a fortunate accident brought me in company with Lady Nelson, who, when she heard that I should probably see her gallant husband sooner than any man then in England, desired that I might wait on her on the following morning to receive her despatches. Her Ladyship was pleased to say some civil things of me to Lord Nelson, which certainly were not lost upon him, if I may judge from the services and at-

tentions I received from his Lordship during my stay in the Mediterranean. After another application at the Admiralty, I got with these advantages to Falmouth, as fast as a chaise and four horses would carry me.

The Cormorant, of twenty-two guns, was the smallest post-ship at that time in the British navy. Her commander, the Hon. Courtney Boyle, I had known from his infancy, as I had long been on intimate habits with the Earl and Countess of Cork, and was acquainted with most of his relations. Mr. Boyle was a perfect seaman, and as brave as his own sword. Our course was first directed to Lisbon, and during our route we took several prizes. Two sails appeared in sight off Cape Finisterre, and I had reason to remark the promptitude with which Captain Boyle decided between the characters of the two vessels, the one of which was much larger than the other. The smaller one, although her hull was still under the horizon, he pronounced to be a privateer, the other a prize, which had probably just been taken by

her. Taking his election between them, he immediately gave chase to the prize, and took possession of her during the night.

In confirmation of Captain Boyle's conjecture, she proved to be an English West-Indiaman, homeward-bound, and heavily laden, which had been captured by the General Massena, a French privateer. In our cruize across the Bay of Biscay, the Cormorant had been very successful. The ship's company had been so thinned of its officers and crew, that Captain Boyle had considerable difficulty in manning this valuable prize; so much so, that he was obliged to place her under the command of the schoolmaster. We afterwards learned that she arrived in safety at Cork.

We lost another valuable prize off the rock of Lisbon by the stupidity of the boatswain. We had pursued an enemy's ship for some time, and in the morning found her in the act of manning a prize, which we should have been able to capture, but for the time which was lost in consequence of the blocks giving way, by which the gig was slung as usual astern.

By the time that this piece of slovenliness had been adjusted, the shot of the enemy was coming aboard of us, which made it necessary to withdraw our attention from the recapture of the prize.

The wind being contrary, Captain Boyle stretched across to the Barbary coast, and when we had made a sufficient offing to enable the ship to bear up for the Tagus, we found ourselves chased by a heavy frigate. After observing her some time, the oldest lieutenant, an able and excellent seaman, observed to Captain Boyle, that he thought the frigate in chase too heavy to afford any chance of a successful encounter. Captain Boyle coincided in the opinion of Mr. Mitchell, his first lieutenant, and had expressed his resolution to avoid her, when his second, a very brave and honest seaman, of the name of Wright, who had been bred in the merchant service, imprudently remarked that he did not think the ship in chase to be larger than the Cormorant.

In consequence of this difference of opinion

among his officers, Captain Boyle informed me, in the course of the evening, that he was resolved to keep steadily on his course, and to abstain from any attempt at avoiding an engagement. Accordingly, next morning we found the frigate within a league of us, on our weather quarter, when it was seen that she was pierced for forty-four guns, while we only carried twenty-two, of a calibre in all probability much smaller than those of our antagonist. On taking the glass from his eye, he presented it to the second lieutenant, observing in gentle but emphatic terms, that he thought she *seemed* larger. Poor Mr. Wright was so shocked at his own indiscretion, that he was unable to utter a word, and soon afterwards the necessary order was given to clear the ship for action.

The circumstance which has just been related affords an excellent illustration of the necessity, as well as propriety, of that supreme and even arbitrary power which is vested in the commander of a British ship of war, and of the admirable arrangements to which his

authority is found in practice to lead. The inferior officers are seldom heard to hazard an opinion until it is asked of them; and when a hasty expression is found to produce such important consequences, it is not wonderful to see the extraordinary degree of caution and circumspection, in practical matters, for which the language of our seamen is so justly remarkable.

In the present instance, no disastrous consequences arose from Lieutenant Wright's indiscretion. The frigate proved to be the Boadicea, a forty-four, commanded by Captain Reynolds, a worthy and gallant officer, who was afterwards lost, in a three-decker, off the coast of Norway, at the time of the Danish expedition. At the commencement of the chase on the previous afternoon, we had crowded so much canvass on the Cormorant as to spring our main top-mast; and such was the accuracy of observation on board the Boadicea, that the circumstance was immediately seen, and reckoned on as a sure indication of their making prize of the unknown ship.

Before reaching the Tagus, Captain Boyle made one or two additional prizes, so that the trip upon the whole had been highly successful; a circumstance which afforded me the greater satisfaction, from the knowledge I possessed, that Captain Boyle was at the time in great pecuniary embarrassment, in consequence of an incorrect Court of Admiralty having condemned a valuable prize which he had previously taken; or rather, in consequence of a reversal of the judgment of the Court, and an order on Captain Boyle to refund the money, at a period when it was far from being convenient to do so.

It was necessary for the Cormorant to remain some days in the Tagus, but Captain Boyle was so good as to hasten his departure, in consequence of the dispatches with which he knew I was entrusted for Lord Keith. After spending a few days at Lisbon we again put to sea; and having shaped our course for Leghorn, we found Lord Keith in the midst of his preparations for the siege of Genoa.

CHAPTER XV.

Interview with Lord Keith.—Appointment to a command.—Vessel on Fire.—Fatal Catastrophe.—Arrangements in the Fleet.—The Siege of Genoa.—Lord Keith and General Massena.—Dispatches to Lord Nelson, and the King of Naples.—Palermo; Manner of Travelling.—An Earthquake.—Work of Mr. Brydone.—The people of Ragusa.—Ruins of Girgentum.—The Author's journey.—Inns.—Hospitable reception.—Aspect of the Country.—Wines.—A rich Consul.—The Sicilian service.—Sir John Acton.—Pecuniary arrangements.—Disappointment.—Queen of Naples.

At my first interview with Lord Keith, and immediately on delivering my despatches, he observed that he had found a situation which he had no doubt would be agreeable to me. Sir John Acton, at that time the Prime Minister of the King of Naples, had applied to Lord Keith for the assistance of a British

officer who might be capable of putting the Neapolitan troops in a better state of order and discipline than they had hitherto enjoyed. Lord Keith judged rightly in supposing that this task was very much to my liking, although, indeed, I had very little idea of the wretched condition of the force I was called on to organize.

Thus my immediate destination was Palermo, but in the course of my short stay at Leghorn, preparatory to my departure for Sicily, I was witness to a very awful accident, in the burning of Lord Keith's flag-ship, the Queen Charlotte. I was to have gone aboard of her that very day, had not Lord Keith detained me on shore to dine with the Austrian commander-in-chief, and to act as interpreter between them. This I had done on several former occasions, as the Austrian spoke nothing but German, a language with which Lord Keith did not happen to be acquainted. We sat down to dinner at one o'clock, and had not finished the first course, when an English officer in attendance on Lord Keith's person,

(his Lordship always supported his command with considerable state,) hastily entered the apartment, in the greatest agitation, to announce to Lord Keith that the Queen Charlotte was on fire.

The fleet lay at anchor about four miles from the town, off the island of Gorgona, the spot where the finest anchovies are caught. Immediately on hearing this alarming intelligence we all started up from table, and Lord Keith, calling for his glass, ran up to the balcony, from whence there was a full view of the fleet. He had not looked many seconds, when he dashed the instrument on the ground, and gave instant orders for boats to assist. In this he had been anticipated by other officers ashore, many of whom were jumping into such craft as could be had, and going off to the roadstead. I got into the best boat I could find, but the Italian sailors who manned it were in such a state of consternation at the shotted guns which from time to time went off, as they were reached by the fire, and at the greater danger of the explosion of the maga-

zine, that it was not without a great deal of difficulty, accompanied with threats of personal violence, that I could induce them to approach near enough to be of use in saving some valuable lives. The number on board at the time of the accident amounted to 1,000 souls, and all that were saved were but 147.

The fire was occasioned by a very trivial accident. It is known that on board a flag-ship there is frequent occasion to make signals and fire-guns. For this purpose tubs are kept on the upper deck with matches in them constantly lighted. As the fleet was to have sailed for Genoa on the very evening of the accident, the usual preparations were in progress; and in haste or heedlessness, the people on board had tumbled a great quantity of the hay, which had just been brought for the use of the live stock, on one of the tubs which contained the lighted matches. The fire was immediately communicated to the hay, and from thence with such rapidity to the combustible materials around, that in less than a quarter of an hour it was past the power of human agency to extinguish

the flames. Lord Keith's pecuniary loss was very considerable. He lived, as I have said, in a very magnificent manner, and his plate alone was valued at 7,000*l.* But he regretted still more the loss of a valuable collection of nautical charts, and plans of various coasts and harbours. Of all the minor consequences however of this great calamity, Lord Keith particularly lamented the loss of his friend Mr. Bainbridge, the first Lieutenant of the Queen Charlotte, for whom he had just before got a ship, but who, from personal regard to his patron and commander, had obtained his Lordship's leave to serve on board the flag-ship at the siege of Genoa.

Lord Keith's arrangements had been so far advanced, that he did not permit the accident to interfere with the sailing of the fleet. He embarked on board the Audacious, a ship of two decks, and sailed the same night on his destination.

Although I was not present at the siege of Genoa, I shall be pardoned for communicating a circumstance which occurred immediately

after the capitulation, from its being so creditable to the feelings of my old friend Lord Keith. The two Commanders, Lord Keith and the French General, Massena, met on shore for the purpose of arranging the stipulations of the treaty. Massena proposed a number of conditions to which Lord Keith successively yielded. At length his Lordship entreated the Frenchman to ask for nothing more, "Your defence," he said, "has been so honourable to the French arms that I can refuse you nothing." It was known that the garrison had been reduced to the last extremity. The only public allowance which remained to the men was a few ounces of oil per diem, and many of the inhabitants had been forced to subsist on the most disgusting garbage.

When the capitulation was signed, Lord Keith desired that three guns might be fired from the mole battery. On this signal a great number of boats put off from the fleet, and the French Commander, with some symptoms of alarm, applied to Lord Keith to know the reason of their appearance. The Admiral de-

layed an answer until the arrival of the boats, when they were found to be loaded with provisions, a supply that must have been singularly seasonable to the starving inmates of the garrison.

Two days afterwards, I joined my old friend Captain Boyle, on board the Cormorant, and sailed with him for the shores of Sicily. The destination of the Cormorant was the coast of Egypt; but Captain Boyle had orders from Lord Keith to put me ashore at Palermo, where I had letters to deliver to Lord Nelson, and despatches from Lord Keith to the King, and to Sir John Acton. Instead of landing me at Palermo, as he intended, Captain Boyle was compelled, by adverse winds, and boisterous weather, to put me ashore on the opposite side of the Island, at a distance of at least two hundred miles from the capital.

After leaving me on the coast, about fifteen miles from the town of Ragusa, Captain Boyle proceeded on his destination, having received orders to cruize off the mouth of the Nile, until the arrival of the fleet. From the

variable nature of the coast, occasioned by the periodical inundations of the river, it has often been found to be exceedingly dangerous, deceiving even the most experienced mariners. On this occasion it was the fate of my friend Captain Boyle, and the Cormorant, to suffer shipwreck. The officers and crew were saved; but they were immediately seized on the beach by a horde of Arabs, and carried to Grand Cairo, where they were not liberated until the British forces were in possession of Egypt.

In travelling from the point where the Cormorant had landed me to my destination on the other side of the island, I enjoyed a favourable opportunity of seeing some part of the interior. On the coast where I landed, I saw only a single vessel, which was a Dane, taking on board a cargo of corn. I was told that it was dangerous to undertake the journey to Palermo, without an escort of Campieri, whose business it is to hire themselves out for the protection of travellers.

The manner of travelling in the island is in a litter, very much resembling a sedan-chair,

supported between two mules. To *progress* in this fashion, as my friend Lady Nisbit would say, is certainly rather a tedious business; and with my best diligence, it occupied eleven days to carry me to Palermo. At Ragusa, I found the inhabitants just recovering from the alarm of a recent earthquake. This district of the Island is seldom included in the route of the traveller; and although, before the catastrophe to which I allude, it contained as many as 20,000 souls, I do not remember to have seen the name of Ragusa mentioned in the entertaining work of Mr. Brydone, or in any other book of travels. Hard by Ragusa, the road is still to be seen which was made by the Carthaginians, for the passage of their elephants across the island; and, indeed, considerable portions of it were in my time in excellent preservation.

Speaking from recollection, I should say, that this great work of antiquity is about eighteen feet in breadth. The stones of which it is composed, are of lava, of the size of three feet by two, and they are uniformly arranged

with the greatest attention to symmetry. Every other road in the island, which I had an opportunity of observing, is quite unworthy of the name. They are in fact mere bridle-paths, for there is not such a thing as a wheel carriage in the island. When I explained to the people of Ragusa the use of a cart in bringing home their grain, they suggested the impossibility of using it from the nature of the country.

Although of the highest fertility wherever the lava has been decomposed, it is yet so stony, abrupt, and unequal in its general surface, as in a great measure to deny them the facilities of locomotion which are enjoyed by the farmer in countries in other respects less favoured. Their wheat, indeed, was seen to grow in the most extraordinary situations. Not an inch of ground was lost which could receive a seed or carry a single stalk of corn. There was no where to be seen any thing approaching in extent to an ordinary paddock; and over what they called their fields, huge masses of basalt were scattered in every conceivable posi-

tion; but wherever the interstice between adjacent rocks, or even the verge of a precipice discovered a practicable situation for inserting a few seeds, the industry and care of the inhabitants were such as to leave none of these favoured spots in a state of barrenness or neglect.

In ancient times this island was the granary of surrounding nations, and it may be said in some measure to be so still. If not of the quantity, I can speak with confidence at least of the quality, of the flour. Not far from Ragusa stand the ruins of Girgentum, an ancient temple, in very perfect preservation. I do not pretend to speak of it in the style of the learned, but according to my uncultivated ideas it appeared to me, after seeing many remains of antiquity, to be an admirable specimen of purity and proportion in architecture.

Although I had no introduction at Ragusa, I had the good fortune to meet there with much kindness and attention from some of the principal inhabitants, who furnished me not merely with the necessary information for pur-

suing my route to Palermo, but provided me with letters which opened many hospitable doors to me in the course of my journey. The season of the year was some time after their corn harvest; and the after-crop of clover being on the ground, its general appearance was extremely beautiful and luxuriant. It stood about two feet high, and its colours were so singularly rich and vivid, as to remind me very forcibly of a bright green cloth spotted over with drops of red currant jelly. They have another cultivated grass, about five inches high, with a yellow flower, which is also very beautiful.

The inns which I entered in the course of my journey were as bad as can be imagined; but their place was very well supplied by means of the letters which I had obtained at Ragusa. Indeed I cannot sufficiently praise the hospitality I met with in every part of my journey. I was allowed to want for nothing which could contribute to my ease or comfort. The coffee and chocolate were uniformly excellent, and the mutton, as it generally is in hot countries,

remarkably good. In the houses of the gentry the cookery was scarcely to be distinguished from the Italian; but, from what cause I could not ascertain, it frequently happened to me that the master of the house, for whom I had brought the letters which produced my hospitable reception, never made his appearance. In such cases the absence of the host was only marked by a more striking degree of observance and attention on the part of his domestics.

The general aspect of the country had to me a very singular appearance; the richest spots of verdure being suddenly interrupted by masses of lava, in various states of decomposition. Interspersed among the rocks are patches of plain ground, which are subjected, without much regard to agricultural rotation, to a perpetual succession of crops of corn. In a wider sense the country may be said to consist of mountain and valley; and upon the whole it presents the liveliest idea which can well be imagined of an island which has been called into existence at a period comparatively recent.

Wood and water are not wanting to complete the extraordinary picture, and in favourable situations there are patches of the richest pasture to be picked up among the crevices of the rocks. Flowers are also to be found in great variety, wherever the hand of the agriculturist has not substituted his more valuable productions. Of these I particularly admired the passion-flower, and the caper, without any reference to the picturesque effect of the pickled berries on a boiled leg of mutton.

The wine of the country is in great variety and is generally of excellent quality. After I had been some time in Sicily, I sent two hogsheads of red wine, called Marsalla, as a present to my mother. Each of them contained some three hundred bottles; and the two together did not cost me more than eight pounds. They arrived in safety at Craigforth in a vessel bound for Alloa, a port in the immediate neighbourhood, and I was informed, that after being kept for some time, the wine was very much liked by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood for its fulness of body, and claret-like flavour. I sent

the two hogsheads that the one might assist in paying for the duty and freight of the other; and with them I sent half a dozen silk gowns, which, although they cost me only about two pounds a piece, were of the finest silk I had ever seen.

The Consul at the town of Marsalla had amassed a fortune of 30,000*l.* by the composition of a wine which he called Madeira, out of several of the native white wines of his immediate neighbourhood. It appeared to me to be wholesome and palatable; but it had ceased to produce such great pecuniary returns to the manufacturer in consequence of other individuals having engaged in the trade.

On my arrival at Palermo I was presented to his Sicilian Majesty by Sir John Acton, and was received, as at all Italian Courts, in the most flattering manner. The letter from Lord Keith, which I presented on the occasion, was in answer, as I have said, to an application which had been previously made to his Lordship, for an officer duly qualified to put the Sicilian troops into a better state of discipline;

and his Lordship was pleased to write that I was possessed of the necessary qualifications. I was immediately appointed Inspector-General of the troops; and the appointment was accompanied with such a profusion of promises, that I could not think myself less than firmly fixed in the service of his Sicilian Majesty.

Soon afterwards Sir John Acton applied to me to undertake a duty of a different nature, which was a survey of those parts of the island, and particularly of the coast which stood most in need of defence. Although not exactly consistent with the nature of my engagement, I did not object to the task, as I felt it to be one for which my tastes and habits, and my early education as an engineer, had peculiarly fitted me. The nature of this employment required that I should be attended by numerous assistants, and that I should be subjected to considerable expense. I was supplied at the outset with a sum of 600*l.* to assist in defraying the current expenses of the undertaking; but as I was resolved to avoid the trouble and responsibility of keeping accounts, I insisted

that the money should be placed in the hands of a person authorised by the Government, who should disburse it from time to time, as occasion might require, and who should be exclusively accountable not to me, but to his employers.

This arrangement was accordingly adopted; and I proceeded with the survey, in the full belief that I was serving a Government, from whom, if I did not receive an adequate or liberal reward, I should at least never be suffered to be a pecuniary loser by the service I had undertaken. In this, however, I was sadly disappointed. After the first payment of 600*l.* no further supply could be procured from the Government. Unwilling that the work should be interrupted, I proceeded with my own funds until I had expended about 500*l.* and then I returned to Palermo to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary backwardness on the part of the Government.

After a good deal of tergiversation, I was induced to apply to Sir William Hamilton, the British ambassador, on the subject, and with the

honesty and candour for which Sir William was so remarkable, he recommended me at once to abandon the undertaking, and to incur no further expense on the credit of the Sicilian Government. It was never denied by Sir John Acton that the 500*l.* which I had thus expended was justly due to me, independent of any remuneration for the personal service performed; but he excused himself and the Government by saying, that there was actually no money in the Royal treasury; so that to this hour the debt remains unpaid.

The rise of Sir John Acton at the Sicilian Court was somewhat extraordinary. He arrived at Naples an inferior officer in a British ship of war; but being a man of insinuating manners, considerable ability, and a good person, he caught the eye of the Queen, and through her Majesty's influence he rose to the high station in which I found him in the councils of the Sicilian Court.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sir William Hamilton.—The Sicilian Court.—Lord Nelson.—Lady Hamilton's influence.—New British Envoy.—The Russian Ambassador.—Extraordinary character of Lady Hamilton.—His Sicilian Majesty.—Resolve to abandon the Sicilian service.—The Ionian islands.—Advice of Lord Nelson.—Sail for Malta.—Lord Keith.—Introduction to General Abercrombie.—Arrive at Zante.—Marshal Lannes.—English cruisers.—Lord Nelson's Proclamation.—French and English Interests.—The British colours hoisted.—Command the forces.—Italian corps.—Albanians.—Government of the Island.—Prevalence of crime.—Assassinations.—Count Calamara.—Conversation with the Pacha of Navarino.—Inspect the Bay.—Trial and execution of Calamara.—French influence.—Threatened descent.—Measures adopted by the author.—Anecdote of a Priest.

Sir William Hamilton had been for many years entrusted with the charge of the British interests at the Court of Naples; but during my stay at Palermo he found himself

superseded in the person of a gentleman, whose family connexions gave him an undisputed right to be liberally provided for. Lord Nelson was all-powerful at the Sicilian Court, in consequence of the boldness and address with which he had brought off the Royal Family from Naples to Palermo at a period of the greatest peril; but Lord Nelson's influence at home, and the ambassador's own merits, were not sufficient to retain for Sir William Hamilton the situation in which he had done so much good service to his country.

He had, in fact, for a long series of years completely governed the Neapolitan Court. No doubt this was latterly accomplished with the assistance of his friend Lady Hamilton, and of the influence which that extraordinary woman possessed over the mind of the Queen, and through the Queen over the Prime Minister. But these advantages were lost on the arrival of Sir William's successor, who never, as I believe, made any pretensions to political knowledge or sagacity. This gentleman was content to make himself agreeable to the peo-

ple among whom he was placed by the liberality of his table and the elegance of his entertainments; but his easy disposition, and his newness to diplomatic usages, were somewhat strikingly evinced by his intimacy with the ambassador from Russia. The wily Muscovite became so attached to the British envoy as to permit his secretary, a M. de la Haye, to live at the hotel of the embassy, and lend his assistance in the details of official business!

I could not resist the impulse of complimenting the new ambassador on his diplomatic address; and inquired if he had not wormed many valuable state secrets from his foreign secretary; but with a simplicity quite delightful in any other character, I was informed that he had no such object in accepting the services of M. de la Haye.

The faculties of Lady Hamilton are known to have been of a very high order indeed. While she remained at Palermo, if she had not the appointment or the salary of a *chargée d'affaires*, she earned a title to both from the zeal and the dexterity with which she

continued to watch over the British interests. She had made herself so necessary to the Queen, that her Majesty could not pass a moment without Lady Hamilton's company; and those who have witnessed her extraordinary address, or have fallen within the range of her fascinating influence, will not wonder at the power she acquired over a mind immeasurably higher in all respects than that of the Queen of Naples.

In these hasty notices of the Sicilian Court, I must not omit to make a single remark on the character of the King. Nature appeared to have designed him for the apostolic duties of a fisherman. In the manual department of the art he was acknowledged to be very expert, and such was his anxiety to instil the first maxims of industry into the minds of his subjects, that the fish which he had caught with his own hands were regularly exposed for sale in the markets of Palermo.

Lord Nelson happened to be at the Court of Naples, when I finally resolved on the abandonment of the Sicilian service. His Lordship

entirely concurred in the resolution I had adopted, observing, that in his opinion, I might do good service to the British Government by going to the Ionian Islands to confirm the inhabitants of the Republic in their attachment to the interests of England. It was most desirable, he said, to crush the attempts which the French were making to establish a rival influence in the Islands, and he recommended that I should at all events do what I could, to quell the popular commotions which the collision of parties had created. I was very much disposed to adopt Lord Nelson's advice, but was anxious first of all to have the sanction of my friend Lord Keith, who was at that time at Malta.

I went there accordingly, and carried with me a proclamation addressed by Lord Nelson to the inhabitants of the Republic, for the inspection of Lord Keith. Its object was to assure the inhabitants of the protection of the British Government, and its general tendency was to induce them to espouse the English interests in opposition to those of the French.

At Malta, I found Lord Keith as I expected, and also General Abercrombie, for whom I had likewise letters of introduction from several individuals of high rank in England.

Lord Keith agreed with Lord Nelson, that I might be of the greatest use in bringing the Seven Islands under the protection of the British Government, and he concurred in the corroboration of the powers I had obtained from Lord Nelson, for the accomplishment of the object of my mission. Before my departure, I was furnished with such pecuniary means as were at their Lordships' disposal for enabling me to execute the task assigned me, and although very inadequate to so considerable an object, I did not allow myself to anticipate difficulties, but resolved to supply what was wanting in this respect, by the strictest economy in the application of the money, and by indefatigable zeal in the more delicate and important duties which I might be called upon to perform.

I lost no time in embarking for Zante, in a Greek ship, which I engaged for that purpose.

About the same time, Lord Nelson returned to England, and soon afterwards Lord Keith conducted the troops to Egypt.

On my arrival at Zante, I found the rival parties engaged in actual hostilities. I proceeded to the spot where numbers were engaged, and addressing them in the Italian language, which is generally understood among the educated classes, I required them at their peril to lay down their arms, if they did not wish to make Great Britain their enemy. At this period, the French party had become sanguine of success, in consequence of the arrival of the Marechal Lannes, at Lecco and Otranto, on the opposite coast of Italy, with seven thousand men. But although the French had thus been more readily excited to tumult, I knew that there was little danger to be apprehended from the forces under the command of the Marechal, in consequence of his total want of shipping, and of the impossibility, if he had, of transporting the troops in the face of the maritime force belonging to Great Britain constantly cruising in those seas.

In the mean time, I saw that my cue should lead me to the adoption of soft and pacific measures. As soon as I had quitted the contending parties for the moment, I begged to have a conference on the following morning with the heads of the party opposed to the English interests. I pointed out to them the personal danger they must individually incur by persisting in their opposition to a power which, they could not fail to perceive, was predominant in the seas by which they were surrounded; I reminded them how long it was since any French ship had entered their harbours, and suggested, by way of contrast, the frequent visits they received from the English cruisers. Many of the persons to whom I addressed myself, enjoyed, what in England we are accustomed to call a considerable stake in the country. This was of course a tender point, which I pressed no farther than prudence seemed to dictate; contenting myself with a hint that their neutrality for a little while would ensure the safety of their property; whereas, if they persisted in opposing

my proceedings, I professed that I could not answer for the consequences.

After I had in some measure prepared the minds of those at the head of the French party for quietness and concession, I proceeded to publish Lord Nelson's proclamation; and caused it to be otherwise made known to the inhabitants in general, that I was authorized by the Commander-in-chief to require them to make their election of the French or the English interests without delay, as it was necessary for me to make an immediate report of the result of their deliberations to my superior in command. Having thus caught the tide of popular opinion at the proper crisis, I thought it best to assume that they had decided in my favour, and immediately hoisted the British colours. From that period, they were never pulled down until the conclusion of the short peace in 1802, when the Government thought fit to restore the power to the native authorities.

My next object was to place myself at the head of the forces already in some degree

organized in the island. They consisted of two corps, the one Albanians, the other being natives of Italy. The Italian corps was divided into two battalions, and the Albanians amounted in number to about 2000 men. The Albanians were in all respects as irregular as it is easy to conceive, in discipline, dress, accoutrements, and pay. In general, the men were hired by their officers according to their individual merits. The ensign by which they distinguished themselves was somewhat remarkable, bearing on the one side the cross, and on the other the crescent, to indicate a sort of neutrality in their religious opinions. I asked, with some expression of surprise, for the cause of these contradictory emblems, when I was informed by one of their chiefs, that coming as they did from the mountainous regions of Thessaly and Macedonia, they were not deeply versed in the mysteries of either faith, but were disposed to conciliate the good will of their neighbours on both sides, by this extraordinary combination of symbols.

The men, being mountaineers, were naturally

hardy, and I succeeded in a short time in making excellent soldiers of them; nor had I much difficulty in prevailing on their captains to subscribe to the political creed which I proposed for their adoption. Heretofore, they had been nominally in the pay of the presidency of the island; and being mercenary troops, in every sense of the word, I suggested to them, that by placing themselves under my command, they would have a better paymaster in the King of Great Britain, than in the presidency they had hitherto served. Our bargain was concluded according to the manner of the country, by the Albanian chiefs kissing the cross formed by my two thumbs, which was considered as an oath of fealty to me, as well as of allegiance to the King my master.

My next attention was directed to the arrangement of the government of the island. Hitherto the supreme power had been vested in a self-elected body called a presidency, consisting of five of the nobles, or principal landed proprietors. That I might not be too abrupt in divesting these individuals of their supre-

macy, I resolved to keep up the form on which I had found the government established. All that I proposed to do, was to increase the number of the board, and by calling in, for this purpose, a certain proportion of individuals from the other classes of the inhabitants, to create some of those salutary checks which, in the science of government, are found to balance contending interests and neutralize the influence of arbitrary power. To the five nobles who had already been exercising the functions of government, I added four individuals from the commercial classes, and two of the principal agriculturists.

The novelty of this measure was agreeable to them at first, from the resemblance which they fancied it to bear to the British Constitution. The similarity, indeed, was not particularly striking to any one acquainted with the subject; as, in the first instance, I had individually exercised the sole power of nomination. But at this period it would have been impossible, from the intestine dissensions by which the island was divided, to have arranged any form of govern-

ment, consisting exclusively of the inhabitants themselves, which could have exercised its functions in tranquillity.

In the mean time, till a better temper among the people, and more peaceful times should arise, I resolved to employ this new-formed presidency as an instrument in my hands for reconciling the inhabitants to the British sway.

I now explained to them that the arrangement I had made was only to be considered as temporary in its nature, and that the English were not disposed to interfere in the constitution of any permanent government they might afterwards think proper to adopt. The immediate emergency required some promptitude on my part in effecting such an adjustment as might keep the machine in motion until the impending causes of derangement had time to subside. In the midst of war and confusion, I could not, even if so disposed, have safely appealed to the public voice, to determine by whom, or by how many they chose to be governed. Besides, I have never indulged in any deep veneration for the boasted majesty of the

people;—to me, the voice of the multitude is any thing but oracular, and among the Greeks, at least, I am well assured that the *vox populi* is not the *vox Dei*.

The administration of the government which had thus been arranged was the next object of my care. For the sake of all parties, it was necessary that the public should feel that the reins of authority were now to be held with a hand at once firm and vigorous; above all, it was necessary that the people should be impressed with a proper sense of the strict impartiality, and even severe justice, which was henceforth to be expected under the auspices of Great Britain.

To this end, an excellent opportunity was presented to me, in the person of a notorious violator of every principle of the social compact, who had hitherto been screened from justice by his rank and fortune. His name was the Count Calamara, a man possessed of revenues equal, perhaps, to 3000*l.* a year, a sum of great comparative amount in a country like that where his property was situated. His

hands were so polluted with crime, that he had committed not less than seventeen assassinations—crimes by far too common among the Greeks, and which required to be checked by some striking example. One of Calamara's victims was his own brother-in-law, and assassination was not the only offence with which he was chargeable. His influence, however, with the former presidency had been such as to protect his conduct from scrutiny or challenge; and this circumstance affords but one instance of the many perversions of justice which that self-elected body had displayed.

At the time of my arrival, the prisons of Zante were crowded with persons whose only offences, so far as I could ascertain, consisted in their being personally disagreeable to some of the members of the presidency. It was therefore one of the first acts of my reformed government, to effect a general gaol delivery of this numerous class of prisoners.

My next object was to lay my hand on the great culprit Calamara. Finding that I had instituted an inquiry into some of his atrocities,

he had made a hasty flight from the island, and took shelter, as I was informed, with the Pasha of Navarino. In my voyage to Zante, I put into the bay, which has since been distinguished as the scene of the destruction of the Turkish fleet, for the purpose of obtaining supplies; and having waited on the Turkish commander, I had an opportunity of judging of the capabilities of the place for defence. At that time it was very indifferently fortified and worse provided with guns, so that I was induced to make some observation to the Pasha on the subject, and to express my surprise that the supreme commander of the Turkish force in the Morea did not supply him more liberally with the means of defence. This conversation with the Pasha was recalled to my attention when I afterwards learned that Calamara had gone to him to evade the investigation which I had begun to institute into his conduct.

At Zante there happened to be a store of supernumerary guns, some of them honeycombed, indeed, and not very servicable, which had formerly belonged to the Venetian govern-

ment; and it immediately occurred to me to offer these to the Pasha as the price of Calamara's surrender. I therefore wrote to him to say, that I could supply him with means of mounting his fortifications; and, with some expression of good-will, I begged his acceptance of a present of the necessary guns. I then added, in a cursory manner, that I had heard that a subject of his Britannic Majesty—stretching a point a little on the word subject—had taken refuge at Navarino, and that, if it was perfectly indifferent to him, I should be obliged by his sending the man back to Zante; observing that, under similar circumstances, I should be ready to render the like service to him, as one of my nearest neighbours, and the subject of a power in strict alliance with my Royal master.

After the indispensable preliminaries of an interchange of presents, the Pasha sending me a Turkish pipe, and I returning him a pair of pistols, the infamous Calamara was at length put into my hands. During the time this occupied, I had an opportunity of considering

what should be done with the criminal; whether it would be advisable to keep him in prison until I should be able to communicate with the Commander-in-chief, or whether it would not be better, for the sake of impressing the natives with a deeper sense of the British character, to execute justice on so notorious an offender with the least possible delay. I had already observed several striking instances of the unsteadiness and versatility of the Greek character, and while I could not help feeling that they would prove a very difficult people to govern, I became more and more persuaded that the prompt execution of Calamara would have the best effect; not merely in deterring others from the commission of similar offences, but in inspiring the people at large with a certain degree of awe and respect for the newly constituted government.

Having arrived at this resolution, I assembled the presidency, and communicated my sentiments on the subject. Their concurrence was ready and unanimous. The criminal was immediately sent for from the vessel which

had brought him to Zante, and he was instantly shot in front of the main guard of the garrison. The death of the assassin was not however sufficient, as I conceived, to meet the ends of justice or expediency in a case like that of Calamara. The Greeks are deeply impressed with the sentiment that the burial of the dead is an honourable and indispensable ceremony. When the friends of Calamara came to me after his execution to ask his body for interment, the request was positively refused, and it was suffered to lie where it fell, on the flat stones of the market-place, opposite to the guard-house, for two or three days, with nothing but a sheet for a covering. This circumstance alone, from its novelty as well as from its connexion with a popular prejudice, had a better effect on the public mind than twenty executions. After this great criminal had thus been disposed of, I made, as was my duty, a report of the whole proceedings to the Commander-in-chief, and I had afterwards the satisfaction of receiving his Lordship's approbation of what had been done.

Although I was not under any immediate apprehension of a descent upon the island from the coast of Italy, yet I had reason to believe that the French commander still maintained a correspondence with individuals of note and influence at Zante and Corfu, the two principal islands. It was necessary, therefore, to keep a watchful eye over those who were known to be favourable to the French interests, among whom there were several of high rank in the priesthood. It soon became known to me that little projects and cabals were constantly forming, and that at Zante the Pope or Padre, as the chief ecclesiastic of a district or diocese was called, had made himself very busy in fomenting the elements of disturbance and rebellion. It is the custom for the nobility and principal inhabitants to kiss the hand of the padre on coming out of church.

The person whom I suspected of maintaining a secret correspondence with the other side of the Adriatic, was a fat old man of rather a venerable aspect. I was of course regular in my public devotions, and did not omit the

observance of any ceremony which was consistent with the station in which I was placed at the head of the government. I was unwilling to lay my hand on the principal clergyman of the island, as it would necessarily create a certain stir, which it was very desirable to avoid. I felt that prompt justice might savour too much of mere military virtue, and I became somewhat jealous of my own habits as a soldier. I therefore resolved to proceed in this matter with such a mixture of caution, quietness, and firmness, as would at once satisfy the clerical correspondents of the Marechal Lannes, that I was neither to be deceived nor trifled with.

Accordingly, in coming out of the principal church, I walked up to the padre and kissed his hand with the usual ceremony; but in place of passing on, as the custom was, I retained my hold of his hand, and stood for a few seconds without making any observation. At this he seemed not a little perplexed and surprised. I then said, that I had seen his last letter to the French Marechal, and that he

must be aware it was impossible for me to overlook such a daring instance of hostility to the existing government. I added, that his ecclesiastical rank would have no influence whatever in the consideration of his case, and that, if he should presume to continue such a correspondence, I would have him hanged on the instant like any ordinary malefactor. The threat was happily sufficient to deter this zealous plotter from proceeding with his projects in favour of the French, so that I had the satisfaction of crushing his dangerous designs while yet in embryo, or at least before they had attained to any thing like maturity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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